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glorious accessories!

active beauty:
time to eat/sleep/ exercise/work better

the wonder of hands

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a passionate and secret

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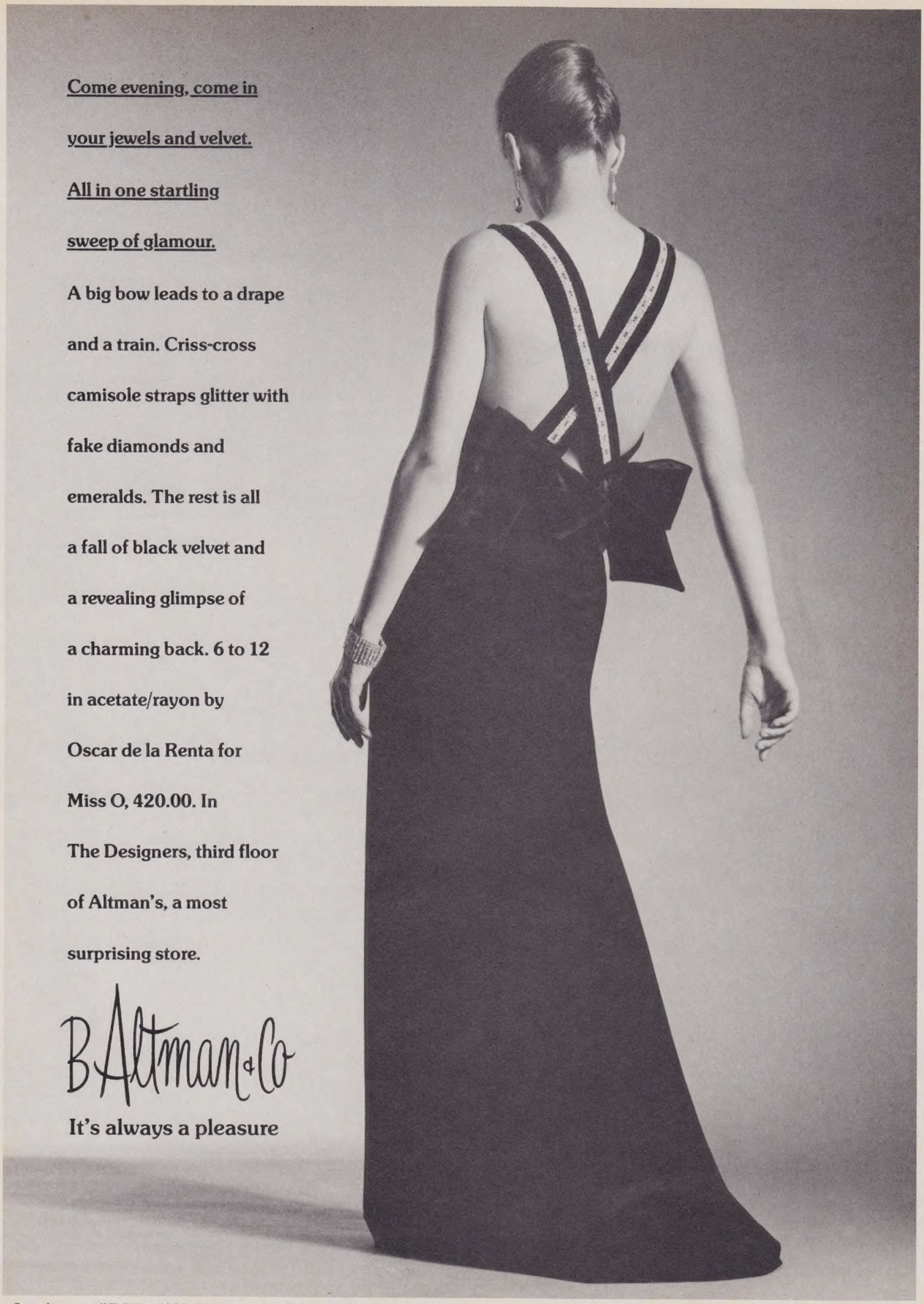
For your lips, cheeks, nails, and eyes. Colors with such a dangerous charm that no duenna would ever let them out of the house alone.

Of course, only from

ULTIMA II

And Seville.

On her lips Kim is wearing Spanish Gold outlined in Chocolate; on her eyes Seville Violet and Seville Sun. Her fragrance, the new Maroc.



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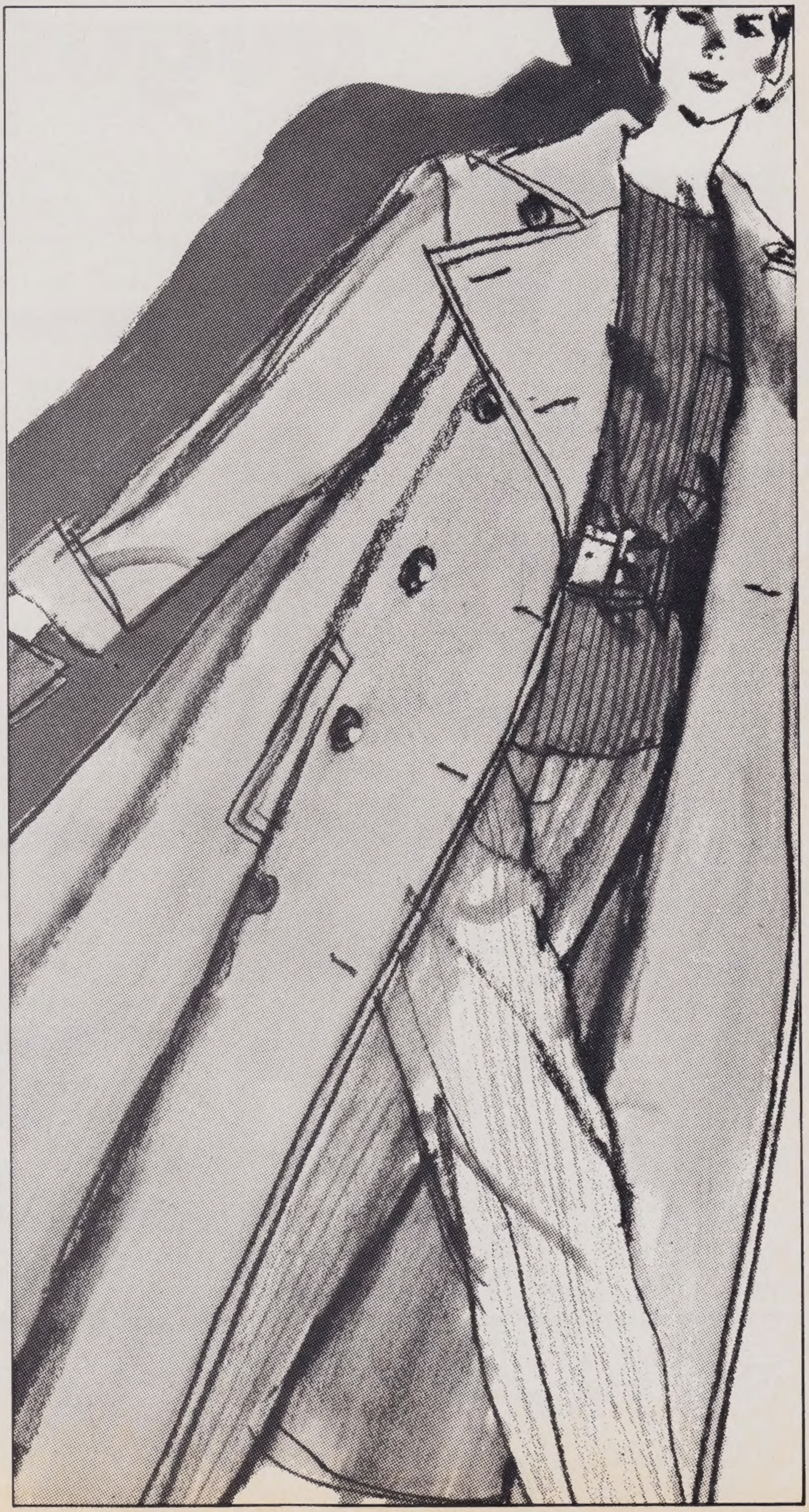

You are radiant in our exhilarating thoroughbreds by Calvin Klein

The square shouldered steamer coat of commanding proportions in honey wool. The trousers with high waist and leaner look in a subtle camel-toned wool plaid. Both, 4 to 12
Ribbed sweater with dropped shoulders, wider sleeves in sienna lambswool-angora, S, M, L. Third Floor, Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue.

VOGUE®

august

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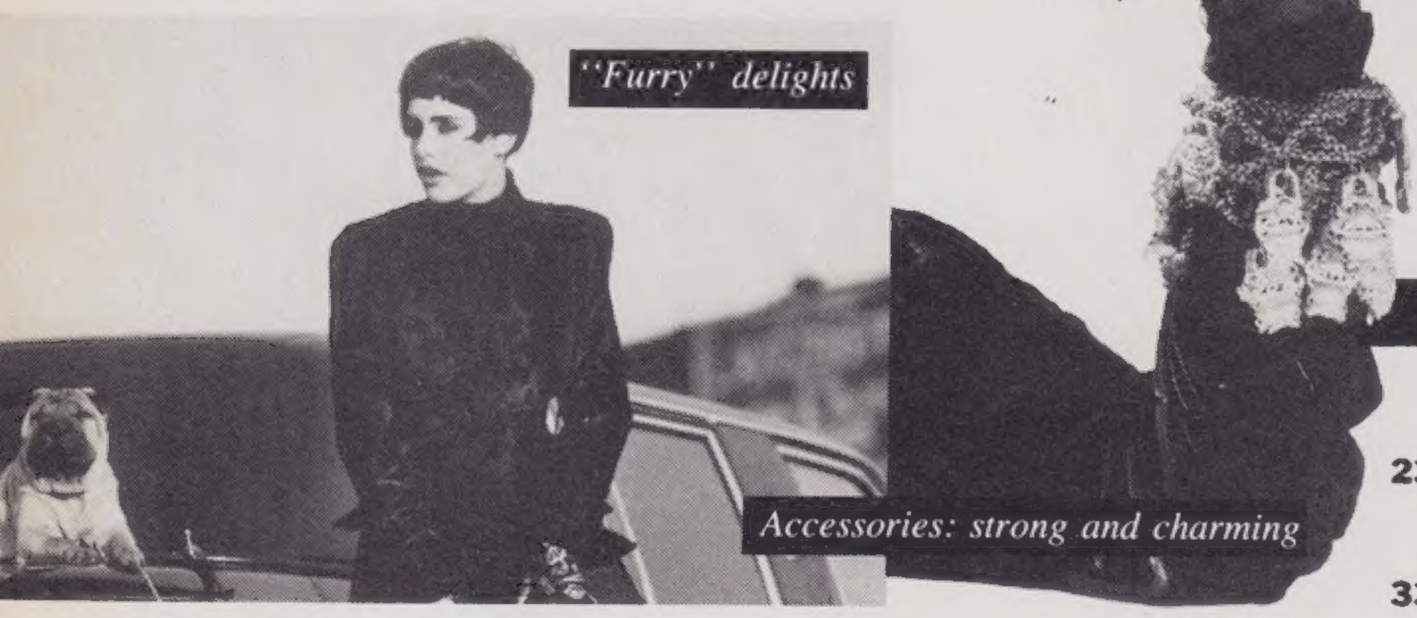

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BILL BLASS

Every night, Bill Blass is in great form. Especially tonight. Here, his Empire gown with low V-back buttoned with rhinestones. Opulently stated elegance in black satin-back silk crepe. Place Elegante on 3, New York.

Photograph by Bert Stern, Sculpture by Niedermaier

On any Special Evening, nothing can touch the splendor of a slender "little black dress"

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A classic
understatement
emerges calculated . . .
and confident . . .
in The Little Shops.

The sum total of Calvin Klein's collection: sophistication, his strong suit. Here, the elements exemplifying that: the boxy brown plaid wool blazer; and this season's all-important black wool jersey turtleneck, with matching pant. All, in 4-14.

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Marshall Field's

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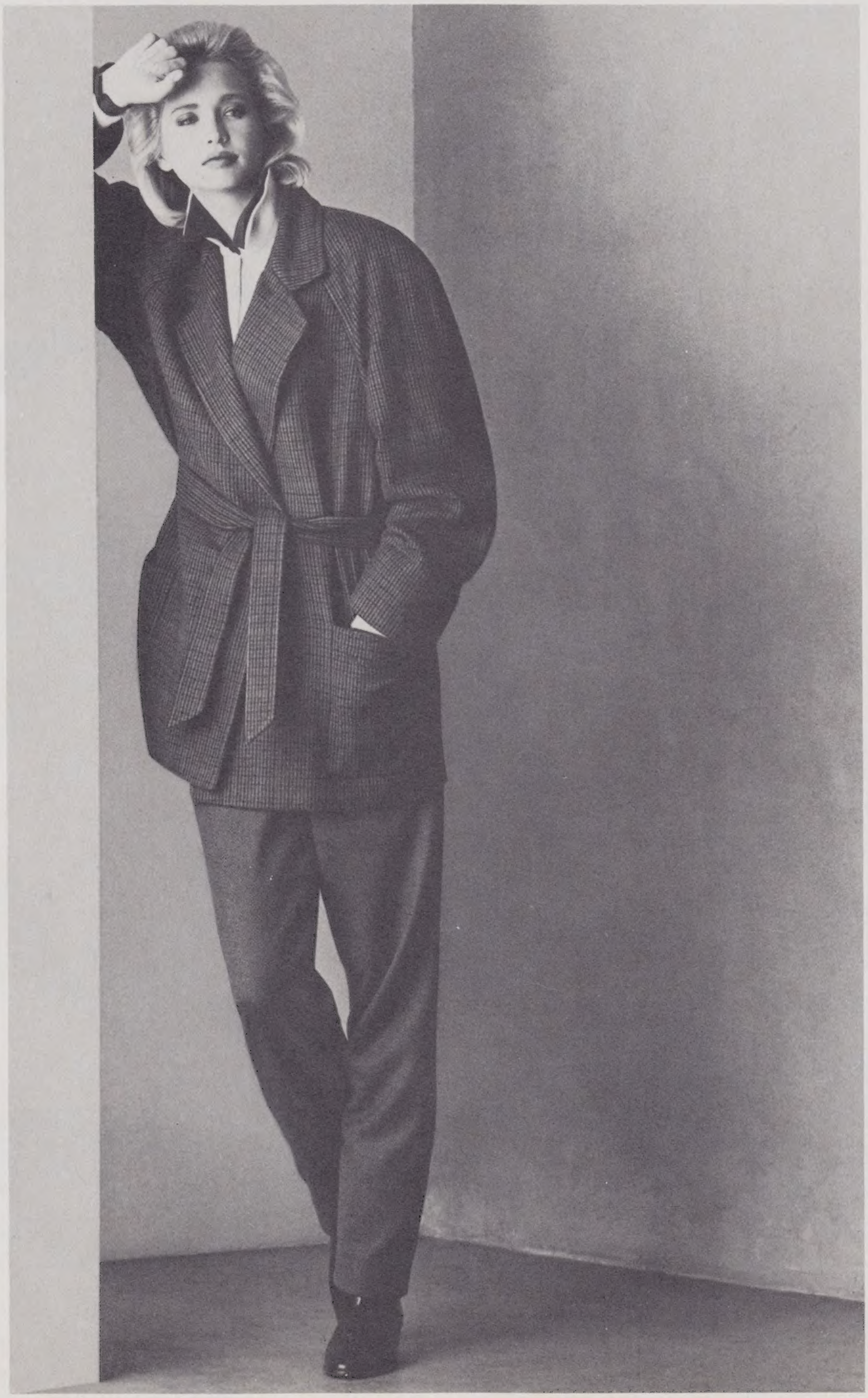

THE BROADWAY
IS SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

PERRY ELLIS

BERGDORF GOODMAN

Charlie

Wear an original.

REVLON

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Bill Blass

A new stance is taken. A new elegance appears. This is Bill Blass. Simplicity pared down to a column of peach silk crepe. Fluid. Provocative. Revealing contours beneath. And finalizing...a covering treasure of silk/rayon brocade swathed in natural golden Russian sable. So, Fall nights approach. And for Saks Fifth Avenue, this is how Bill Blass will conquer them. In our American Designers Collections.

Saks Fifth Avenue

Lillie Rubin

THE PALM BEACHES BAL HARBOUR CORAL GABLES DADELAND FT LAUDERDALE HOLLYWOOD PLANTATION BOCA RATON POMPANO ST PETERSBURG ORLANDO CLEARWATER
TAMPA BOYNTON BEACH ALTAMONTE SPRINGS JACKSONVILLE ATLANTA RALEIGH GREENSBORO CHARLOTTE GREENVILLE KNOXVILLE CHATTANOOGA NASHVILLE MEMPHIS
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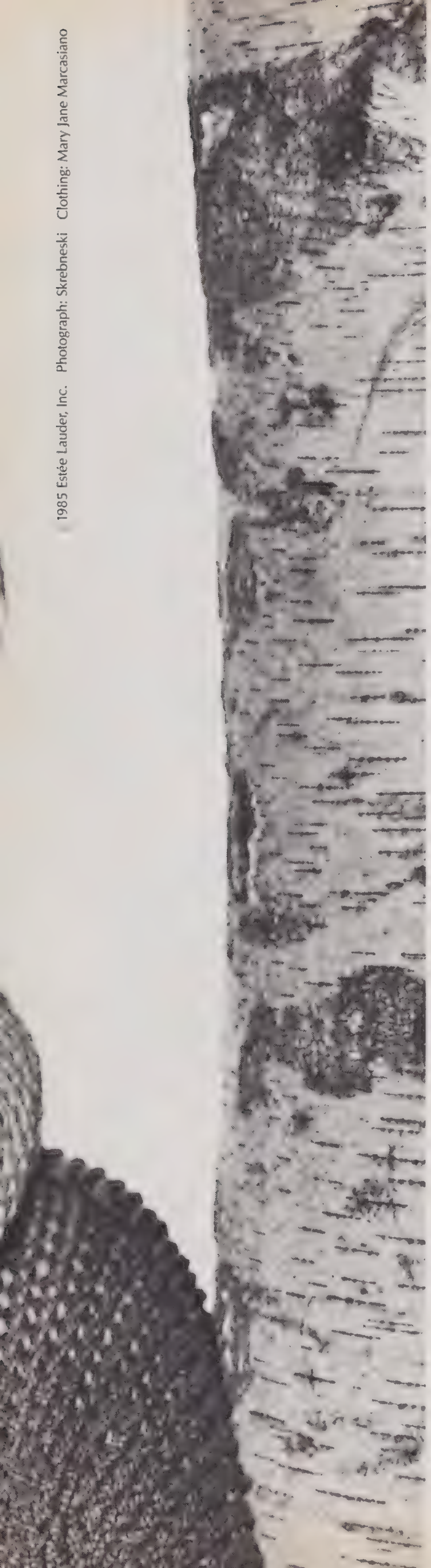

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What should you wear outdoors today?

Estée Lauder's new

Sportwear Tinted Day Creme

A silky little slip of color. The feeling is exceptionally fresh, light and free. In action, it's all the extra care you need under outdoor conditions: a patented moisture complex that increases the skin's ability to hold moisture. An effective sunscreen. Special ingredients to help speed natural cell renewal. There are three glowy tints, very subtle, very Estée Lauder. Slip into one today.

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SUNG SPORT

BY ALFRED SUNG

REVLON
Pam is wearing Black Diamond, Dusty Pink Frost and Skyblaze. Jacket by Culture Shock, Jewelry by Laurence deVries, Shirt by Agnes B. © 1985 Revlon Inc.

Custom Eyes.

Choose your colors.

Tiger Lily
Superfrost Goldleaf
Mocha Glaze
Shy Brown
Ranch Mink
Taupestar
Cameo Blush
Dusty Pink Frost
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Indian Turquoise
Sea Teal
Hush Green
Society Mint
Night Moss
Silver Lace
Slated Grey
Black Diamond
Midnight Plum
Wisteria
Wild Violet
Sterling Iris
Prosperous Plum
Wine with Everything
Sparkling Burgundy
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Create your own eye shadow looks...with "Custom Eyes" compacts that hold 2 or 3 interchangeable shadows. Never buy another color you don't want. Refillable. Gorgeous.
The first... The only..."Custom Eyes."

Revlon. The difference between looking good and looking great.

REVLON

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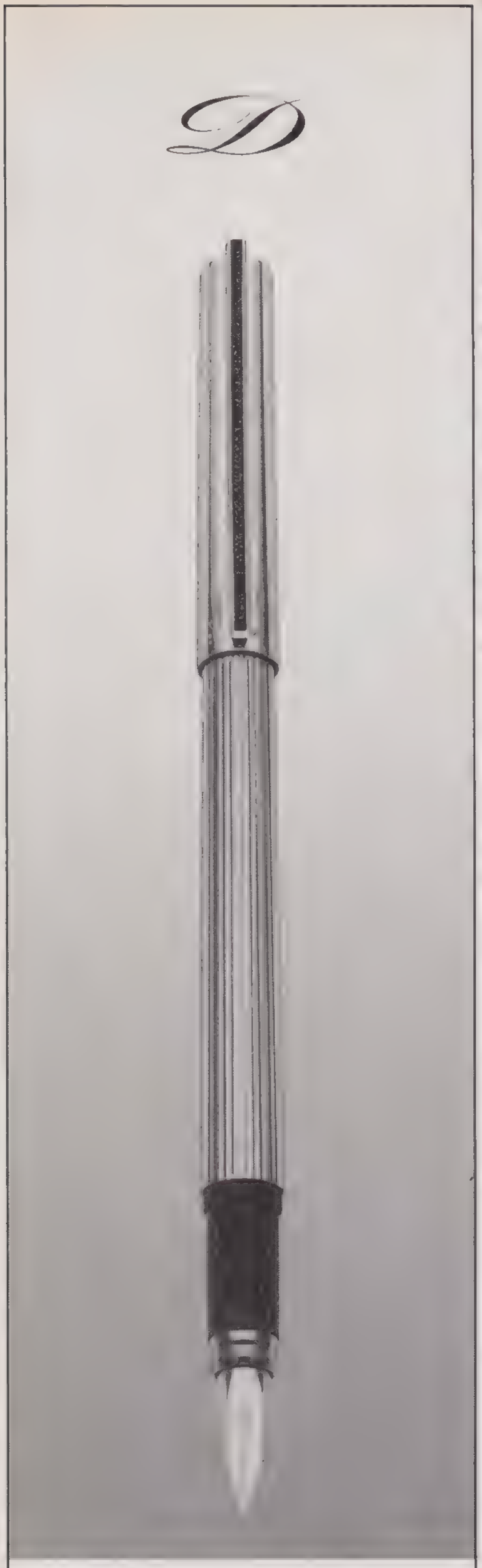
While your ego may need something showy, what your skin needs is plain and simple.

New Moon Drops.

Your real motive for choosing skincare should be your skin. So Moon Drops combines the latest scientific discoveries with nature's most skin-sympathetic substances: cool, soothing aloe; whole egg protein; and, moisture-rich honey. Culminating in three highly effective regimens that nurture skin to its peak of perfection. Moon Drops.

A simple plan, scientifically implemented. For glowy, moist, truly healthy-looking skin. Isn't that what you really want to feed your ego?

Revlon. The difference between looking good and looking great.



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5 Clinique Laboratories, In

COVER LOOK

BEAUTY NOW

specifics

Pared-down, modern makeup… fragrance innovations… news on the skin-care front

Going for a change at night—it's an idea that's been streamlined, adapted to the realities of women's lives today. Once, evening always meant a hairstyle, makeup application that was a complete turnaround from the way a woman looked during the day. Now, there are more options, including the very appealing one of making a few fast changes that add up to an immediate shift in mood. Seen left and on our cover, on model Alexa Singer, the instant impact of a highly ornamental way of dressing plus a hint of golden makeup—touched on, in seconds, over matte daytime colors to catch, reflect light at outer eye corners, the center of lips. The specifics here: Prescriptives Imperial Gold (from one of their Color '86 shadow trios) on eyes; Elysian Rose Sport Lipstick accented—on bottom lip—with Vermeil gloss. Makeup, François Nars; hair, Didier Malige for Jean Louis David. Gold lamé shirt by Stephen Sprouse; gloves by Sachiko for La Crasia. Photograph by Avedon. Details, last pages.

MAKEUP: FAST, POLISHED

Women with less-than-perfect complexions may have once had time to use makeup as artful camouflage, but today what's needed are products that create the illusion of smooth skin in a matter of seconds. Solutions such as Clinique's new Zero Base—a pearly, no-color "wash"—that, mixed with a woman's foundation, gives skin more "life," more glow, eliminates the need for concealer… Applied in strategic spots, even *over* foundation, Luminique—a weightless, colorless cream that brings light to shadowy skin areas—is an instant makeup "freshener."…The ultimate in efficiency: mini makeup kits to tuck into a tote bag, keep in a desk drawer. Among the best: Pupa's Estasis, packing thirty makeup choices in a case no bigger than an index card…and the IS pencil caddy, containing eyecolor, concealer, mascara, and lipstick.

STREAMLINED, ATTRACTIVE DAYTIME MAKEUP: MATTE FOUNDATION…A SWEEP OF BLACK MASCARA ON TOP LASHES…BRIGHT—EVEN RUBY-RED—LIPS

FRAGRANCE NOW: INNOVATIVE

Today, there's a new way of thinking about, presenting fragrance that reflects an awareness, among those responsible for its creation, of the way women relate to, *use* scent. Consider shoe designer Maud Frizon's new signature fragrance, in three strengths "coded" by bottle size—the smallest holds the most concentrated, the largest the least intense. Opened from the bottom with ease, the bottles (*below*) make dipping into, layering the scents a pleasure…Another shift in attitude: the recognition that memorable perfumes of the past can have a timeless appeal in the present, the concept behind the reintroduction of Ma Collection—twelve scents created between 1925 and 1964 by the house of Jean Patou. Scintillating: the impact of Cocktail, a perfume first "mixed up" at the fragrance bar of Patou's couture salon …Geared to women's notions of what's wanted from fragrance: Jovan Whisper of Musk, a lighter "take" on the warmth, the lasting power—and centuries-old attraction—of musk…and, from Houbigant, Ciao Moisturizing Body Lotion, combining skin-caring emollients with an invisible "body sheath" of fragrance.

RANDOLPH GRAFF

skin focus

A welcome skin-care development: the introduction of precisely targeted, results-producing products in newly portable versions: Germaine Monteil Acti-Vita Anti-Wrinkle Concentrate is lipstick-size, doubles as day and night treatment for dryness and wrinkle-prone skin areas, is bolstered with UVA and UVB sunscreens…For pampering on the run: Orlane's new B21 Moisture Recovery body lotion, in a packable tube…Just about the closest a cleanser can come to the clean-sweep benefits of a facial: Borghese Hydro-Minerali Revitalizing Treatment, a gentle exfoliating gel.

CLARIFIANCE
Oil-Free Hydrating Fluide

A refreshing touch of moisture for your skin.

Clear and light, Clarifiance pampers your skin with moisture . . . hydrates it without oil. Creating the fresh feeling of cool water on your face, sheer Clarifiance disappears into your skin. You feel its effect rather than its presence.

Clarifiance. A welcome asset to skin that calls for moisture, not oil.

LANCÔME
PARIS

FASHIONS BY LA LINGERIE © Cosmair, Inc. 19

LÉONARD
PARIS

Neiman-Marcus

"Never met a Scoundrel I didn't like."

Introducing
New Scoundrel Musk

Unmistakably female. Undeniably provocative.

REVLON

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Norma
Walters
at
Robinson's
CALIFORNIA

PHOTOGRAPH: BENOIT MALPHETTES

WHITE LINEN. THE CRISP, REFRESHING

©1993 Estée Lauder, Inc. Photograph: Skrebneski Location: Rosedown Plantation, LA Dress: Judyth van Amringe Shoes: Vittorio Ricci
FRAGRANCE TO LIVE IN ALL YEAR LONG.
ESTĒE LAUDER

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Clinique Skin Supplies for Men is a complete skin care system. Allergy Tested. 100% Fragrance Free.
You'll find it in selective medicine cabinets—and at Clinique counters across the country.
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PANCALDI'S BLACK AND RED SUEDE BOW-TIED EVENING PUMP.
145.00. SHOE SALON.

Neiman-Marcus

EVENINGS ARE

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ANDREA PFISTER'S BEADED AND CORDED SUEDE FLAT TUXEDO SLIPPER
275.00. OURS EXCLUSIVELY IN THE SHOE SALON.

YOUR LETTERS

"Consumer" advocate
Wow! That's the first thing I said after reading the article "Women and Food: The Consuming Passion" in your May 1985 issue. I'm an eighteen-year-old who definitely feels the pressures of society concerning weight, and I'm sick and tired of being so self-conscious when it's a person's inside that counts.

Three cheers for Kathleen Madden, the author. The article was fantastic! I'm so excited to see that someone out there sees what pressure is put on teenage girls these days. Maybe now things will start to change. I truly hope so because I *am* hungry and don't think I can stand dieting much longer. Wendy Walter
Mason NH

Alien attraction
While Mary Gordon's article, "I Married an Alien" (May 1985), was well-written and funny, I must tell you that I found the subject matter to be rather trivial.

I have been engaged to marry a man from India for three years. Last May, I visited his family there (he is the only member ever to have left the country) and have been learning about their customs. They are Hindu, speak only their provincial language, and live their lives according to very different social and moral norms. . . . If Mary Gordon thinks that Catholics and Protestants view life differently, she ought to visit a non-Western country.

However, despite all the readily noticeable differences, I have found that my future husband's family is not really that "alien"—people are basically people. They all want the same things, although they express their thoughts in different ways and in other languages. While my Indian in-laws are admittedly having some difficulty adjusting to the idea of their son marrying a non-Indian, I found that, as people, we could relate to and understand each other, if not on a cultural level, then on a basic human one.

I guess what I am trying to say is that the differences between Protestants and Catholics are negligible compared to those between people of different racial ethnic groups (unions which, in the 1980s, are becoming far more common and accepted than they were in the past). Alison Georgies
Winchester MA

After reading "I Married an Alien" I am compelled to write this letter. In my situation, it was the opposite; my husband has blond hair, blue eyes and is of Scottish/English background. I have black hair, brown eyes and am of Vietnamese background.

If anybody ever says that "opposites attract" is not true, I will argue with them all the way. My husband and I met seven and a half years ago on the beautiful island of Oahu, Hawaii, and fell in love. We lived together from that moment on, married three and a half years later, and now we have a beautiful eighteen-month old son. And we are more in love now than ever. . . . Van Squire
Washington DC

Emotional issues
This is a letter of appreciation to you and your staff for publishing the excellent article ["On The Vatican 24"] by Jane O'Reilly in the April issue of Vogue. The issue of abortion has been so emotionalized, and the country so polarized, that both my husband and I and our whole family feel grateful when a straightforward piece is written from the viewpoint of the majority of women in this country. Keep up your courageous policy on this issue.
Julia B. Mooney
St. Louis MO

Some like it not
Although I might agree with Cathleen Schine's general assessment of Ali "Blah Blah" MacGraw's scarce acting talent ("People are talking about. . ." May 1985), I do find fault with Miss Schine's closing line, "But even Marilyn Monroe took acting lessons." In defense of the late Miss Monroe who I believe did take instruction, it is quite well accepted that she was a powerfully gifted actress. A performance such as hers in *Some Like It Hot* does not deserve comparison with anything seen on *Dynasty*.
Martha Sherrill Dailey
Washington DC

Is it real or is it memory?
What a pleasant surprise it was to open the February 1985 issue of Vogue to discover that my islands of Trinidad and Tobago were featured in the travel section! I was especially proud of how entirely vivid Karen Anderegg captured our life here; her account of the Carnival celebrations was so graphic that I sometimes had to ask myself whether it was a local or a foreigner who had written it.

Hats off to Ms. Anderegg for a job well done! Hats off too, to my favorite magazine, Vogue, for always bringing excitement and information into my life. Keep up the splendid work. Roma Ramnarine
D'Abadie, Trinidad
West Indies

Vogue: "class" work?
As a freshman at James Madison University, Harrisonburg, with limited funds and no car, it is too easy to fall into the stifled, unexposed life of this small town. Struggling as an art student, I find Vogue's articles on current artists refreshing and inspiring. I have scrounged up enough dollars for another year's subscription. My professor told me the other day that he often goes to the library and reads the latest issues of Vogue, attracting several queer looks. Many people do not realize that Vogue is not just another magazine for women, but a collection of excellent, diverse articles for all. It is a magazine with a class all its own. "People are talking about" everything but Harrisonburg. Thank you for enlightening an enclosed student. Grace Leigh Bohannon
Harrisonburg VA

Air "aid"
Congratulations on your article, "Indoor Air Pollution" [in the HealthStyle section of March 1985 Vogue]. As professionals in the fields of medicine (pediatric oncology) and environmental engineering, we are concerned that human health is being sorely compromised in the name of energy efficiency. . . . The point of energy-efficient construction and additional insulation is to trap warm air inside. Unfortunately everything else is trapped inside as well, including carcinogens and toxic effluents. . . . The National Academy of Sciences has concluded that "there is direct and circumstantial evidence that human exposures to (indoor pollutants) are large enough and common enough to account for substantial morbidity and premature mortality."

Thank you for raising the subject with your readers. All of us support conservation efforts. When saving watts is traded for people's health, we believe that the priorities are in the wrong order.
Karen Adelson Strauss,
environmental engineer
Lewis C. Strauss, M.D.,
pediatric oncology,
Johns Hopkins Hospital
Ellicott City MD

Cover kudos
Your May black and white cover was the best I've seen in fifteen years! Stunning! As is Shari Belafonte-Harper. Jean Mouhot
Lantana FL

Fifties "flare"
It was delightful to read Maureen Howard's "A Fifties Drama" (May 1985). Women over fifty are the fastest growing population in the United States. All too often they are neglected by the print media.

The editorial board of *Hot Flash* was pleased to read that Maureen was "absolutely crazy about" our newsletter for mid-life and older women. We thought your readers, young and old, might want to know that they can subscribe [for $10] to this quarterly by writing to The Center for Continuing Education, State University of New York, Stony Brook, New York 11794—c/o *Hot Flash*. We are now reaching some seven thousand persons in every state and sixteen other countries of the world.

Bravo to Vogue for addressing issues relevant to all women—who, if they are lucky, will live to enjoy the second half of life.
Jane Porcino, Ph.D., Editor of *Hot Flash*
and director of the Gerontology Program,
State University of NY at Stony Brook
Stony Brook NY

Correction: *Regrettably, the bathing suit on page 290 in June Vogue was misidentified. It is by OMO Norma Kamali, not Esprit.*

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86

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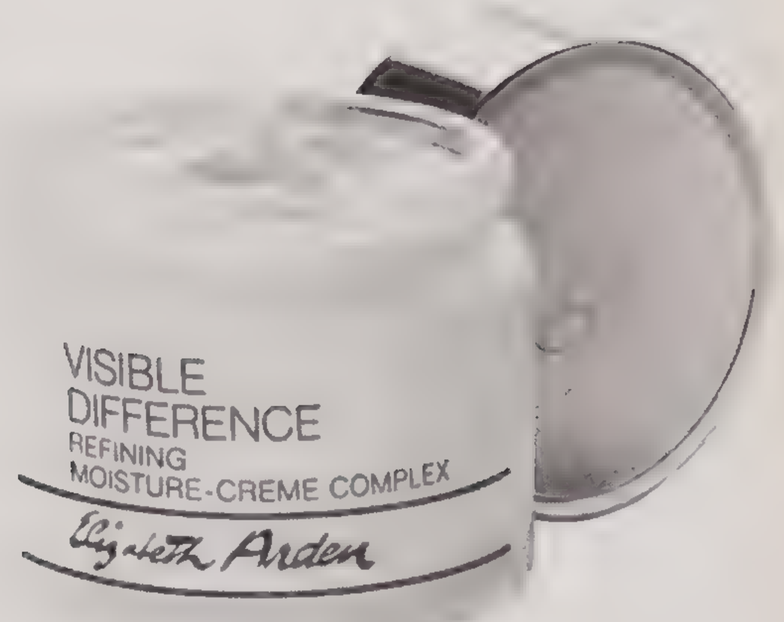

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BEAUTYSTYLE

What's news in beauty and fitness? Just about everything... as you'll be reading here: people...places... trends...ideas By Andrea Robinson and Dorothy Schefer

BEING CALLED THE DIET "SLEEPER" OF THE SEASON: A NEW BOOK OFFERING A SENSIBLE, ADAPTABLE PLAN FOR EATING LESS MEAT, MORE FRESH VEGETABLES, FRUITS, GRAINS. *THE GRADUAL VEGETARIAN* BY LISA TRACY (M. EVANS & CO.) INCLUDES RECIPES PLUS LOTS OF SANE DIET-SWITCH TIPS. IF YOU'RE TRYING FOR A DIET CHANGE, HAVE A LOOK.

Contract Girls

A growing cosmetics trend: signing top models to lucrative contracts in exchange for an exclusive "image." Here, who they are...

● ***Isabella Rossellini, Lancôme,*** *didn't start modeling until she was twenty-nine (she's thirty-two) at the urging of her friend Frances Grill, who owns The Click Model Agency. The daughter of actress Ingrid Bergman and director Roberto Rossellini, Isabella can't be photographed for any other beauty/fragrance company or in the clothes of a designer who has a fragrance or cosmetics line.*

● ***Ines de la Fressange is Chanel's Coco girl.*** *She is the epitome of all things Coco, the new Chanel fragrance due here next month. A "personality" as well as a "beauty," Ines has a magnetic presence on and off the runway and has the same avant-garde, off-beat spirit as did Coco Chanel. A coincidental qualification: like Mademoiselle Chanel, Ines is a Leo.*

● ***Jose Borain, the Calvin Klein "Girl"*** *reportedly will be paid $1 million over the next three years. It has been reported that her contract stipulates she must maintain her hairstyle and color; her weight may fluctuate only ten pounds; plus she must maintain a life style that reflects the Calvin Klein image.*

● ***Jacki Adams, Elizabeth Arden*** *Discovered by Eileen Ford at Disneyworld, Jacki is a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the first Arden "face." Why did Arden pick Jacki? Says Arden president Joseph Ronchetti, "Jacki represents a singular image: the modern, well-cared-for attractiveness that characterizes women in the '80s."*

● ***Kim Alexis, Ultima II*** *When Revlon signed Kim to be their "image," they also got a second attractive Alexis: Kim's forty-seven-year-old mother, Barbara, who appears with Kim in ProCollagen ads. Says Kim: "There's a great deal of discipline behind every picture. No drinking, no smoking; care about my diet; and always home by 9:00 P.M."*

● ***Tish Hooker, Germaine Monteil*** *Winner of Monteil's over-forty contest, Hooker says, "Winning was a fairy tale, although I thought they only happened to young girls. A woman over forty used to be thought of as 'over the hill.' At forty-seven, I'm at the bottom of the hill..."*

● ***Willow Bay, Estée Lauder*** *A U. of Pennsylvania English grad, Willow applied for a job at a fashion magazine. Instead, the editors sent her to model agent Eileen Ford. Result: A modeling career and a lucrative contract with Estée Lauder.*

Aging well...

A woman of thirty-seven, having a facial at Trish McEvoy's, met with dermatologist Ronald E. Sherman, M.D., who routinely checks over McEvoy's patients. "Your skin is aging well," he told her. His criteria? queried the woman. "No lines. No pigment changes. Smooth appearance. No growths." The contributing factor? In five words, said Dr. Sherman, "staying out of the sun."

...aging gracefully

Compelling reading in model Carmen's beauty book, *Staying Beautiful* (Harper & Row): Her revealing account of a husband who couldn't live with a woman growing older. "Youth had seduced him," writes Carmen, "and when he looked at me, he saw an older woman...

"I still have a photograph he took at about that time. In it, I'm not wearing makeup. I'm still bewildered when I look at it. How could he have thought that face was too old for him? Yet he did....

"Then there was the incident in bed. Richard reached toward me. I thought he was going to embrace me; instead his hand moved up to my head, and he plucked out a grey hair....

"It was also true my breasts were not what they were when I was nineteen. It was Richard's opinion that they were sagging; so I decided to visit a plastic surgeon....

"When you want to attack yourself physically just to please your husband," writes Carmen, "it is a form of desperation bordering on madness."

The irony here: Carmen, now in her fifties, started her first modeling career at thirteen, and has gone on to become one of the world's top "older" models.

RUMORS

Vittorio Ricci's top secret project?

An aerobics shoe that will be available in January. According to Evelyn Ricci, the shoe will be made of Zorbex, a shock-absorbent material developed in England, where the hottest aerobics shoe, Reebok, is also made. What will the shoe *look* like? Says Ricci, who makes some of the most attractive shoes around, "In this case, it's not only a matter of looks"...

FOR WOMEN WHO CONDUCT BUSINESS OVER MEALS.

"It's no joke when you can't button your skirt after a marathon month of eating out," says Phyllis Grann, president/publisher of G.P. Putnam's Sons. Looking for a fast way to lose five pounds, Grann happened on a diet making word-of-mouth rounds in publishing circles. Grann's success—six pounds in four days—led to the diet's publication. "The Four-Day Wonder Diet" is meant to get you started on a longer, slower diet, and, hopefully, better eating habits...Says Grann: "As long as there are business lunches, I'll use this diet every three months."

Perhaps she shouldn't. According to Barbara Levine, Ph.D., R.D., of the Nutrition Information Center—part of The NY Hospital-Cornell Medical Center/Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center: "Despite its popularity, 'The Four-Day Wonder Diet' is just another high-protein, low-carbohydrate diet that encourages rapid weight loss during the first week owing, in part, to water loss."

STATUS LUNCHING

AT LE CIRQUE, IN NYC, THE MOST POPULAR LUNCH—NOT ON THE MENU: THE "HOUSE SALAD." CHEF ALAIN SAILHAC SAYS THAT OF THE 120 PEOPLE HE SERVES AT LUNCH, FORTY ORDER THE SALAD—WHICH "VARIES DAILY, DEPENDING ON WHAT'S IN THE MARKET." SAILHAC SAYS HE DOESN'T COUNT CALORIES BUT KEEPS THE SALAD "LIGHT AND FRESH." LE CIRQUE TOUCH: "ADDING WHATEVER ELSE THE DINER REQUESTS." BUT OF COURSE.

When long-distance swimmer Julie Ridge was asked to come up with a charity event, she decided on swimming around Manhattan—once a day, for six days! Ridge, who until a few years ago considered herself a poor swimmer, said, "I'll be impressed if I can pull this off—we're talking about eight to ten hours of sustained activity daily." When the charity pulled out, Ridge went ahead anyway. On August 15, she takes the plunge—courtesy of Jag, the sporting-clothes company, who came up with the funds.

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Clear blue Noxzema® Antiseptic Skin Cleanser cleans deep. It penetrates pores and cleans out oily dirt and make-up that soap can leave behind. And its medicated Noxzema ingredients kill bacteria on contact. Noxzema also softens and smooths your skin with a special skin conditioner that won't overstrip. Noxzema Antiseptic Skin Cleanser. It cleans beautifully.

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*Trichology: the science of the function and dysfunctions of the hair and scalp.

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PHOTO SARAH MOON

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PARIS

What's new,
what's coming...
movies, art,
museums, music,
photography,
games, tv...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

William Hurt plays *Spider's* flamboyant homosexual, Cannes's winner

MOVIES...MOVIES...

Sonia Braga is the voluptuous Spider Woman

Braga and Herson Capri spin *Spider's* film within a film

THE LOVES OF A CELL

Kiss of the Spider Woman, Manuel Puig's marvelous, Scheherazade-like novel in which a homosexual prisoner keeps abject misery at bay by recounting the plots of his favorite movies to his cellmate, has been turned into a film that has very little in common with the Hollywood-style movies that form its leitmotif. It is small, serious, disturbing, an actor's tour de force, with its stars, William Hurt and Raul Julia, doing parts that no star would have risked fifteen years ago. But it is as wildly romantic as any Hollywood movie ever made.

Directed by Hector (*Pixote*) Babenco, the movie, like the book, mocks the clichés of love, before confirming its terrifying power. Molina (Hurt) is a sighing, preening, apolitical window dresser whose notions of romance have come from torchy melodramas, yet he shows himself capable of an active sacrifice for a loved one far nobler than the sacrifices committed in the name of revolution by his cellmate, Valentin (Julia).

In a dialectic that mirrors that of the two main characters, director Babenco—like Puig, an Argentinian in exile—is political, a social realist, while Puig rejected the autocratic precepts of neorealism for the fanciful, "escapist" realm of his novels. The movie is a beautiful compromise. Working with a screenplay by Leonard (*Mishima*) Schrader, Babenco plays the torture, the disease of confinement against the baroque enchantment of the dream films. They are photographed in lush, phosphorescent sepia, with Sonia Braga playing a high-styled diva in the French Resistance; she's also the voluptuous Spider Woman in Julia's fantasy, who eases him into death.

The book was written almost entirely in dialogue, but Hurt and Julia, in two of the finest performances of their careers, fill in the blanks gloriously. Hurt brings tremendous pathos and dignity to this role, which earned him the best-actor award at Cannes. Whether he is walking, stiff-legged, in men's clothes, or prancing in a flowered housecoat, he is never a case study, always a character who surprises and moves us.

The contrast between the two men is, of course, the opposition familiar to us all but carved in bold relief in Latin America—that is, between Male, the macho, puritanical ideologue; and Female, the domestic, nurturing, romantic, self-sacrificing pursuer of the "Perfect Man." The movie, like the book, demonstrates the inadequacy of the paradigms of macho man and masochistic woman. And as the two men come together in friendship, it shows—for anyone who cares to see and hear—that the Perfect Man proves to be no less an illusion than the sexual, all-giving, all-forgiving Spider Woman.

Spider Woman is a stunning achievement: it seduces us into its web with a whiff of camp and, without ever losing its irony, drops us into a vortex of pain and love. —MOLLY HASKELL

Top left, JEAN PAGLIUSO, *bottom left,* DUANE MICHALS

"*Kiss of the Spider Woman* is small, serious, disturbing, with its stars doing parts that no star would have risked fifteen years ago. But it is as wildly romantic as any Hollywood movie ever made. . . ."

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Hilary Estin
Esprit/USA Advertising Manager
Age: 27

I believe in fate, when you really want something you go after it and you get it. When I was little I always wanted to be grown up and get away from my stuffy east coast school. Now I really look forward to having kids and doing the whole family thing, but I want a Siberian Huskie first. I have a real entrepreneurial streak. I like taking physical risks.

Photo: Toscani

Laura Branch
Esprit/Boston Accessories Sales Rep.
Age: 26

I used to want to be the first female stockbroker but someone beat me to it. I am interested in the kind of man who lets me think I'm running the show, but is still really in control. I think Richard Gere is the tops. I'm from Los Angeles and I moved to Boston on a whim. When I get excited about something I go over board.

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

MOVIES...

YOUNG URBAN CONFESSIONAL

St. Elmo's Fire, the latest entry in the young upwardly mobile market, is a group portrait of seven Georgetown graduates as they make the Passage from student to civilian life, a sort of *Breakfast Club* meets *The Big Chill* in post-graduate limbo. Without getting into the overly literary symbolism of the "fire," St. Elmo's is the bar where they spent their happiest undergraduate hours, and where they linger still for the excitement and security of the group.

Featuring such teen-pic notables as Judd Nelson, Emilio Estevez, and Ally Sheedy (of *The Breakfast Club*), Demi Moore *(No Small Affair)*, and Andrew McCarthy *(Heaven Help Us)*, the movie becomes an inadvertent testing ground and showcase for the actors themselves: Who will succeed in the struggle to become something more than names, real people (stars, maybe?) with recognizable identities? Although the success rate is under 50 percent, I'm not sure how much is attributable to the actors—to the waning of the never very considerable charms of Judd Nelson and Emilio Estevez—and how much to the hyped-up direction of Joel Schumacher.

Schumacher may simply be trying to cram too much into this, his bid for respectability: The types in this close-knit group run a melodramatically wide gamut from hipster musician (Rob Lowe) and druggie (Demi Moore) to welfare worker (Mare Winningham) and Yuppie politician (Nelson). For all the frantic, crisis-a-minute tempo, we have too much time to ponder such things as why everyone in the group should look up to Nelson, or even *like* the manically klutzy Estevez; and not enough to enjoy the rich, wonderfully authentic performances of Ally Sheedy and Andrew McCarthy as twin voices of sanity at the center of the group. These two—the radiantly intelligent Sheedy and the mischievously appealing McCarthy—manage to make the headline-style dialogue sound like real conversation, even as they distract us from such embarrassing incongruities as the scene in which delicate-featured, earringed Rob Lowe (the most boringly exquisite beauty since Loretta Young) plays touch football at the old frat house, or the one in which sweet, blond, granny-like Mare Winningham, looking like the quintessential do-good WASP, turns up in a caricatured Jewish family out of *Goodbye Columbus*.

St. Elmo's Fire is based on a fascinating idea—the phenomenon of the gang, how young people fall in love with themselves and each other as members of a group and have trouble latching on to their individual identities as time and outside pressure force them apart.

Yet it's not until the strains begin to show and rivalries emerge that *St. Elmo's Fire* becomes truly interesting—and convincing. The earlier difficulty, i.e., believing that such disparate souls could be bosom buddies, becomes an asset, the competition rings truer than the sense of solidarity. We long to see these young people go their own way—though we'd just as soon not follow *all* of them down the road to adulthood.

—MOLLY HASKELL

Growing up-wardly mobile: *bottom left,* Judd Nelson, Ally Sheedy, Andrew McCarthy; *top left,* Emilio Estevez, Demi Moore, Rob Lowe, Mare Winningham.

HONOR AMONG SLEAZE *Prizzi's Honor,* John Huston's best film in years, is an impeccably cast, beautifully structured, and unexpectedly funny gangster movie that teeters on the edge of self-parody and never falls over. Jack Nicholson, in a performance unlike any in his career, plays a smart-dumb Sicilian-American hit man to Kathleeen Turner's deliciously unpredictable good-bad hit woman. Their relationship of love without trust is at the core of a movie that is as much about the competing claims of marriage and family as about the sleazily fascinating (but never sentimentalized) maneuvers of the Mafia.

GERI-THEATRICS One of the most joyous moments in recent movies is a scene in *Cocoon* when Don Ameche, Wilford Brimley, and Hume Cronyn, as a trio of crotchety geriatrics, turn into leaping and diving and lecherously rejuvenated versions of their former selves. The fountain of youth, a swimming pool adjacent to a St. Petersburg retirement home, is the repository for pods from outerspace in Ron (*Splash*) Howard's latest aquatic adventure. The movie is a marvel of comic empathy as long as it stays with the old folks. Eventually it bogs down in sci-fi gimmickry and a script that is both soft and ambivalent about the senior citizens. But the first forty minutes are four stars. —M.H.

CAUTION

ANNE MARIE BERETTA

BERGDORF GOODMAN BONWIT TELLER I. MAGNIN NEIMAN-MARCUS SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

STALLING IN LOVE

Though the French have made a genre, even an industry, out of the "little movie," Americans haven't had much taste for the strictly frivolous since we started liking Ike as much as Carole Lombard. To everything a season: *Key Exchange* is a small love song of a movie.

Based on Kevin Wade's long-running play of the same name, *Key Exchange* is about two very modern New Yorkers: Philip Bailey (Ben Masters), who writes detective stories and races bicycles in Central Park, and Lisa Simon (Brooke Adams), who presumably pays for her fabulous downtown loft with the money she makes producing a TV talk show featuring men with cellulite and Eskimo wives. The plot turns on the question of whether Philip and Lisa can move past casual (which they do really well) and sex (which they do even better) and into something, if you'll excuse them, more committed. Finally, hesitantly, they exchange apartment keys, and the rest is the stuff that farce is made of.

Helping to keep the merry plot percolating are Danny Aiello, who finally gets to play something other than a wife beater (a private investigator who hangs out at a New York health club); Tony Roberts as the talk-show host who relaxes by throwing darts at a Phil Donahue target; and Daniel Stern as Michael Fine, Philip's oddball biking buddy. (When Michael's wife, terrified of commitment herself, leaves him after six weeks of marriage, he goes down fighting: while she packs her diaphragm, he squeezes out the Ortho-Gynol tube and restuffs it with tiger balm.)

Ben Masters, who is devilishly attractive as the man who can't quite say yes, Brooke Adams, and first-time film director Barnet Kellman have all been with *Key Exchange* since it began as a three-character play Off-Off-Broadway. "What was funny," Adams says, "is that in doing the play, we had, of course, imagined we were doing it on the streets of New York City. When we actually began shooting on those streets, it felt as if we had been there before, like *déjà vu*."

There's not much that could be fresher than *Key Exchange:* rarely has New York City been photographed with more love, rarely has the "modern condition" been ridiculed more amiably, and rarely (anymore) have post-pubescent characters been given such a fair day on screen.

—SUSAN BOLOTIN

Single-minded in New York: [illegible] left) Masters, Adams, [illegible] in *Key Exchange*

MOVIES...

IRREGULAR GUY

Tom Hanks became a star in *Splash* when he fell in love with a fish. Of course, he didn't know the beautiful blond dropping into his life was a mermaid. Hanks's New York fruit wholesaler was an unexceptional, hard-working guy plagued by the absence of love. The sudden appearance of passion in his prosaic existence struck him as a mystery and a miracle—an opportunity that comes only once. In love, Hanks was both ordinary and extraordinary. He had the ability to capture the absolute center of the audience's reaction to a given situation—to react as we would (or *think* we would). And yet he is more alert and more decisive than we would be. The combination of warmth, naturalness, and quickness is what people call charm.

Hanks, twenty-eight, isn't a hunk. Indeed, he's rather slight, but he's handsome in a boyishly American way that is very easy to take. He has thick dark hair, lips that curl in ironic mock dismay, and large, dark eyes. It's the eyes that make him so sympathetic—even in the middle of the most vulgar goings-on in *Bachelor Party*, his second big hit last year, where he seemed detached from the action, laughing somewhere inside himself. His characters are clever without being threateningly sarcastic in the Bill Murray style. "They're not angry about anything," he says of his screen characters.

This summer, Hanks stars in two more comedies: *Volunteers*, in which he plays a rich kid in debt to gamblers, who escapes to the Peace Corps in Thailand and winds up building a bridge with buddy John Candy; and *The Man With One Red Shoe* in which he's a musician mistakenly pursued by the C.I.A. Both pictures have lots of physical comedy and a girl. You would think that actors who can play romantic leads and do physical comedy at the same time would crop up every year, but in fact it's been years since one's made it to stardom. This summer should tell us if Hanks is here to stay. —DAVID DENBY

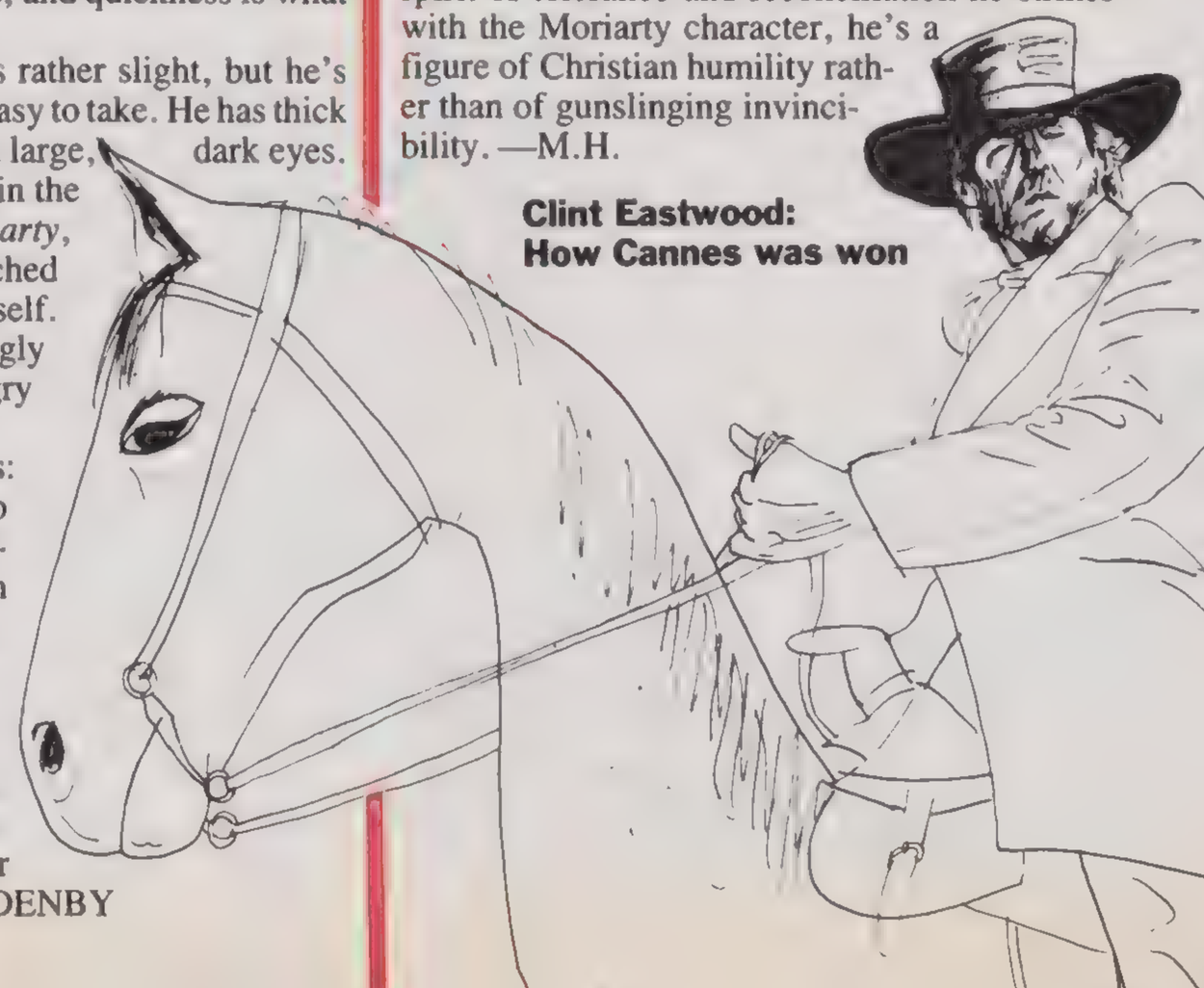
The man from *Splash*: Tom Hanks

PLAY MYSTICAL FOR ME

This was the year of Clint Eastwood's Cannes-onization. He was the biggest and most sought-after star they'd had in ages, and even though *Pale Rider*, his new Western, didn't win an award, Jean-Luc Godard dedicated his film *Detective* to him. I'm a fan of Eastwood as both a star and *auteur* from way back, and from such movies as *Play Misty for Me* and *The Outlaw Josie Wales*, I knew he wasn't as macho-mean as Dirty Harry pretended to be.

Pale Rider, a beautiful, unhurried, snowbound Western punctured by violence and lyricism, doesn't try to redefine or reinvigorate the Western, but takes its place quietly in a tradition, as if Westerns always were and would be.

The plot is *Shane*, transplanted to a gold-rush town where the corporate mining interests are driving out prospectors. Mysterious stranger (Eastwood) arrives, stays with and disrupts a family as the woman (Carrie Snodgress) and her teenage daughter (Sydney Penny) yearn for him while her would-be husband (Michael Moriarty) is torn between envy and jealousy. Eastwood contributes his own mystical note to the proceedings in the ambiguity that arises as to whether the stranger, who occasionally wears a clerical collar, is alive or returned from the dead; and in the spirit of tolerance and reconciliation he strikes with the Moriarty character, he's a figure of Christian humility rather than of gunslinging invincibility. —M.H.



Clint Eastwood: How Cannes was won

Top photo, TOSCANI, bottom, WILLIAM KAREL/Sygma; illustration, PHILIP BURKE

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

ART ...

HE MAKES THE EARTH MOVE

Heizer with a scale model of his giant earthworks — in the form of catfish, frog, and water strider

Michael Heizer: Dragged Mass Geometric; Whitney Museum of American Art, New York City; through September 1 Think big? The Fourth Dynasty Egyptian king, Cheops, certainly did when he built the Great Pyramid. In more recent times, the 'twenties, American sculptor Gutzon Borglum wasn't thinking small when he started dynamiting presidential faces out of the Mount Rushmore National Memorial. These days there is virtually no one to fill their colossal sandals and climbing boots, respectively, with the possible exception of Michael Heizer. Since 1967, Heizer has shifted millions of tons of earth and stone, creating gigantic works of art that are capable of withstanding nature's erosions and maybe even a nuclear nightmare. Here is an exceptionally ambitious artist with a millennium-long perspective and the patience to wait many years for some of his pieces to be realized.

Heizer tends to shun what he calls "refined, fancy art materials," finding that he can express whatever he needs to say through the basic materials of the earth—soil and rock. "I think earth is the material with the most potential because it is the original source material," he once remarked. "I found that, in using it, I could actually have a fairly complete vocabulary. It brought up all kinds of things about the prehistoric or preliterate past, and referred to a lot of traditions about art that were more interesting than looking at works of art in the Louvre or the Metropolitan Museum."

The forty-year-old artist is one of the key members of the earthworks art movement, which developed in the late 'sixties. Born in Berkeley, California, Heizer is the son of a noted anthropologist. Throughout his youth, Heizer accompanied his father to archaeological excavations, visiting California, Nevada, Bolivia, and Peru. When he was twenty-two, he headed for New York City, where he began making geometric paintings and sculptures. Two years later, in 1968, he journeyed to California's Mojave Desert, where he devised a group of ground sculptures, paintings, and drawings on dry lakes. In 1969, he purchased sixty acres in Mormon Mesa, Nevada, and began constructing "Double Negative"—excavating a pair of deep notches on opposite sides of a curved mesa, creating the impression of a continuous, 1500-foot-long line.

Since 1972 Heizer has split his time between New York City and his 1800-acre ranch in Garden Valley, Nevada, where he and his wife, Barbara, live near a nuclear testing site, about sixty miles from town. The laconic artist has the lean, taut physique that results from physical labor in a desert climate and he speaks deliberately in a soft, low voice. "I am a New York artist," Heizer remarked several years ago; "I just happen to have my studio in Nevada where I have the space to do my work."

During the summers, he and hired helpers have operated a fleet of earth-moving machinery to built a "city" of monumental sculptures on his land. The first unit, "Complex One/City," completed in 1974, suggests a mastaba—a huge, horizontal, rectilinear mound of earth with sloped sides, bounded at either end by concrete walls and framed on one side by a discontinuous, partly cantilevered concrete banding. Since 1980 he has been working on three more pieces for the "city." These uncommissioned works, which he finances himself, are made for his own satisfaction. "I don't contemplate ever finishing. I'll work on this all my life."

"I am a New York artist. I just happen to have my studio in Nevada, where I have space to do my work."

Because Heizer's major works are site-specific, they are known to most people only in photographic form. But the centerpiece of the Whitney show is "Dragged Mass Geometric," a large temporary construction, made of corrugated board and measuring approximately 111 x 46 x 16½ feet. It is the second version of a work that has preoccupied Heizer since 1971.

The first version, "Dragged Mass," which he created for the Detroit Institute of Arts in 1971, was both an earth sculpture and a "process" piece, made by two tractors dragging a 30-ton boulder back and forth across a lawn in front of the museum until the rock displaced a mass of earth that equalled that of the rock.

This version is a geometrized cardboard reconstruction of the Detroit boulder and the masses of displaced earth, the ground line presented at the viewer's eye level. An oblong, five-sided volume represents the boulder. Three long, horizontal beams represent the trails of earth left behind by the machinery. Spectators can walk under each end and on the center platform, which is about seven feet high.

Concurrently, around the corner from the Whitney, Heizer's dealer, Xavier Fourcade, is exhibiting a mini-survey of the artist's paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs (through September 14).

Heizer is presently involved in two epic endeavors—one in Illinois, the other in Nevada—that promise to be among the most audacious sculptures of this century. For a 200-acre plateau in La Salle County, Illinois, overlooking the Illinois River, he has devised "Effigy Tumuli Sculptures," a set of five massive earthworks, each up to twenty-five feet high and as long as 1200 feet. The geometrized mounds of earth, scheduled to be completed by the end of this year, represent a frog, catfish, water strider, turtle, zigzagged snake—all creatures associated with water and all indigenous to the region. (Edmund B. Thornton, President of Ottawa Silica Company Foundation, donated the site to the State of Illinois on the condition that it be turned into a sculpture park.) Heizer's effigy tumuli obviously refer to the massive earthworks constructed by North American mound builders, mostly dating from 500 B.C. to A.D. 1300.

For the Anaconda Minerals Company in Tonopah, Nevada, Heizer is building a 483-foot-high, mile-long pyramid complex out of one hundred and twenty million tons of crushed rock, the residue from an open-pit molybdenum mine. The project, which is not expected to be completed for at least a dozen years, will be larger than the Great Pyramid.

As with Egypt's pyramids and America's ancient earthworks, Heizer's monumental works are built for eternity, likely to survive the civilization that created them. —DAVID BOURDON

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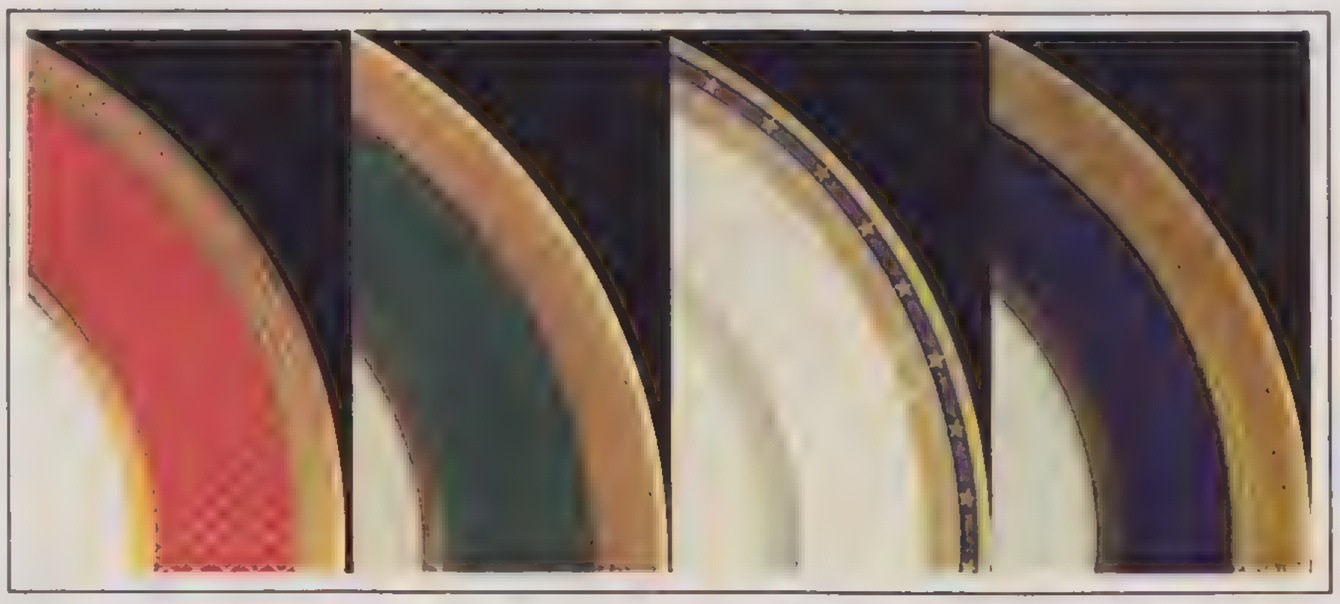

The current White House China (1982), the Truman (1951), Roosevelt (1935), and Wilson (1918) China Services.

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The "Liberty" pattern
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POST-PARTUM OPPRESSION

Power, good old, god-awful, man-defined power, is the active substance of Judy Chicago's Hercules-styled projects. In 1972 she began a series of paintings, *The Great Ladies*, dedicated to shy-violet queens Marie-Antoinette, Victoria, Christina of Sweden, and Catherine of all the Russias. Soon after, she began to plan *The Dinner Party*, that most famous and—with its thirty-nine ceramic "vagina" plates—esthetically notorious of *Kraftwerks* to have emerged out of '70s feminist concerns. Realized in 1979 at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars by an army of four hundred or so mostly unpaid conscripts, *The Dinner Party* is still on tour today (most recently in London), attracting large crowds wherever it goes.

The Dinner Party is and will probably remain Judy Chicago's *pièce de resistance*, but *The Birth Project*, conceived (as a *digestif*) in 1980, has by now begun its piecemeal odyssey. *The Birth Project* is designed to travel in many separate "units" and consists of the needlework of some eighty women from around the country. Taken as a whole, it is a kind of lexicon of stitchery. Chicago provided the designs and claims to have been open to suggestions as they evolved from the trials and errors of her newest band of nimble soldiers. Chicago herself brags that she is unable even to sew on a button—a coy and, on the balance, rather suspect claim for a woman who also boasts of varied experience in other fields of manual labor, including stints at auto-body school, a boatworks, and a fireworks company.

Judy Chicago's "Smocked Figure," executed by Mary Ewanoski

Judy Chicago is a damn tough general. She may have thoroughly researched the "herstory" of birth in many cultures; but she shows little sympathy, or even empathy, for the wives and mothers under her jurisdiction. In *The Birth Project* catalogue, and in the plentiful documentation (project notes, correspondence with needleworkers) that accompanies the exhibits, there is much to remind us of Gen. Douglas MacArthur's quixotic behavior. Specific women are chastised and upbraided in print and in public for not completing their noble and unremunerated tasks for such trifling excuses as illness in the family, problem children, problem husbands, overwork, and, yes, impending childbirth.

Apparently, she convinced many of these diligent and often talented women who worked for her that they were getting a free art education. In any event, they will not be compensated either for their time or for the materials they supplied through any current or future sales of *Birth Project* artworks, catalogues or posters. Proceeds go to Through the Flower Corp., Chicago's not-for-profit sustaining foundation, which supports her and her endeavors. Quite fabulously, Chicago, who is white, middle-class, and bears no special allegiance to the Third World, announces that she has little in common "with these mostly white, middle-class women." But a lot of people—all too often female people—need idols to lend focus to their days, and the needleworkers' correspondence is littered with praise for this spectacularly unselfconscious little caesar.

Judy Chicago on the subject of women: "I enjoyed the warmth of women's conversations, the open sharing of feelings, and because most women know how to cook, the frequent sharing of food.... [but] there were many aspects of working with women which I did not like. Some of the women I studied and worked with were professionals, but most were not. My thoroughgoing professionalism was often seen by them as 'not being nice.' Moreover, most of the women were terrified of rejection, afraid of criticism, too eager to please, and therefore too quick to dissemble; their dishonesty frequently caused problems both in our interactions and in the work itself. Most of them knew very little about how the world really operates and even less about the nature of power...Their inability to understand my explanations grew out of a total failure to comprehend that it is power, not justice, which determines the nature of the world and, therefore, the definition of art." Hey Judy, who was ya mutha? Ernest Hemingway?

Judy Chicago is hilariously humorless. Here she is on the subject of the Sistine Chapel: "Even though this is a beautiful painting, it does nothing to make women feel like an essential part of the human race." What wouldn't you give to get her to take on Leonardo Da Vinci's "Last Supper"? Or Gainsborough's "Blue Boy"?

Judy Chicago's *Birth Project* designs make women look like phallic missiles. They all have penis-heads. Their bodies look like manatees. Their genitals are nightmare views of Carthage. Babies are mere carnage. Breasts are leaky generators. Men are nowhere, sex is nonexistent; yet for all this puritanical and punitive zeal, the style she offers is Santa Fe Hippy.

The highest praise Judy Chicago has received in recent years (reprinted in *The Birth Project* catalog) is from an art critic and friend: "Begrudgingly or not, she is now, at last, fully recognized as one of the boys." I'd call her a bully. It's been very hard to resist the temptation to bury this caesar.

—LISA LIEBMANN

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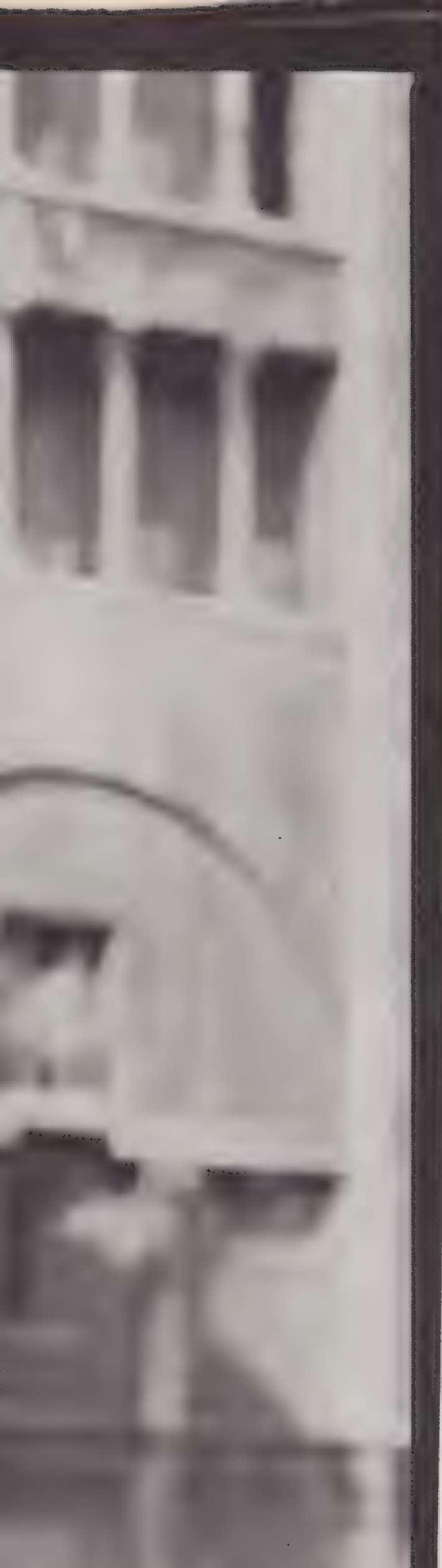

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... MUSEUMS...

A room with a view: Warhols ensconced at Boundary Road

THE POLITICS OF TASTE

"In England, Saatchi-bashing has become a popular sport. But theirs is the best contemporary art showcase I've seen"

The colossal (and still growing) art collection of London advertising magnate Charles Saatchi and his American-born wife, Doris, is awing the international art world and becoming a bull's-eye for controversy. A fifteen-year marvel, it includes several hundred works—not even the Saatchis know how many—by dozens of top artists, with close to thirty works apiece by Georg Baselitz, Jonathan Borofsky, Francesco Clemente, Eric Fischl, Anselm Kiefer, Malcolm Morley, Susan Rothenberg, David Salle, Richard Serra, Julian Schnabel, and Frank Stella, among others. Last winter, the collection went public with the opening of a majestic exhibition space known simply by its address in an out-of-the-way London neighborhood: 98A Boundary Road. The event came amid a storm of anti-Saatchi sentiment, which, last year, ended the publicity-shy couple's patronage of the Tate and Whitechapel galleries.

In England, Saatchi-bashing has become something of a popular sport. For the English Left, it's enough that Charles and his brother Maurice, cofounders of the meteoric Saatchi & Saatchi Agency, are Margaret Thatcher's admen. For art-world nationalists, what's scandalous is that the collection is about 80 percent American and less than 10 percent British. For the insular Right, Charles—the son of an Iraqi-Jewish immigrant—is a presumptuous upstart. The manifest excellence, intelligence, and passion of the collection cut little ice in England, where advanced art is rarely esteemed.

The eventual fate of the collection is a subject for legitimate concern. Cynics assume that the Saatchis are in it for the money. Their moves are often darkly alleged to "increase the value" of their holdings—a moot point if the value is never cashed in on. But it may turn out, to the disappointment of their detractors, that the Saatchis merely love art.

The Boundary Road space is thrilling. By architect Max Gordon, it is the best contemporary art showcase I have ever seen, as well as one of the biggest. Its six skylighted chambers nestle in an old warehouse hundreds of feet long, a palatial sprawl drenched with a fluorescent mix of sunshine and apricot-colored hues. The visitor has a sense of swimming in space. The art sings. None of the four artists in the first installation—Donald Judd, Brice Marden, Cy Twombly, and Andy Warhol—have ever looked better.

The Boundary Road space is open free to the public from noon to 6:00 P.M. Fridays and Saturdays, and at other times by appointment.

—PETER SCHJELDAHL

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TRIAL AND HEIRS

The Von Bülows star in TV's weirdest family drama

CNN's coverage of the retrial of Claus von Bülow (for the attempted murder of his wife Martha "Sunny" von Bülow by insulin injection) was certainly the weirdest TV I have ever seen. It was also the most addictive and in some ways the most daring. News without urgency, drama without shape, it was like a movie directed by Belgian experimentalist Chantal Akerman; only it wasn't boring: Claus von Bülow sits behind a long wooden table, his slender hand beneath his chin, the preposterous cuffs of his custom-made jacket visible. Sometimes he straightens his tie. Sometimes he doesn't. Sometimes he stifles a yawn. Far away, in the left-hand corner of the screen, a small figure leans down over the bench: the delicately steely judge, Corinne Grande. Huddled with her, two men, the backs of their crumpled summer suits facing you, flip through big yellow pads. The only sound is the rustle of papers; the scraping of a chair; and then, occasionally, a very soft "ahem."

Where else on TV do you see people thinking, listening, planning? The pace is unhurried, but even more striking, it's irregular. The lawyer's discussion with the judge at the bench finished, a witness stands in the box and murmurs, "I believe so. That is correct. That is correct," with droning consistency, when suddenly, a lawyer pops up to say, "Ob-jec-tion! Leading," and then, just as suddenly, there is a cut to a CNN report on penile implants, and then a cut back to the trial where the same lawyer is saying, "Ob-jection! Too broad," which leads to a heated argument that results in another private conversation among judges and attorneys in the distant reaches of your screen. Scraping of chairs. Rustle of papers. Ahem.

And then, just as you've become accustomed to entire days spent watching Miss Murray, the court stenographer, asking lab technicians to spell things, you turn on your TV and see instead the Missing Mistress: Alexandra Isles. She's come back! They've found her! Lies, love letters, broken promises. "Have *you* ever been in love?" she cries out to defense attorney Thomas Puccio. "I doubt it." The case is of course a media dream. The big white house, the little black bag, the prince, the starched and loyal German maid. Martha von Bülow's son, Prince Alexander von Auersperg, a laconic, ordinary-looking young man, testified about his mother's routine — exercise class, shopping in the afternoon, 6:30 dinner, backgammon, TV. The personal maid, Maria Schrallhammer, testified that the von Bülows slept with ear plugs because the dogs snored. We plebs love details like that. For *this* they need 75 million dollars?

But finally Von Bülow was acquitted, and viewers were abruptly dumped back into the dreary land of regular daytime programming. I don't know if justice was served, or if TV coverage of these trials is a great civic necessity. (I mean, one day, the Von Bülow trial was interrupted to allow for live coverage of the Gary Dotson rape hearing, during which we got to hear the governor of Illinois ask Cathy Webb about the size of a stain on her underpants.) But I do think the TV trials—and CNN covers a lot of them—are important. In addition to their value as entertainment—presenting a real-life *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous,* with Puccio cross-examining like a skilled infielder, smooth, lightning fast, anticipating every opposition strategy—this coverage shows an actual institution in operation: the mysterious, intricate, creaking machine of justice. — CATHLEEN SCHINE

MARC YANKUS

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Jeanette Fashion	Sarasota, FL
Sherman's	Sarasota, FL
Carol & Mary	Honolulu, HI
Victorian Room	Waterloo, IA
Julian's	Boise, ID
The Paris	Twin Falls, ID
The Looking Glass	Chicago, IL
Seidel's	East St Louis, IL
E B Kilby	Hinsdale, IL
Key Club Fashion Salon	Lansing, IL
Marhoul's Fashions	Oak Park, IL
Park Shop	Park Ridge, IL
Esther Kirk	Streator, IL
The Depot	Indianapolis, IN
Joanna Joseph Ltd.	Valparaiso, IN
Mingles	Vincennes, IN
Goforth Shop	Prairie Village, KS
Florita's	Alexandria, LA
Gus Mayer	New Orleans, LA
Jo Ann's Boutique	Shreveport, LA
Lenards	Chestnut Hill, MA
Hurwitch Brothers	Wellesley, MA
Harps	Warren, MI
D.B. Dahlstrom	Edina & Roseville, MN
Hers (Branches)	Rochester, MN
Lucille Davis	Liberty, MO
Pot O Gold	Jackson, MS
Julie Peeler	Statesville, NC
Marion's Fashion	Statesville, NC
Janet Conroy/Janet Lee	Salem, NH
Yvettes Place	Cherry Hill, NJ
Doris Jene Fashion	Denville, NJ
Foxes	Fort Lee, NJ
Lillian Albus	Haddonfield, NJ
Stacy Shops	Lawrenceville, NJ
Preview East	Mill Town, NJ
Young Sophisticates	Morristown, NJ
Suburban Shop	N. Brunswick, NJ
Bamberger's	Newark, NJ
Belles	Passaic & Denville, NJ
Ronettes	Ventnor, NJ
Redmonds	Albuquerque, NM
Ruth Bibo	Santa Fe, NM
Hancy's	Bronx, NY
Chloe Fashion	Flushing, NY
Esther Stevens	Northport, NY
Jacqueline Suburban	Rochester, NY
Elder Beerman (Regency Salon)	Dayton, OH
Damschroder	Sylvania & Toledo, OH
Scruples	Weatherford, OK
Adrian's Exclusively	Bethlehem, PA
Sarah's	Philadelphia, PA
Prices of Oakland	Pittsburgh, PA
Career Girl	Warrington, PA
V Holsenger's	Kennett Square, PA
Vicki	Providence, RI
Nancy Lynn Fashion	Knoxville & Greenville, TN
Melba's	Austin, TX
Ralph's of Brownsville	Brownsville, TX
Lester Melnick	Dallas, TX
The Clothes Gallery	Fort Worth, TX
Marie's	Galveston, TX
Amy's Boutique	Harlinger, TX
Everitt Buelow	Houston, TX
Polly Adams	Laredo, TX
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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PHOTOGRAPHY...

WHAT'S A BODY TO DO?

Japanese photographer Eikoh Hosoe's "Embrace," a series of nudes, is so serene, so self-contained, that it would thwart the mildest touch of prurience. Despite what "embrace" implies, the intensity of Hosoe's photographs relies more on qualities of abstraction than on any explicit documentation of sexuality. This series was begun before his best-known work—the collaboration with novelist Yukio Mishima on his book, *Ordeal by Roses,* done in 1963, reprinted last month by Aperture—and was not completed until almost ten years later in 1970.

Hosoe discontinued the project when he accidentally came upon *Bill Brandt: Nudes.* As Hosoe reports, "I was so shocked by the coincidental similarity of Brandt's nudes to my work that I could not do anything. I stopped."

The similarity is there, but with marked differences as well. Brandt's nudes have a grainy, obdurate monumentality; Hosoe's, a polished, fluid delicacy that tends toward the enigmatic. Rarely do we see whole bodies in Hosoe's work. They are cut off in a way that delays a distinct idea of their physical relation to one another.

The purpose, I suppose, is to allow us to savor the purely visual property of the pictures. Even the fact of flesh pressed against flesh seems momentarily less compelling than the unblemished whiteness of the female as she is surrounded or supported by the dark male. The relationship of one to the other is transformed into a weightless geometry. Black and white, curves and angles, become rhythmic elements—ultimately a highly formal and decorous series.

In one photograph, the shape of a woman's bent knee and lower leg is echoed by the shadowy back and shoulder of a man. Another photo deceives us into believing it is a close-up of the same leg and the same male figure behind it, while in fact it is a female bent at the waist with a male, also bent at the waist, draped over her. And in the most arresting photograph in the group, a man's leg, with hair, veins, and scar, serves as a pedestal for perfectly smooth buttocks. Hosoe's rigorous concern with composition led Mishima, in describing "Embrace," to say: "It portrays humans being tightly driven into a corner, capable of expressing their rapture only by means of hard and willful tension."

When a clear and immediate identification can be made of what body parts are pressing against others, the tension that Mishima mentions is less visible. The bodies are merely bodies and not incarnations of force or energy. What we see is not the expression of rapture so much as the harmless suspension of convulsive postures, not intimacy so much as staged abandon.

Such lapses notwithstanding, "Embrace" astonishes with its overall elegance. In this, it is reminiscent of the nudes and still lifes done by Edward Weston and Imogen Cunningham. Hosoe's figures—or more accurately, portions of figures—tend always toward a sculptural or graphic identity. They seem more animated by compositional needs than by ardor. Nobody sweats. The photos are resolutely non-narrative. Their beauty resides in an aura of the hidden or unapproachable that surrounds nakedness, a condition that, in our culture, has become a cliché for availability. —MARK STRAND

Courtesy Light Gallery, NYC

VOGUE, August, 1985

BONWIT TELLER

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

MUSIC...

Viktoria Mullova

FROM RUSSIA WITH NO STRINGS ATTACHED

Straight from the This Should Be a Movie department: Viktoria Mullova, beautiful and an extremely talented violinist, defects from Russia in 1983 with her accompanist and lover; she makes a career in the West, playing only with gilt-encrusted orchestras.

This fall, Mullova, twenty-five, will debut with Seiji Ozawa and the Boston Symphony Orchestra; she is playing with Riccardo Muti in Philadelphia; and working with the London Symphony. A date with conductor Lorin Maazel is in the offing.

To give the story just the right Hollywood veneer, an anonymous foundation has recently lent Mullova a $350,000 Stradivarius to replace the Strad she left behind in her hotel room before dashing—in a taxi—to Sweden. Filming begins Monday.

SUMMER'S HOTTEST

In countless bars, countless bands go through the motions nightly, waiting for a contract with a major record label to boost them into the big leagues. Katrina and the Waves, Lone Justice, and the Hooters have made the big step up to major labels, and they deserve it. On **Lone Justice** (Geffen), Maria McKee, Lone Justice's scorching vocalist, cruises through the rip-it-up style of early country rocksters, but with a slight tinge of punk antagonism; Katrina and the Waves, on **Katrina and the Waves** (Capitol), sport a stripped-down, American garage-band sound, but with idiosyncratic melodic twists and turns; on **Nervous Night** (Columbia), the Hooters (who co-wrote "Time After Time," arranged and played on much of Cyndi Lauper's **She's So Unusual**) take a Police-like sunnyness, and with the help of the eerie sound of a melodica, make it their own....Though Group Gapura, an Indonesian instrumental group, plays flute, drums, gongs, and metalaphones (like a vibraphone), **Sangkala** (Icon/NMDS, 500 Broadway, NYC 10012) sounds familiar. Western composers—especially the minimalists—have borrowed the instrumentation and rhythms of Indonesia, and also kept its trance-like sense of relaxation. Gongs chime quietly in the background while drums subtly toss around interlocking rhythms under the graceful curves of the flute. The music is built for relaxation...."If you want to sell something, you have to sell it," Yogi Berra might have said about Go Go music's new popularity. Extremely rhythmic—James Brown and the mad funk genius George Clinton are its two most obvious forefathers—Go Go is a dance music indigenous to Washington, DC, with an emphasis on roiling, tough percussion. It took a major distribution deal and a major PR firm to drag it out of fifteen years of obscurity it hasn't deserved; **Go Go Crankin'** (T.T.E.D./Island), a collection of Go Go's greatest hits, gives a taste of what the fuss is all about. But also look for the rarer twelve-inch versions of the songs, which, with their instrumental B-sides, rock a house to its foundations....Vocalist Helen Merrill and pianist Gordon Beck's duets on **No Tears... No Goodbyes** (Owl), luxuriate in the atmospheric romance of an after-hours club late one Saturday night. Merrill's voice, always intimate, can be crystal-clear one moment and dusky the next; each song, whether "Bye Bye Blackbird," "I Love Paris," or "When I Look In Your Eyes," gets just the right vocal timbre, the right tempo, to make it a self-contained work of art.

—PETER WATROUS

BRIGITTE LACOMBE MAKEUP BY BOBBI BROWN

GAMES...

WOULD SHE OR WOULDN'T SHE?

Pop culture has never been cruddier; nor has it ever been so tarted up in moral drag. Jesse Helms doesn't need to buy CBS to spread the Good Word; even *Dynasty's* banal sinners suffer fire and brimstone consequences. And *Esquire* magazine, bible of the Yuppie way of life, runs a monthly column called "Ethics" with no hint of a tongue in cheek.

Morality is a part of the zeitgeist—only a trend, perhaps, but a reminder nonetheless that we exist outside of this envelope of acquisitive flesh. It should come as no surprise, then, that someone would invent a board game that capitalized on our preoccupation with

ethical dilemmas, just as "Trivial Pursuit" gave us a chance to show off our grasp of minutiae. The name of the game is "A Question of Scruples," an homage, perhaps, to Judith Krantz' unprincipled prose. Created by Henry Makow, an English professor who wanted to write a book about the values of the baby boom generation, "Scruples" was developed from a series of research questionnaires and was a big success in Canada before it was picked up for U.S. distribution by Maruca Industries. One reason for its appeal may be that it operates along lines similar to a good old college bull session, posing hypothetical situations to which there are three possible answers: yes, no, or (my favorite) depends. There is no correct answer, and the point of the game lies in figuring out how an opponent would answer a particular question. Poker meets St. Thomas Aquinas.

The questions run the gamut from the obvious ("If you were in a restaurant and a waitress forgot to charge you for the drinks, would you remind her?") to the icky ("A friend's fiancé/fiancée is coming on to you. Do you tell your friend?"). And they probably get better after a few drinks. There's only one question the game begs: Does "Scruples" represent a further trivialization of values...or simply opportunity to explore situational ethics among consenting adults?

—TRACY YOUNG

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travel workouts

Now, more options to maintain your exercise program on the road...

Opportunities to stay fit while traveling—for business or pleasure—are increasing as more and more hotels, in the form of new hotel-spas, are taking the needs of active men and women into consideration, incorporating fitness facilities, nutritious low-cal eating into hotel plans. Also designed to better suit busy life styles: exercise programs and travel-exercise kits. (For the whole story, the newest trend toward providing for on-the-go fitness needs, see page 300.)

where to go...

Here, a list of hotel-spas which maintain full-service fitness facilities and include any combination of these: indoor swimming pools, exercise bicycles, aerobic/exercise classes, whirlpools, raquetball courts, squash courts, tennis courts, indoor jogging tracks, rowing machines, Nautilus equipment, Universal Gyms, saunas, steam rooms, massages, karate and self-defense classes, plus more. The range of services varies from place to place, so it's good to check *before you go*. Also, many of these hotels are beginning to employ nutritionists and exercise physiologists. Prices vary from complementary on up.

NORTHEAST

New York City
- Vista International Hotel/ Executive Fitness Center (212) 938-9100
- United Nations Plaza Hotel/Health Club (212) 355-3400
- Hotel Parker Mèridien/ Club La Raquette (212) 245-5000
- The Regency Hotel/ Fitness Center (212) 759-4100

Philadelphia
- Four Seasons Hotel/Spa (215) 963-1500

SOUTH

Palm Beach
- The Breakers/Health Club (305) 655-6611

Memphis
- The Peabody Hotel/ Health Club (901) 525-1600

New Orleans
- Hotel Inter-Continental/ Racquetball One (504) 525-5566

MIDWEST

Minneapolis
- The Hyatt Regency/ Greenway Athletic Club (612) 370-1234

Chicago
- The Ritz-Carlton Hotel/Spa (312) 266-1000

SOUTHWEST

Dallas
- Loews Anatole Hotel/ The Verandah Club (214) 748-1200

Tucson
- Loews Ventana Canyon Resort (602) 299-2020

WEST

San Francisco
- Fairmont Hotel/ Nob Hill Club (415) 772-5393

what to take...

If you don't have access to a hotel-spa or a personal video/audio tape, experts give high ratings to these travel-exercise programs. (Ask your instructor how to incorporate these into your fitness routine.)

- *Travel 'n Exercise Systems,* Marianne Battistone's rubber-tubing workout, with varying resistances, offers a neat strength-maintenance program, comes in a small duffle with instructions, is lightweight, good for any fitness level. $39 ppd., Sports/Dance/Fitness, P.O. Box 1704, Fort Lee, NJ 07024.
- *Rena Bands,* Rena Ettlinger's training bands that work all muscle groups, for all levels. (For a set of bands, plus plastic-coated instructions: $15.00 ppd. to Rena, Inc., Box 11887, Chicago, IL 60611.)
- *Heavyrope* by Bodyflex, Inc., comes in different weights (2 to 6 pounds) for different fitness levels; good for an aerobic/ strength workout in your hotel room, when there's no place to walk or jog. For where to buy, write: Heavyrope by Bodyflex, Inc., 1638 Leonard NW, Grand Rapids MI 49504.
- *Space Weights* by GraFar Corp. are lightweight plastic "weights" that can be filled, weighted up to twenty-five pounds. At department, sporting-goods stores.
- *Lifeline Gym* by Bobby Hinds is the strength-maintenance system trainer Dan Isaacson suggests to his clients. Made of lightweight rubber tubing, it hooks to a door, folds neatly into a canvas pouch: $43.95 ppd. to Lifeline Gym, 1421 South Park St., Madison WI 53715.

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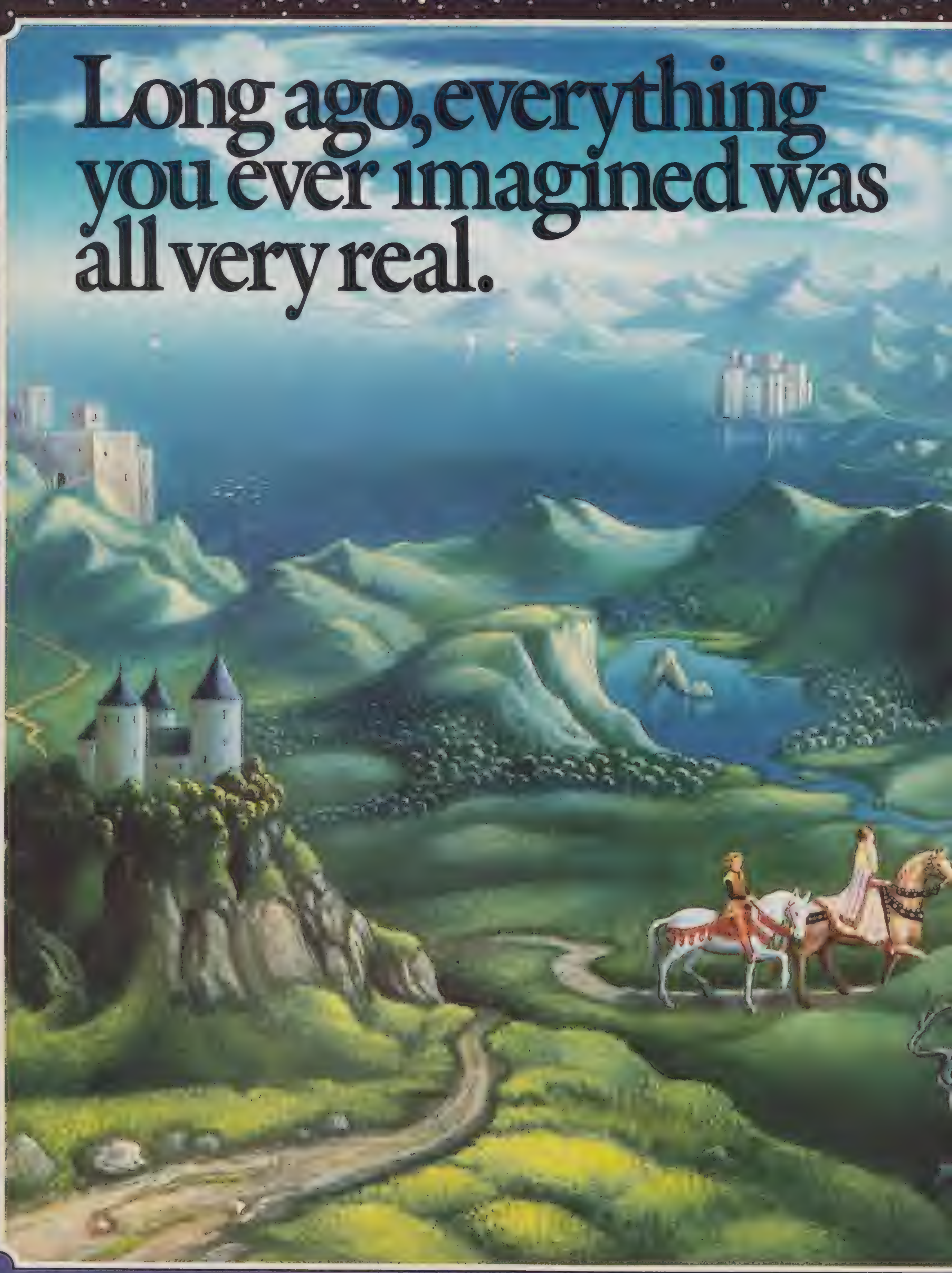

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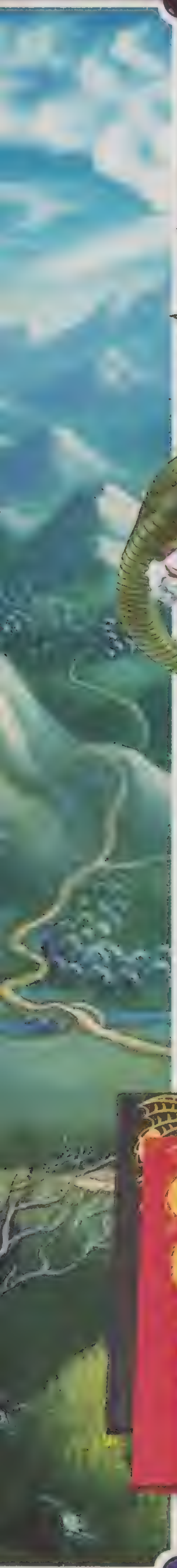

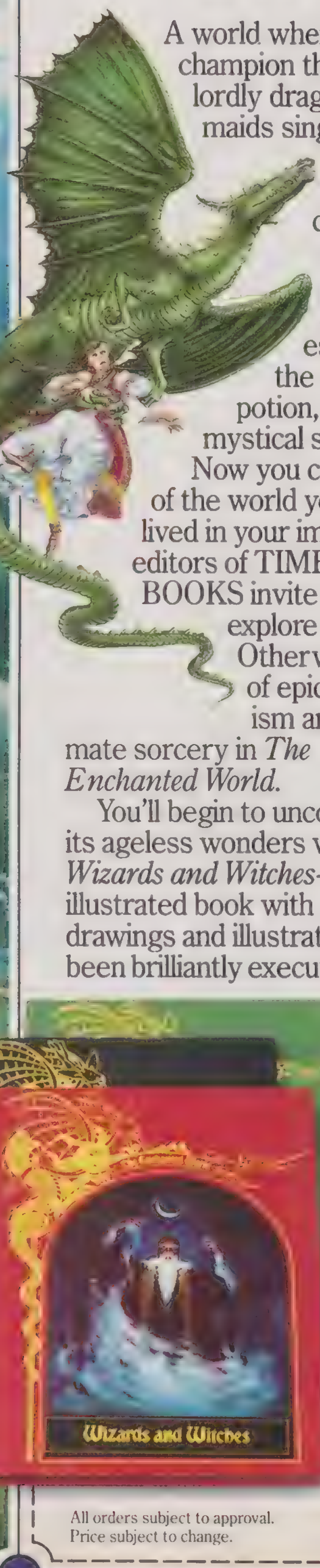

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BETWEEN US

Processing for peace…women's potential—no limits…success in the "under"world

BY LORRAINE DAVIS

In her own words…

"Writers are interested in things they cannot control; you cannot control original ideas; the analogy to falling in love is very helpful….I go from one step to another [in writing] and say, 'How I got there I do not know.' "
—Joyce Carol Oates, speaking at a women writers symposium at Goucher College, Baltimore, Maryland, part of the school's centennial celebration

"As a nun, I had a commitment to respond to 'unmet needs.' I became a lawyer in order to work on public-interest law, especially the needs of victims. I ran for public office (leaving the Sisters of Mercy but not its goals) to address the unmet need for the criminal justice system to become victim-sensitive."—*Arlene Violet, State Attorney General of Rhode Island, first woman in this job in the United States*

"A manager's job is to get work done through people. First, you've got to hire the right kind; next, create an environment where they'll be motivated, make sure they understand what their jobs are and have the skills they need, and reinforce the effort they bring forth. Then you have to get out of the way and let them do it."
—Marilyn J. Amendt, president of the American Business Women's Association; senior vice president and director of human resources, Ohrbach's, Inc.

Stand up—or walk—and be counted

August 6 and August 9, dates when our country marks the fortieth anniversary of the atom-bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, will bring a focus on nuclear-arms control in the U.S. and around the world. The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom will launch "Countdown: Three Weeks for a Test Ban," on August 4, in Washington, DC, and in at least seventy-five cities around the country, with educational events, street theater, petitions. Over the previous months, women in twenty countries have collected more than one hundred thousand signatures in support of a Comprehensive Test Ban, and WILPF women would like to meet with President Reagan on August 6 to present the petitions from this country.

Sunday, August 4, is also the day when the entire Pentagon and the Capitol will be tied around with a ten-mile-long "ribbon" made up of fabric panels embellished—embroidery, quilting, batik, hooking, tie-dye, crochet, silkscreen, needlepoint—with messages for nuclear freeze and peace. Organized in Denver by Justine Merritt and supported by Church Women United, the project has burgeoned to include women of every belief and politics and many men. Tens of thousands are expected to walk and stand in an impressive demonstration.

A week later, on August 10, the Finger Lakes Peace Alliance will stage its commemorative demonstration/walking/grieving/hoping that it will never happen again, by marching along two routes for ten miles around the Seneca Army Depot, NY (the depot is thought to be the storage site of the neutron bomb and is the main departure point for weapons sent to Europe).

In the late 1500's, women of the Iroquois nation at Seneca demanded an end to war among the tribes. We can do no less.

Cheers for fresh ideas

An innovative lingerie designer who understands the life and needs of active American females became the first woman to win the California Industrialist of the Year Award when this year the honor was given to Olga and Jan Erteszek, cofounders of the Olga Company.

The busy working mother of three daughters, Ms. Erteszek has proceeded on the premise that American women want both beauty and function in their underwear, and she's not afraid to brave new concepts. She and her husband have brought the same enlightened approach to employee relations and working conditions, and their firm was selected last year as one of the "100 Best Companies To Work For in America." Another happy development: the youngest daughter, Christina, also has joined the firm as a designer.

Thinking about women

Feminism is "the cutting edge" of intellectual advancement in the world today, according to Alison M. Jaggar, the first scholar to occupy a new state-endowed Chair in Women's Studies at Douglass College of Rutgers, the State University of New Jersey. Those occupying this Chair, on a rotating basis, will write, lecture, lead seminars.

Dr. Jaggar, an Englishwoman who was trained in analytic philosophy at the Universities of London and Edinburgh and received her Ph.D from the State University of New York at Buffalo, sees her task in analyzing the persistent bias against women in Western thought and envisioning future alternatives: "I'm happy to say that no one has any idea yet of women's physical or any other potentials. In a very real sense—over time—we can do and become whatever we decide we want to be or do."

Other new investigations into the female condition will be made possible by the establishment of the Alice Paul Research Center at the Women's Studies Center at the University of Pennsylvania, with Carroll Smith-Rosenberg as director. Alice Paul, a 1912 Penn graduate, was a founding member of the National Women's Party and the author of the original Equal Rights Amendment, proposed to Congress in 1923….And, on July 29-August 1, Wheaton College, in Norton, Massachusetts, brings together scholars from nineteen universities in the Northeast interested in adding the perspectives and contributions of women into their curricula at a summer institute, financed by a $53,000 Ford Foundation grant.

From a female hand

A world record for an auction price for a manuscript by Harriet Beecher Stowe was set when Sotheby's in NYC sold just four pages that, in altered form, wound up as part of a chapter in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* —for a whopping price of $34,100. Other manuscripts by women that changed hands in the auction—from the collection of Mrs. Philip D. Sang—included Lou Henry Hoover's translation from the Latin of a sixteenth-century work on mining (her collaborator was her husband, President Herbert Hoover, a mining engineer), plus items from Abigail Adams, Barbara Fritchie, and Mary Todd Lincoln. Mr. Sang was this country's foremost collector of manuscript Americana in this century; he made a gift of the women's items to his wife.

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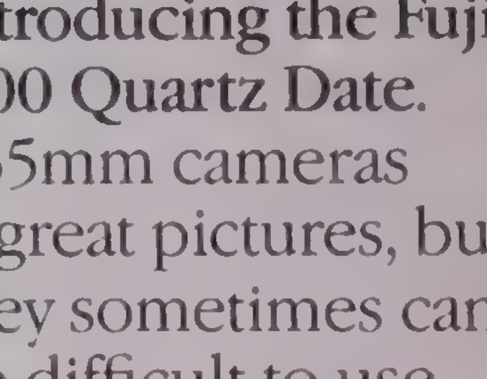

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horoscope

By Rockie Gardiner

August Astrological Weather

Venus in Cancer all month brings a note of tender concern to balance the bold and often outrageous escapades of August. Fantasies of the perfect summer romance or an aggressive venture take shape as the sun travels through Leo, the sign of creative force and romantic risk. Since impatient Mars is also in this headstrong fire sign, your desires are intensified—along with the necessary courage to take the initiative. Keep thoughts centered on clever ways to express your creativity and the right words will come to you on the 20th—when Mercury turns direct in Leo. The sun enters Virgo on the 22nd, demanding a more critical, no-nonsense approach to the present. Attend to long-range professional and social goals as Uranus, the planet of progress, comes out of retrograde motion at month's end.

Leo JULY 23-AUGUST 22 For the first two weeks, as the sun, your ruler, illuminates Jupiter and Uranus, you attract praise for diplomacy on the job, flattery for your style, and interest from influential people who would like to put some substance into your offbeat ideas. Life seems joyous until the 15th when the restricting sun-Saturn square demands that you proceed with deliberate caution in a family or real-estate matter for at least a week. Once these obligations are met, you can indulge in flights of fancy with an impressionable Pisces who is ripe for romance.

Virgo AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 22 Relax and let yourself be entertained by your friends' enthusiasms for the first two weeks of the month. You need to conserve your energy for an unlikely but engrossing event—a new apartment or an impromptu trip—that may occur around the 16th, when your Mercury ruler is charged by its contact with Mars and Uranus. But before you make any startling moves, wait until Mercury and Uranus meet up again on the 24th to confirm that you're not acting solely on impulse.

Libra SEPTEMBER 23-OCTOBER 22 Sweetly sentimental, a touch too maternal—Venus in Cancer can turn a simple physical attraction into a fantasy of domestic bliss. Remember this warning the weekend of the 3rd, when your ruling planet aspects Neptune and Pluto, drawing all the water signs—Pisces, Scorpio, and Cancer—needily to your side. A Scorpio can help advance your career the week of the 19th, although by the full moon you may resent any outside interference.

Scorpio OCTOBER 23-NOVEMBER 21 Wanderlust may overpower you during the first week of the month when the sun and Jupiter present an opportunity to widen your horizons just as Venus trines Pluto to promise a warm welcome wherever you go. Get organized so that, when Mars trines Uranus on the 16th, you will be ready to take off for parts unknown. But don't count on spending long quiet days in the sun—Mars and Pluto, Scorpio's two ruling planets, will be very active, therefore you will be quite involved in the prospect of making a career move.

Sagittarius NOVEMBER 22-DECEMBER 21 August begins brilliantly because the powerful Leo sun augments the eternal optimism of Jupiter, your ruling planet, and supports the humanitarian ideals that Uranus in your sign has been developing. So when Mars aspects those two giants the week of the 12th, you'll feel ready to take on the world. New entrepreneurial projects may follow after Mercury and Uranus have turned direct and introduced you to an Aquarian or Leo who appreciates your idea of fun.

Capricorn DECEMBER 22-JANUARY 19 For the first three weeks of the month you can show off your executive ability, even gain acclaim for your social skills or artistic talent when Venus trines Saturn on the 20th. A romantic bond with another cautious earth sign may be formed as the Virgo sun reinforces the attraction around the 23rd. But during the demanding Mars-Saturn square on the 28th you should set your mind to sterner stuff and be diligent about collecting any outstanding debts. *(Continued on page 106)*

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horoscope

(Continued from page 103)

Aquarius JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 18 You can continue to enhance your personal and professional reputation thanks to the constant attention paid to your Uranus ruler by the vibrant Leo sun and by Mars and Mercury situated in your house of partners this month. An easy intimacy with those close to you may provide unexpected opportunities for you to shine in public as well. Your honesty and altruism are the qualities most admired by the adventurous Arians, Leos, and Sagittarians who will graciously offer to help you on the 6th, 15th, and 24th.

Pisces FEBRUARY 19-MARCH 20 You can protect your psyches from an all-too-electrifying atmosphere by keeping in touch with a sensitive yet sensible Taurus. The first week of the month your impressionable Neptune ruler finds comfort in Venus' affectionate and easygoing manner. But after the 11th, you may be caught in a whirlwind of activity generated by coworkers or children. Your own aims will gain prominence after the 22nd, when the Virgo sun supports Neptune's idealistic vision and the Pisces full moon emphasizes your personal power.

Aries MARCH 21-APRIL 19 There's a special excitement about you this month as your Mars ruler travels through Leo, another exuberant fire sign. Its brush with Jupiter and Uranus the week of the 11th can propel you towards a fascinating adventure, a choice assignment, because your creative energy and romantic daring will be apparent to Aquarians and Sagittarians you meet. But be prepared for some frustration at the end of the month when Mars squares Saturn. By September, it's gone.

Taurus APRIL 20-MAY 20 Plan an idyllic weekend getaway for the 4th when Venus, your ruling planet, aligns with both Neptune and Pluto. Even if you can't leave town, fill your home with glorious music, flowers, and exotic food so that you can show a suitable Scorpio or dreamy-eyed Pisces just how domestic you can be while Venus is in Cancer. Enjoy it while you can—once the planet of love enters the headstrong sign of Leo on the 27th, harmony at home and on the job may be easily disrupted by jealous outbursts and extravagant demands.

Gemini MAY 21-JUNE 21 Mercury, ruler of the twins, has settled quite happily in Leo giving you even more opportunities to flash your sunny smile. By the good graces of the expansive sun-Jupiter connection in your financial territory the week of the 4th, you can match the high-spirited generosity of your Leo and Sagittarius associates. While you may be tempted to travel when Mercury conjuncts Mars on the 16th, wait until your ruling planet goes forward on the 20th and assures a smooth, safe, but interesting trip.

Cancer JUNE 22-JULY 22 The interminable time you've spent working towards career recognition and financial security starts to pay off handsomely as the sun, Mars, and Mercury in Leo all pull together on your bankbook's behalf. Should your tender feelings about love and marriage—Venus *is* in Cancer—become exaggerated during the first two weeks, you can get a grip on your emotions around the 16th. That's when the Leo new moon presents other financial and romantic possibilities, some exciting, all inconclusive until the full moon on the 30th.

ANDRE LAUG

Elizabeth Arden
THE SALON

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Q&A

Shinier hair... smoother skin... the real plus of facial masks

Q With all the terrific "high-tech" hair products available today, why can't I find anything to give my hair more shine?

A Hair experts, recognizing most women's strong desire for shiny hair, have now developed some styling helpers that also add shine. Among them are: Sebastian's "Slicker" spray, which can be used *with* mousses and gels to add shine; Vidal Sassoon's "Body Glaze," offering the ease of a mousse with the shine of a gel; Vincent and Fred Nardi's "Super Gel" to gloss hair, give great hold.

To keep hair looking shiny, it's also important to avoid bad styling habits such as overusing mousse and hairspray, both of which can cause buildup, subtract shine. Apply mousse sparingly and, if you want more volume as the day wears on, don't add more mousse but simply wet hair to reactivate the mousse applied earlier. To avoid overspraying, apply hairspray to brush, comb, or even to your hand first, then smooth over hair. Since overbrushing during blowdrying can damage hair (and the drier and more damaged your hair is, the less shine it will have), use fingers and light brushing to style hair, and stop drying while hair is slightly damp to retain moisture.

Q "Hyaluronic acid" seems to be the latest skin-care "buzzword." What is it? How does it work?

A Hyaluronic acid exists naturally in the cells of humans and many animals. Along with collagen, elastin, and other protein substances, it supports and strengthens cells, making them resilient to shock. Because of a unique molecular structure, hyaluronic acid can absorb a thousand times its weight in water yet retain viscosity. Medically, hyaluronic acid has great potential; it's used in ophthalmic surgery to keep cornea cells from drying out, and it's being explored for use in wound healing to prevent scar tissue from adhering to bandages, for injection into arthritic joints to relieve stiffness and other symptoms, and even in developing a new contraceptive.

Cosmetically, its uses also seem promising. As you age, your skin loses some of its natural hyaluronic acid which contributes to a loss of moisture and elasticity. Hyaluronic acid, applied topically to skin, will not reverse this aging process, but it can soften and moisturize the skin by attracting water from the air and deeper skin layers. And because air can penetrate hyaluronic acid, the skin can "breathe." Two products rich in hyaluronic acid: Ella Bache's "Elastogel" oil-free moisturizer; IS's "Vital-Ingredient Twenty-Four Hour Cell Repair Concentrate." To watch for: Shiseido's Bio-Hyaluronic acid, a synthetic, less costly substitute for the hyaluronic acid currently in Shiseido skin-care products.

Q I'd like to add some "glow" to my skin. Should I try a facial mask? Do they really work?

A Facial masks work by peeling off the very top, dead layers of skin that are constantly, if invisibly, being shed anyway; but a mask does it in one, uniform thrust, leaving your skin with an overall "glow" for a few hours. In addition, some masks (hydrating masks) add moisture to skin while others (dehydrating masks) have an astringent effect.

"Facial masks are fine for women whatever their skin type as long as they don't have skin *problems*," said Vera H. Price, M.D., clinical professor of dermatology at the University of California, San Francisco. "I would not recommend that a woman with active acne use a facial mask—unless it's one prescribed by her doctor, perhaps containing benzoyl peroxide—because some masks can irritate blemishes, and aggravate the underlying skin problem. Otherwise, using a mask can clear away surface unevenness in skin, and give you such a lift in your morale that you *do* glow not only from the skin, but from inside." New masks to consider: La Prairie's two-phase "Cellular Balancing Treatment" for combination skin and Erno Laszlo "Hydra-Therapy Skin Vitality Treatment" are both mix-it-yourself; Rene Guinot's "Hydraseve Masque Essentiel" contains jojoba oil to retain moisture. ▽

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CARS & WOMEN

Ways to turn small cars into big spaces... for times when you can't travel lightly

It's Saturday morning and you're at an auction; the perfect armoire is now yours. Your sleek aerodynamic car waits to take you home, but the size of your new purchase bears no resemblance to the space available in its trunk. How do you get the piece home? Pay for delivery? Call a friend with a pickup truck or van? Rent a trailer?

As cars are being designed for the future, both interior space and trunk space are diminishing. Yet there are occasional needs that require additional cargo space whether for hauling wood, luggage, windsurfer, bike, microwave oven, golf clubs, or skis. Buying a larger vehicle to meet those needs may not be the best investment; there are a number of alternatives that allow for a smaller, fuel-efficient vehicle but provide for additional space.

• **Fold-down rear seats** and split rear seats are becoming very popular. In the past, the threat of gas fumes' entering the passenger compartment through the trunk and/or exhaust pipe prevented manufacturers from providing fold-down seats with trunk access. However, today's safety requirements mandate airtight fuel tanks; and emissions and pollutant controls have freed the access to the trunk from the car's interior.

• **Hatch-backs** are frequently offered with fold-down rear seats and are available in many of today's cars. Their major advantage lies in their ability to accommodate oversized loads that can protrude when the hatch is open. A major disadvantage of the hatch-back is the ability of anyone to see what is being carried in your car.

• **Roof racks and trunk-lid racks** can be rented for temporary use or purchased from the car manufacturer and attached to the "drip rail" (the metal strip above the door that channels rainwater away from the car window) or to the trunk lid. Racks are available to tote luggage, bicycles, skis, windsurfers, fishing poles, and other odd-sized gear.

New options in racks, trailers make it easier, safer to transport oversized loads

• **Car-top carriers** are available for purchase or rental and provide enclosed cargo space. Older cars typically have a "drip rail" and can accommodate car-top carriers of various sizes and shapes. However, with today's new aerodynamic designs, "limousine roofs" (with a hidden drip rail between the roof and door) make it difficult to find carriers to fit. Additionally, heavy loads may dent or damage the lighter-weight roofs of new cars. A major disadvantage of car-top carriers is that they can be buffeted by wind, making fuel efficiency drop by as much as 25 to 30 percent.

• **Utility trailers** can be rented or purchased to accommodate a wide variety of needs. A trailer may be just the thing to bring home your auction purchase.

A small trailer will handle baggage neatly, and provide room for bulky items such as big coolers, long fishing rods, and gun cases. Small trailers are usually low in profile and are more fuel efficient than carrying bulky gear on the roof.

•**The trailer hitch** locks to the coupler on the trailer frame to form a secure connection, and it pivots for turning. While rental hitches have been popular in the past, the new smaller cars have lighter-weight or plastic bumpers and in many instances there is no longer a place to attach a temporary hitch. Matched to the particular make and size of your car, a permanent trailer hitch will be securely bolted to the car's frame and bumper.

Owner's manuals generally provide specific information about the maximum trailer weight that can be towed. *Weight-carrying hitches* support trailer tongue weight just as though the luggage were located at the ball of the trailer hitch. A Class I Hitch carries loads up to 2000 lbs., Class II to 3500 lbs., and Class III up to 5000 lbs. Typical cost for a Class I Hitch may be about $40 to $60, including installation. *Weight-distributing or equalizing hitches* apply leverage between the tow vehicle and the trailer and distribute tongue weight to the wheels of both towing vehicle and trailer. These are generally used only for large house trailers. Because there is such a variety of cars and of trailer hitches, consult a professional installer who will insure the proper match. Check the yellow pages under "Trailer Equipment."

• **Load carriers**, like small trailers without wheels, can be attached to the trailer hitch and the bumper. These carriers come equipped with wheels that retract after mounting and make no contact with the ground, thus eliminating the difficult aspects of trying to back up with a trailer. —Contributed by MARILYN KING

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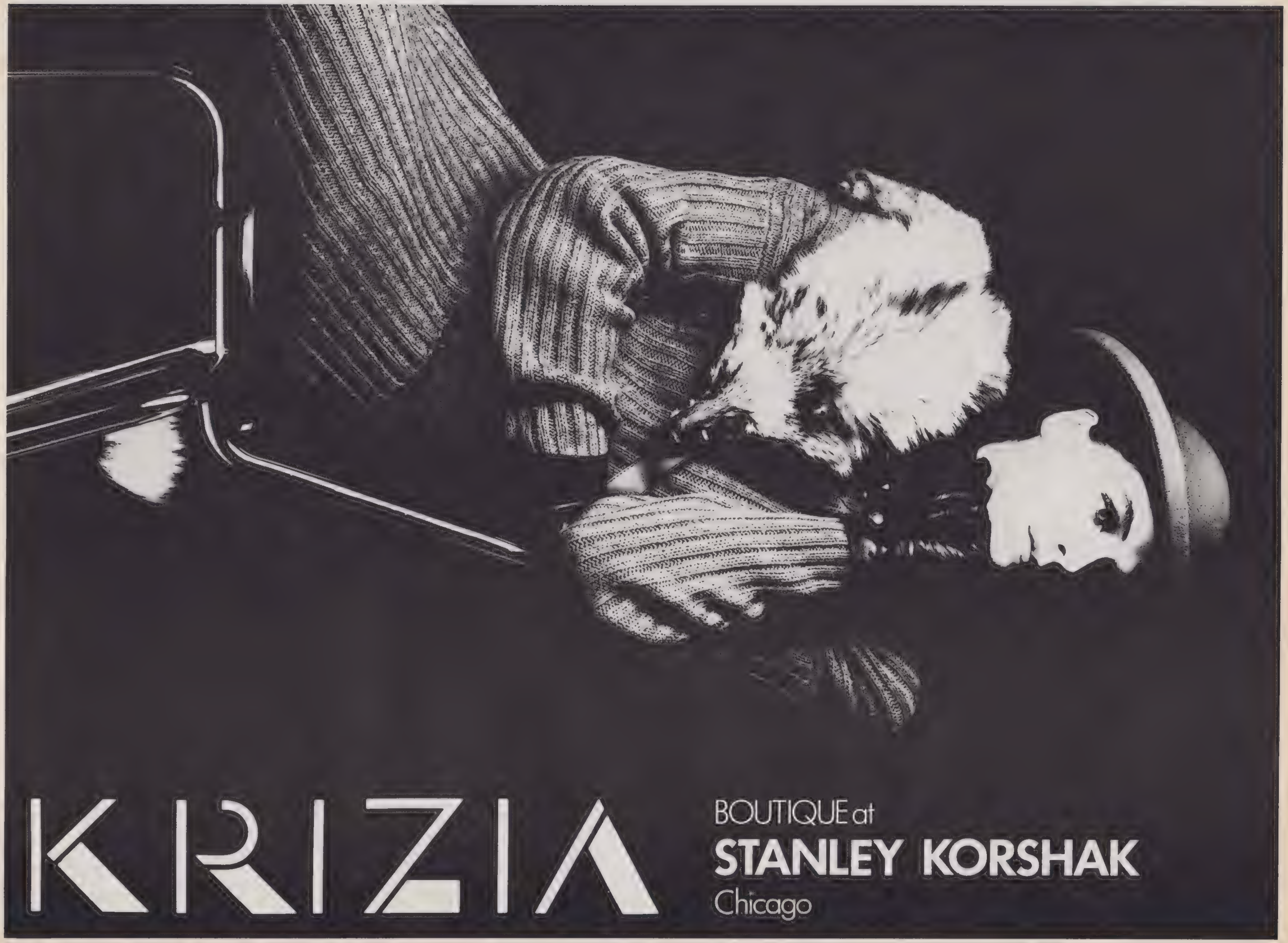
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fat vacuum

Still controversial, suction lipectomy is being used by many plastic surgeons to "recontour" women's bodies...

By Shari Miller Sims

While diet and exercise can be tremendously successful in helping a woman to achieve overall weight reduction, there are certain areas of the body—the buttocks, abdomen, inner or outer thighs—in which many women find bulges virtually impossible to eliminate. In the past ten years, plastic surgeons have developed an operation that some experts feel may turn out to be the ultimate solution to this problem. Called suction lipectomy, it basically consists of "vacuuming" out fat, using a high pressure miniature vacuum-like device. The fat is removed using a thin plastic or metal tube inserted into the body through an incision less than one inch in length.

Still a question: will subsequent weight gain "undo" the results?

Surrounded by a great deal of controversy when it was first introduced, "suction lipectomy has now been accepted into the armamentarium of plastic surgery, although not every surgeon may choose to learn or to use the technique," said John Q. Owsley, Jr., M.D., clinical professor, division of plastic surgery at the University of California Medical Center, San Francisco. One of the still-unanswered questions, noted Dr. Owsley: whether or not the body-contouring after-effects of the operation will prove to be permanent. "With a maximum follow-up of five years or less in this country, it is impossible to state with scientific accuracy that subsequent weight gain will never 'undo' the results."

In response to original skepticism over the safety and effectiveness of the procedure, the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons (ASPRS) appointed a panel of experts to assess these questions in 1982. The ASPRS panel's conclusion: that, *when performed by a qualified surgeon on properly selected patients*, suction lipectomy could be safe and effective in removing *small, isolated pockets of unwanted fat.*

Not a means of weight loss

Who is a "properly selected patient" for suction lipectomy? Experts stress that the procedure is *not* intended for the woman who is considerably overweight.

"Suction lipectomy is a means of body contouring, not of weight reduction," said NYC plastic surgeon George J. Berakha, M.D. "It can help a woman to attain a smoother hipline; but, unlike older 'thigh lift' procedures, suction lipectomy involves the removal of no more than one to five pounds of fat in total. In most cases, a woman will see a very, very small change in her body weight, but a big change in the way that she feels about the shape of her body when she looks in the mirror."

What also makes a big difference in the "success" of the operation—and the selection of patients—noted Sharon Romm, M.D., assistant professor, division of plastic and reconstructive surgery, Georgetown University Hospital, Washington, DC: "The youthfulness of a woman's skin, not in terms of how old she is chronologically but of how 'young' her skin has remained, is important. The more elastic and resilient a woman's skin is before the operation, the better it will shrink to conform to a new body contour."

In a limited number of cases, surgeons finish the procedure by removing a small amount of excess skin, but most feel that suction lipectomy was designed to remove fat, not skin. Nor is the procedure a solution to the bumpy skin areas many women refer to as "cellulite." "If the skin on the thighs or buttocks is heavily dimpled before fat reduction, it will remain so after surgery," noted Dr. Romm. "In some *(Continued on page 146)*

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BEAUTY NOW

(Continued from page 144)

cases, the removal of even a small amount of fat actually brings on skin waviness after the operation, a risk that a woman should be made aware of beforehand. Improved appearance in pants or skirts is a realistic expectation; achieving a figure that looks perfect in a bikini, however, may be more than surgery can accomplish.''

What to expect

Depending on the amount of fat to be removed and the preference of the patient and the surgeon, suction lipectomy can be performed under local or general anesthesia in an in-office surgical suite or one-day-surgery hospital wing. Some patients may require an overnight stay in the hospital. Many doctors routinely recommend that patients who require more than three pounds of fat removed plan on a two-to-three day hospital stay.

Immediately following the operation, small drainage tubes may be placed into the area to prevent fluid accumulation; these are removed within a few days. Tight-fitting elastic bandages or a snug-fitting elastic girdle must be worn day and night for three weeks following surgery; while patients are encouraged to get out of bed within the first twenty-four hours after surgery, a week at home is the usual recuperation period, with a wait of up to six weeks before physical exercise can be resumed. Swelling and black-and-blue marks usually disappear within a month, but numbness in the area may persist for several months or longer. Scars are ''hidden'' in body folds whenever possible and usually become paler and less obvious with time. ''All patients experience some degree of pain after surgery, but the intensity varies,'' said Dr. Romm. ''Medication is prescribed to keep discomfort to a minimum.''

As with any type of surgery, suction lipectomy is not without possible complications. A recent survey of plastic surgeons across the country performing this technique, published in the journal *Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery*, concluded that the procedure had a low complication rate compared with other types of plastic surgery such as face lifts and eyelid surgery. The two most common complications—each occurring in approximately two percent of the patients—were permanent/partial numbness or loss of sensation in the area operated on (one of the most frequent after-effects of all types of surgery, noted the article's co-author, Gerald H. Pitman, M.D., of NYU School of Medicine) and post-operative fluid collection or swelling in the area surrounding the suction lipectomy site. Other reported but rare complications include bleeding, infection, and skin discoloration or unsatisfactory skin healing. While some physicians had voiced concern over the possibility that fat cells could be dislodged into the bloodstream following the procedure, this feared side-effect was not reported.

New uses, new controversy

One of the latest developments in suction lipectomy: its use in other body areas besides the abdomen, buttocks, and thighs. Several surgeons have reported successful results in slimming the ankles and the areas alongside the knees as well as in using suction lipectomy as an adjunct to the surgical removal of fat and skin in breast-reduction operations. Still a matter of debate, however: the use of suction lipectomy in the arms and the neck.

''Slim women who complain of loose or flabby arms as they get older are usually suffering from looseness in the arm skin as much as or more than excess deposits of fat,'' noted Dr. Berakha. ''What is needed is a surgical removal of excess skin along with the removal, if necessary, of small amounts of fat, but this leaves permanent scars along the insides of the arms.'' Most experts agree that women who suffer from loose upper arm muscles would be better helped by doing specific weight-bearing exercises.

As a method of removing fat from under the neck and chin, most surgeons believe that suction lipectomy is most useful as an adjunct to standard face-lift procedures. ''The only case in which suction lipectomy might be useful alone in the neck area is in the rare case of a thin, young woman who has a congenital deposit of fat in this area,'' noted Dr. Owsley.

To find out more

For information about suction lipectomy and referrals to surgeons qualified to perform the procedure in your area, contact the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons, 233 North Michigan Ave., Suite 1900, Chicago IL 60601; 312/856-1834. While surgical fees vary greatly from city to city, the range is usually $900-1300 to treat small areas such as the chin; $1400-3000 for suction lipectomy of the thighs. ▽

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what's news

Can exercise stop summer colds?...
wider horizons for those with physical limits...
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EXERCISE: CURE FOR A COLD?

Is it true that exercisers succumb to colds and flu less frequently, as they claim?

"While it is tempting to say that exercise protects our bodies against infectious diseases, the evidence is not yet in. Some physicians point to studies showing that exercise stimulates the release into the bloodstream of white blood cells—the body's first line of defense against infection; others note that the rise in body temperature associated with aerobic exercise is also accompanied by an increased output of proteins known to enhance the body's immune response. What is not known, however, is whether these are merely transient effects, or if exercise does indeed boost the body's infection-fighting capacity in the long run," said Harvey Simon, M.D., assistant professor of medicine at Harvard Medical School.

What may help to explain the belief among exercisers that they don't become ill as often as sedentary counterparts: the increased stamina and positive body image that are proven fitness benefits. "A woman who feels at ease with her body, who looks forward to being active," noted Dr. Simon, "is less likely to let a few sniffles slow her down."

What if you do come down with a cold or the flu—should you stay off exercise? "Let your body be your guide. If you have just a mild cold, but feel up to vigorous activity, then don't feel you must stay cooped up in the house. On the other hand, true flu symptoms—muscle aches, fever, headache, fatigue—indicate that your body needs rest in order to recover. Contrary to folklore, studies have proven that working up a sweat in cold weather does *not* increase your chances of catching the flu."

FITNESS: BENEFITS FOR THE HANDICAPPED

While many of us think of a physical handicap as something that limits mobility, thousands of disabled women and men are proving that this is not always true...that some handicapped people can participate—and excel—in activities ranging from aerobic dance to swimming to skiing...and that fitness can provide a boost not only to a handicapped woman's self-image but to her ability to cope with the demands of everyday life.

In fact, many handicapped women view physical activity as an equalizer, a chance to prove that they can meet challenges on equal terms with the able-bodied. Gwen Allard, a handicapped ski enthusiast, is trying to create a method of handicapped ski instruction, a vision that would include eventual national accreditation for the specialty. New Yorker Paddy Rossbach, who lost a leg in an accident forty-one years ago at the age of six, ran her first mile in April 1984, successfully completed the NYC Marathon seven months later. Now she supplements thrice-weekly workouts at the Hospital for Special Surgery with sessions on a Nordic Track cross-country skiing machine in her living room. Evidence of the difference exercise has made in the way she carries herself: many who meet her for the first time now, unlike in the past, never guess that she has a physical handicap. "It's what you can do with the body you have," she believes, "not the level at which you begin exercising." Proof that others feel the same way:

- At NYC's Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, a recently completed pilot project has demonstrated that patients who must undergo leg amputation and be fitted with prosthetic legs can walk much more easily and resume their usual activities sooner after hospitalization if they are aerobically fit. "Despite the fact that leg-prosthesis design has become much more streamlined, an unfit woman who has an above-the-knee leg amputation will be using more than 50 percent of her aerobic capacity simply to walk across the street. If the same woman gets into shape, she can not only walk more easily but live a more active life," said project director and head of orthopedics Joseph M. Lane, M.D.
- What is also becoming increasingly clear: that adapting a sports or exercise program to make it accessible to the disabled is not as difficult as it might seem. "In many cases, all that is needed is a trained exercise partner. Every exerciser, disabled or not, begins at one fitness level and aims for a higher one; through challenging our bodies, we learn what their potential is," said Joseph P. Winnick, Ed.D., professor of physical education, State University of *(Continued on page 157)*

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by Christie Brinkley

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New York College at Brockport and co-author of *Physical Fitness Testing of the Disabled: Project UNIQUE* (Human Kinetics).

● Also making a difference: innovative sports equipment designed to be used by amputees, the blind, those with congenital handicaps such as cerebral palsy—equipment that in many cases is the "brainchild" of a handicapped individual. Indicative of the possibilities: programs sponsored by the forty-two U.S. chapters of the National Handicapped Sports and Recreation Association. Best known for weekend ski schools that serve as the proving grounds for competitors in the National Handicapped Ski Championships—an Olympic-sanctioned event brought to national attention through the efforts of Edward Kennedy, Jr., who lost his leg to cancer at age twelve—NHSRA has year-round offerings that include bicycle, hiking, canoe and river rafting trips, as well as sailing and golf instruction. New this year: a series of aerobic-exercise workshops, plus an aerobic-exercise video, aimed at both handicapped and nonhandicapped participants (write: NHSRA, Farragut Station, Box 33141, Washington, DC 20033).

● NYC's 52 Association, underwritten by grants from Southland Corporation's 7 Eleven Stores, sponsors warm-weather exercise sessions in upstate New York, free Learn-To-Ski weekends across the U.S. and Canada for the handicapped and amputees (write: The 52 Association, 441 Lexington Ave., NYC 10017), while local American Red Cross chapters conduct Adapted Aquatics swimming programs in community centers across the country.

ATHLETES SAVING LIVES

A sign of what making a commitment to fitness means to top competitive athletes today: a one-year-old program in New York State called "Athletes Against Drunk Driving." Faced with the fact that *half* of all fatal traffic accidents involve alcohol—and that drivers under the age of twenty-one have four times the usual risk of being the victims—New York's Governor Mario Cuomo turned to the state's top athletes for help. So far, hundreds of thousands of high school and college students have turned out to hear talks given by sports figures including two-time World Champion roller skater Angela Famiano and world-class marathon runner Lynn Petronella. Latest: public-service television spots starring race car driver Janet Guthrie, swimmer Diana Nyad, and Olympic skater Elaine Zayak, urging drivers of all ages not to drink and drive.

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a woman of feeling

Married to one of the most exciting politicians in the country today, Matilda Cuomo has a magnetism that comes from the heart By Joan Juliet Buck

The difference between the authentic and the fashionable is that the authentic endures whether or not it is fashionable, while the fashionable exists only for the short span of opportunity. The tension between the authentic and the fashionable is most apparent in politics, where male candidates strive to be Man of the Moment. It's a complicated time for the wives of politicians: The prevailing ethic would have them be ambitious for themselves rather than for their mates, and the pursuits that would make them authentic as wives and mothers have been severely unfashionable for the last fifteen years. The authentic cannot be improvised at the last moment. What is real was there before the limelight.

Mario and Matilda Cuomo are fashionable right now, and doubtless will continue to be in the future. The values that he talks about are the ones that she embodies: family, caring, sharing. Ever since she took upstate New York by storm during his gubernatorial campaign, he has called her his "secret weapon." She is probably also his strength. "He seems to be very *present*," said one recent convert to Mario Cuomo. So does she. Her energy comes from the heart.

The values Mario Cuomo talks about are ones Matilda embodies: family, caring, sharing

Matilda Cuomo taught elementary school while her husband studied law, raised five children in Queens while her husband practiced law and worked as a clerk in the Court of Appeals in Albany. As First Lady of New York, she is honorary chairperson of the Council on Children and Families. For this, she brings groups together in a focused effort to plug the gaps in federal aid, setting up coalitions to help abused children, teenage parents, families in trouble. "I don't work for the state," she says. "I don't want to be known as a politician, just as a person."

The person is remarkable. At fifty-three, she looks the way Laura Antonelli would look if she had class. The eyes are gold-green, the brown hair is short, she is slim with a small waist and pretty legs. Mario Cuomo in his diaries again and again refers to how pretty Matilda is; it is not until one meets her that the inadequacy of that word is revealed, for the eyes immediately make a true connection, and the warmth causes people who have met her once to rush up and hug her in public. Isabelle Leeds, a social New Yorker active in politics, says, "She has an elegance of spirit and a steadfastness of purpose. She knows who she is, and she's comfortable with it."

Matilda Raffa Cuomo was born in Brooklyn, and Brooklyn subsists in her soft voice. Her parents came from Meri, in the Sicilian province of Messina, and she pronounces Italian words with the curious drawl of a Sicilian-American: *Braciola* becomes *brasholl*. She grew up in Flatbush, with two older brothers, one younger sister and one younger brother. "Where we came from in Brooklyn, my mother had all her sisters around her; they stayed in a little colony, a little cubicle of their own people. When we moved to Flatbush, she had to force herself to speak English, because the people weren't Italian anymore."

Matilda's father was prosperous: he had a company that made supermarket fixtures. A bright student, she was accepted at Hunter College and Columbia University. "But my brothers wouldn't let me go there," she said. "They didn't want me to take the train in. I got the brochures for St. John's University Teacher's College. My brothers said, 'What's wrong with it? It's a good school, you get on the bus and you go straight there.' So I did, and that's where I met my husband."

She was in her second year and he was in his third when they met. "It was in the cafeteria. He bought me a cup of coffee, it's all he could afford. He introduced himself to me while I was sitting with a bunch of girls.

"My mother," she said, "liked him immediately. She said, 'There's something about him that's so sincere, you can really trust him.' It was so beautiful to hear my mother say that, because in those days there was a lot of matchmaking going on and he came from nowhere, in a sense. I heard my father had gone round their neighborhood, asking who the Cuomos were, before it became serious."

We were sitting in the large living room of the governor's mansion in Albany. "This," she said, "is the most amazing consequence of all. If I had a dream, it was that Mario would be a partner in his firm."

Matilda Raffa and Mario Cuomo were married in 1954. She began teaching as soon as they were married, and their daughter Margaret was born the following year. Asked about the Cuomo's early years together, she talks about the furnished apartment three stories up with no elevator in Queens, where she took care of Margaret and then Andrew, alone while her husband was studying. "My mother made me feel secure and loved. That's what sustained me. I made a lot of accommodations. It was hard, because of law school, and when Mario was at the Court of Appeals I didn't see him all week. I felt very alone and had to learn to take care of myself fast.

"What I did, I wouldn't advise my daughters to do. I did it because I was young, and in love, and everything that goes with it. And in those days you didn't think so much, you felt. Today it's different: girls think a lot."

After Margaret and Andrew came Maria, Madeline, and then Christopher, who is now fifteen. The Queens apartment was replaced by a house that Mario Cuomo's father gave them, which they still have. "My husband likes it because it has a big kitchen. He's a kitchen person." She stopped teaching to take care of the children, saw her women friends during the week, her husband on weekends. She sees a benefit to this that others might miss: "If you have more time together you start quibbling. If you have less time, you learn to respect its quality. You get to the heart of the matter. It works for the children too: even though their father missed a lot of their growing up, they know it wasn't because he was out bowling."

Mario Cuomo's way into politics was through community work; Matilda became aware of the gratitude of the people he'd helped in Queens when he ran for Lieutenant Governor in 1974. "These people flooded our headquarters and became our volunteers. People don't forget the good you do for them. He was running almost on a lark, to put his hat in the ring, because we had no money and no political backing." *(Continued on page 162)*

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matilda cuomo

(Continued from page 160)

He lost, but then became Secretary of State to Governor Carey.

Sometime between the day Mario Cuomo lost the race for the mayoralty to Ed Koch (a day marked by Christopher's dog, Ginger, producing a litter of pups on the living-room couch) and the time he ran for Governor, she had a serious talk with him: "I realized from the little I knew about politics what amount of commitment and dedication it required. I knew from reading that the families of politicians didn't do well. So I told my husband that it could only work if we shared this whole endeavor, really supported each other. Politicians have special problems because so many demands are put on their time."

The time problem was nothing new; campaigning was. The first time Matilda was forced to make a speech was during the mayoralty campaign. "If I hadn't talked about my children, I would have collapsed. Because when you talk about something that's real to you, close to you, and you're comfortable with it, then part of the nervousness goes. That's what taught me early on that you'd better know what you are talking about."

The test came in the 1982 primary campaign. Her son Andrew, by then twenty-five and working for his father, called to tell her to pack her bag. "He said 'Mom, it's so important, we don't have the money to have Dad go helicoptering up and down like Koch. You've got to do this for us.' There was no one going up with me. I went to thirty-three cities the first time, before the primary, thirty-five cities after.

"I wanted my husband to be Governor because I felt he was ready and able. I'm not really a politician: I have to believe in what I'm doing. As a wife, you share your husband's life. I felt that if I didn't do this and he lost, I could never live with myself because I wouldn't have done anything to make people understand what they'd missed. This man is so rare in politics."

First the conviction; then the practical approach. "I prepared myself. There was no one to write the speeches for me. I did it pedagogically, like a teacher. I made up my own lesson plan and taught it. I set out what I would want to know about a candidate: I'd want to hear about the credentials. I just mapped it out. When I was finished, if they couldn't vote for him, I don't know why not."

Shortly before the primary, her father came to give the Cuomos a pep talk. He said, "You're going to hear people saying you can't win. Don't listen to them. You've got to fight, fight, fight, punch, punch, punch. Just don't give up." And Mario hugged him and said, "We won't give up."

They didn't, of course, and they won.

The Cuomos moved from Queens to Albany, with Christopher; and the sporadic presence of Maria, who is working in communications in New York City; Madeline, who is studying at the State University of New York at Albany; Andrew, who is working as an assistant district attorney in Manhattan; and rare appearances by Margaret, who is a doctor. The character of the family has not been altered by the move to Albany: Matilda's daughters still go baby-sit with her sister's two children in New Jersey. Her father, who was severely mugged last year, has been ill; her mother has trouble walking.

Yet discussing her father, she moves on to the condition of the elderly in America, integrating her own experience and her work so that the logic of one applies to the other. The compassion is a felt need, and the voluntarism is a natural means of expressing it. When the daughter of one of her friends died of leukemia at ten, Matilda joined the American Cancer Society, becoming the head of its Queens County division. I bring up Eleanor Roosevelt, once a first lady of New York, in whose steps she seems to be following. She rejects the comparison as too noble and admits: "She's always been my idol. She would be appalled today that we haven't progressed as much as we should have." She talks of her programs, and adds: "a Utopia would be if we never needed these organizations; if you could make the whole family unit work, it would save the taxpayer's money. The immigrant generation had it right when they believed that the family is the basic unit of society and has to be kept solid."

Matilda is becoming a professional, which is inevitable. She's a brave woman, too. Hating the private plane—an instrument for which she reserves all her ire and mistrust—she nonetheless continues to fly around the state of New York. One day last fall I met her in Rochester. She arrived at the Mount Hope Family Center, looking a little green from the ride, and chaired a meeting of a high-powered task force on child abuse; went on to a luncheon for Cooley's anemia organized by Betty De Lucia, in whose house she had stayed during the campaign. There she gave a speech praising the volunteers and received an award and a pendant which she later wore to be photographed for Vogue.

With fifty million women now working, the pool of volunteers has shrunk, and Mrs. Cuomo's job is more difficult than it would have been in Eleanor Roosevelt's day. She went on to a TV studio where she taped a show in which she revealed that the Governor, whom she calls "my husband" and never "The Governor," as if the title stuck in her throat, did yoga in the mornings. She deftly worked her causes into her answers. The one trace of irritation surfaced after the inevitable questions from well-wishers about her husband's presidential aspirations. "Why do they keep asking that?" she said. "We're very happy as we are," she'd say.

The final appointment in Rochester was for the dedication of a monument to Franklin Delano Roosevelt in a square across from an armory where, in 1928, delegates nominated the then-governor of New York for the presidential election. It was a small crowd: the monument itself was still in a Vermont quarry. It didn't matter: Matilda Cuomo was there. ▽

VOGUE, August, 1985

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MIND HEALTH

Intimacy—why it's so risky...the true value of therapy...the surprising power of touch

BY CAROL TAVRIS, PH.D.

The dangers of intimacy

"How intimate dare I be with friends and lovers?" Elaine Hatfield, Ph.D., a researcher at the University of Hawaii and a family therapist, says that her clients struggle with this question. People need intimacy, yet most are wary of intimate encounters. Hatfield has identified some reasons behind people's reluctance to reveal themselves, to care deeply about another person, and most of all, to trust.

Most fears of intimacy are *not* neurotic, Hatfield emphasizes; they are grounded in experience. For instance, many people fear that the person they care most about will discover their bad qualities, embarrassing pasts, taboo feelings. Research indeed finds that people who disclose too many "flaws" too soon are regarded as peculiar. Second, many people fear—realistically—that if others get to know them too well, they will abandon them. A student of Hatfield's, beautiful and bright, found that when she disclosed her uncertainties to the men who said they loved her, they lost interest. "They wanted to be in love with a *star,*" observes Hatfield, "not a mere mortal like themselves." In addition, people often legitimately worry that their intimate revelations will be used against them. One of the Hatfield's clients, proud of being a "perfect lady" who didn't need anyone, decided to trust her sister with her thoughts about leaving her bad marriage. Her sister, enraged, denounced her as a bad Catholic for even considering divorce.

Some families confuse intimacy with dependence, or with being "swallowed up." Parents may be so demanding, so angry at any sign of independence, that their children develop a protective coating to avoid sacrificing themselves entirely to the parents' needs. But being intimate does not mean disclosing all that is private and personal, and being independent does not mean being walled up and aloof. These are not opposite personality traits, Hatfield concludes, but interlocking skills. People who lack the ability to be independent *and* intimate, she maintains, can never really be either. Hatfield's research, and that of others, is reported in *Communication, Intimacy, and Close Relationships*, edited by Valerian J. Derlega (Academic Press).

The habits of health

Which personal habits predict good mental and physical health? Robert Williams, Ph.D., and his associates at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, have developed a health-habits inventory that has been given to more than twelve hundred people in all educational, economic, geographic, and age groups. Respondents were divided into "high self-managers" and "low self-managers" according to the number of good health habits they practiced. The five factors associated with high "self-management"—and good health—were setting and attaining work goals, completing work on time, encouraging others, flossing teeth, and doing stretching exercises. To look after oneself properly, it seems, one must work both mind and muscles! And you get good teeth, besides.

Planet love

The way that human beings view their planet is not a rarefied and remote issue. It affects people psychologically and spiritually; it affects politics, law, the economy. Modern society views the Earth as inert material to be exploited, but throughout most of history, Earth was considered alive—a "goddess" or a "mother," who gave life and nourished it. James Lovelock, Ph.D., a scientist and inventor, has developed the "Gaia Hypothesis"—after the Greek name for Earth goddess—which assumes that the entire range of living matter on Earth constitutes a single living entity. August 1–6, the National Audubon Society Expedition Institute is co-sponsoring a symposium at the University of Massachusetts to discuss the Gaia Hypothesis and its consequences. Eminent physicians, biologists, social scientists, lawyers, economists, artists, and Native American medicine men will consider the history of the living Earth concept, scientific interpretations of it, and implications for modern society. For example, K. David Schultz, Ph.D., of the Yale University School of Medicine, applies Martin Buber's "I-Thou" relationship as an ideal paradigm for thinking about Earth. Westerners tend to see the Earth as something to be used, possessed, and conquered, Schultz argues, instead of as a living creature that should be respected. By transforming our habitual ways of thinking about Earth, we may be more able to protect it—and ourselves—from man-made disasters.

Good news about adoption

Many psychologists believe that adopted children are at greater risk of developing psychological problems. Adoptees are supposed to feel isolated, "different," incomplete, insecure, and hostile. The reason for these problems, some researchers say, is that adopted children aren't treated as well by their parents as biological children are, or that no adoptive parent can compensate for the loss of the biological mother.

Now Kathlyn S. Marquis, and Richard A. Detweiler, Ph.D., of Drew University, argue that this picture is unrealistically bleak. In their study of 167 adopted and nonadopted young adults, chosen from a normal community population, they found good news. The adoptees felt *more* in control of their lives than nonadoptees did; they had more confidence in their own judgment; they were more positive in their outlook; and they described their parents as being more comforting, protective, and helpful than nonadoptees did.

There is not a shred of evidence in this study, say Marquis and Detweiler, that supports the view that adoption increases the risk of emotional problems. The stereotype emerged, they believe, from unrepresentative samples of adopted people (such as those who were raised by disturbed relatives or who were living in poverty). Among the general population, however, adopted children are doing just fine.

The touch that refreshes

From birth to old age, people need to touch and be touched, but many Americans confine their touches to sex partners. Ruth McCorkle, R.N., Ph.D., of the University of Washington School of Nursing, and Margaret Hollenbach, Ph.D., observe that the people who need touch most are touched the least. Nurses (like the rest of us) are more likely to touch patients in good condition than those who are seriously ill; more likely to touch schizophrenic patients than depressed ones, and younger people than older ones.

Touch has a calming physiological effect, McCorkle and Hollenbach report, even, mysteriously, when a person is unconscious. And it has great communicative power—expressing, among other things, compassion and concern. The right touch at the right time can help patients tolerate medical procedures, leave the hospital sooner, and reduce their depression. Women are particularly likely to respond well to touch. They rightly complain of the impertinent touches of men, but they respond to affectionate touches without typical male interpretations of dominance, intrusion, or dependence.

Correction: when to get help

In the May column, I mistakenly reported that most emotional disorders eventually go away by themselves. In fact, says Judy Eidelson, Ph.D., of the Institute for Cognitive and Behavioral Therapies in Philadelphia, most episodes of *depression* will dissipate on their own; but, like the seasons, they also return. Eidelson and I both wish to emphasize that this does not mean that people need to prolong unhappiness, waiting for it to go away. Psychotherapy and/or drug therapy can be helpful in treating emotional problems, to lessen, for example, the duration and severity of depression as well as to prevent relapses. Many people also benefit from short-term therapy to help them cope with stressful situations that may be triggering anxiety or depression.

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BEAUTY NOW

upbeat

Model, makeup appeal—from a black woman's point of view

Dont't be deceived by an only eight-months-old modeling career: Kenya's Khadija has a list of credits that reads like a veteran's. Her latest coup: As exclusive model for Yves Saint Laurent's fall cosmetics collection, Khadija is the first black woman in a major cosmetics ad not specifically black-oriented. She dazzled YSL's runway, *right,* with her plumb-line-perfect posture, her slow, gliding gait. "Every Somali woman is trained to move and hold herself with dignity. That's second nature to me." Khadija also brought her beauty routine from Africa: coconut-oil-and-herbs facial cleanser, a coconut-oil "soak" for hair. Khadija's hair is in fabulous condition—and was recently cut from waist to shoulder-blade level. What really sets her apart is attitude: intelligent, unflappable, modest—traits not instantly associated with models. That may explain why modeling is a short-term project: "I'd like to make enough money to start an organization for the education and advancement of African women."

Beauty elements that seem more appropriate in a salad bowl than on hair and skin: avocado moisturizers, camphor or grapefruit low-alcohol toners, soybean and safflower oil hair creams. The very valid point? "Vegetable, fruit, and herbal treatments tend to be gentle to skin and hair—and have wonderful scents," says Cynthia Taylor of Cynthia Taylor Hair and Skin Care, Inc., NYC, a salon with a natural bent. "As an intensive treatment for damaged hair, I use an avocado/castor oil mask 'set' with steam—not dry air—to speed the mask's absorption, add moisture. It's an ideal solution for dry, fragile black hair."

Evening difference: a touch of gold or silver eyeshadow just under brows for light, sparkle . . .

makeup realities

"I'm tired of 'young' and 'fresh' makeup," says makeup artist Fran Cooper. "The purpose of makeup is to bring a woman to her most radiant, most lively.

"But for daytime, makeup should always be applied sparingly. People are in close contact with you under office or natural lighting; anything overdone is unsettling. If you're going to wear foundation, use just a bit. More important is a light dusting of loose powder to cut down on shine. Blush should be faint, not a major source of color.

"Spend a little time on your eyes, they should be the emphasis. Choose shadows with some thought to skin color: if you're light-skinned, work with light, but strong—not baby—blue. The darker your skin tone, the richer the blue: a navy, a jewel-tone. To eliminate mascara clumping, I brush lashes six times with a light coating instead of two heavy layers. Strong, dark brows frame eyes beautifully.

"Whether or not you wear any other makeup, vibrant matte lipstick—in red or burgundy—gives your skin a brightness, a lift, pulls your look together.

"For evening, for fun, I like to play up eyes with a light fringe of false eyelashes, either across the eye or confined to the corners. Use a lining of black or dark brown pencil along lash roots and several coats of mascara to blend the false lashes into your own."

—Contributed by AUDREY SMALTZ

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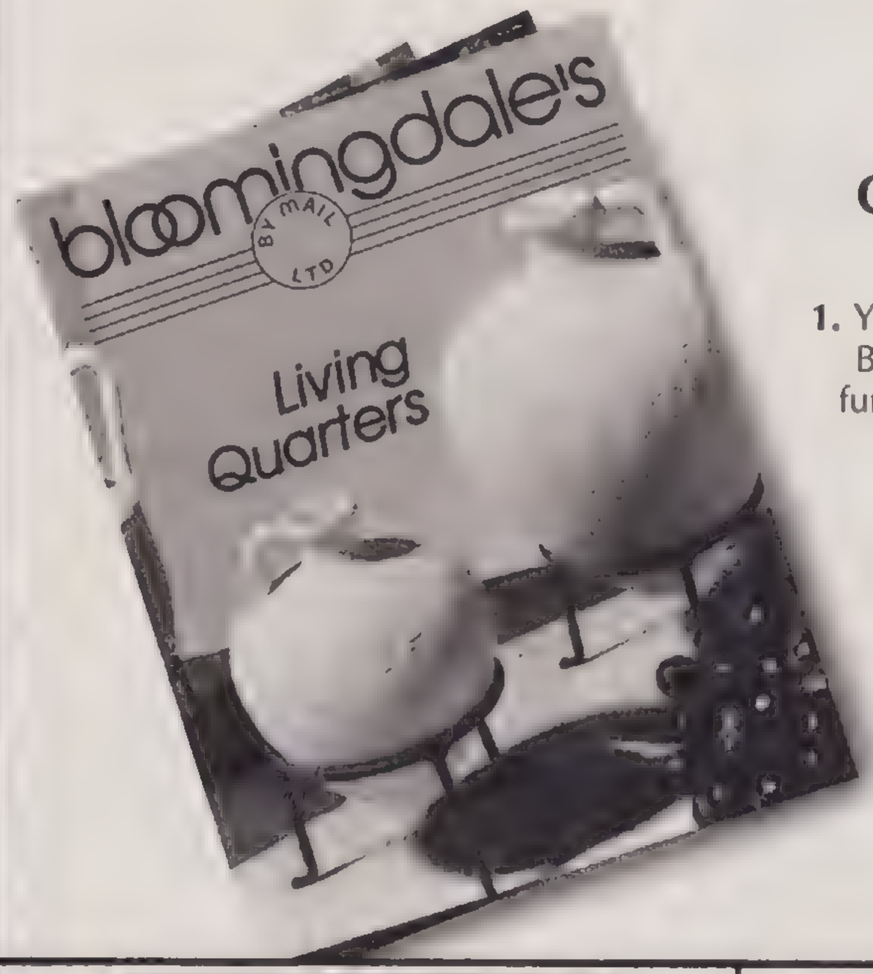

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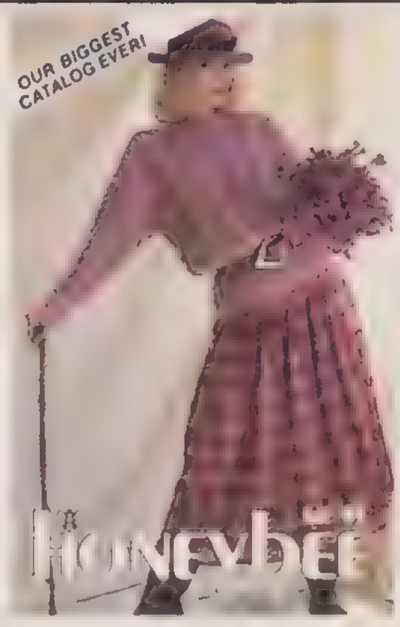

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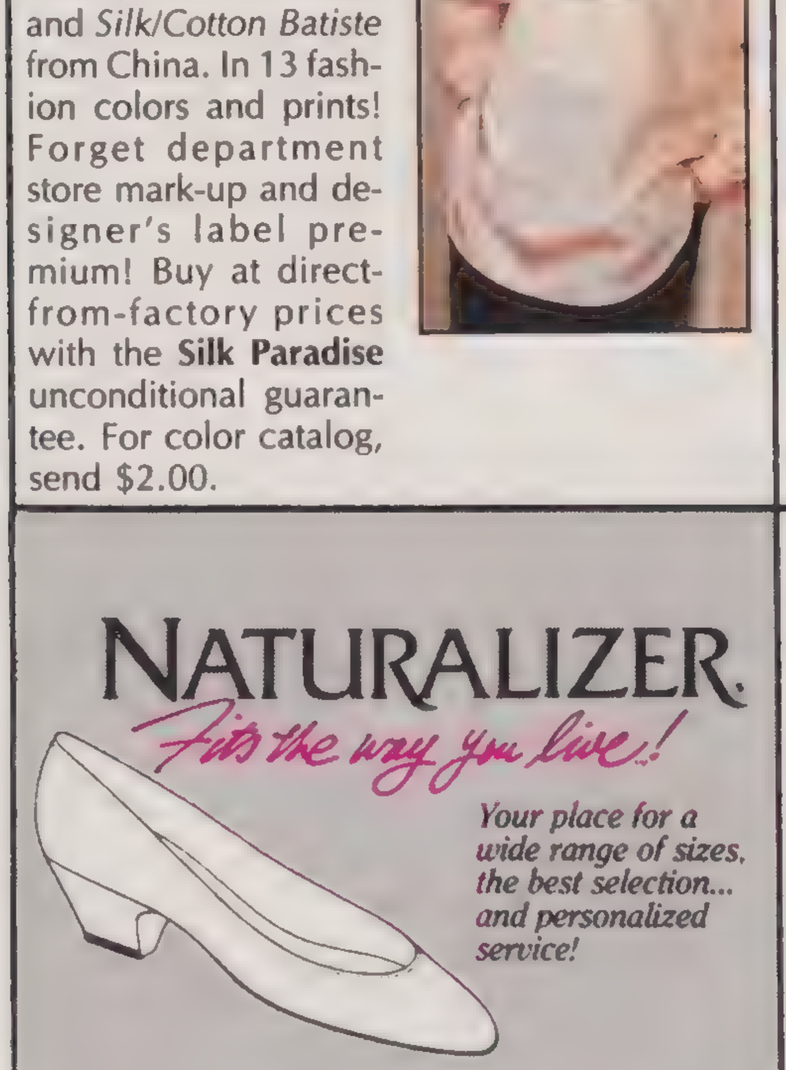

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making changes

Now, more than one look from a cut...
one woman's hair: four years of style...
modern difference: perms

Greatest influence in the "design" of haircuts now: "What counts more than length or layering is versatility. Women want to be able to change their hair, brush the sides back, the top forward, create a different look in minutes," says stylist Sam McKnight, who used mousse, a few seconds of a blowdryer, and a round brush, *right*, to move layers forward onto the face. Making changes like this simpler to achieve: new tools that work faster than ever, such as hot rollers that heat up in ninety seconds flat (Clairol's Time Saver)...stylists who spend time *after* a cut teaching a woman to "work" with her hair (at NYC's Donsuki, there's even a damaged-hair "hotline": 212/265-5445)...and, for chin-length or longer hair, a five-minute set by Angel at Louis-Guy D: Gather dry hair on top of head in a ponytail; roll up on an oversize roller; "fix" with hairspray. In five minutes, brush out deep waves...For instant highlights: Chattem's Sun-In hair lightener sprayed on edges of bangs, "activated" in minutes in the sun (and color can be trimmed off in the fall).

The changes in model Donna Stia's hair over four years: In '82, top left, an asymmetric cut exposes the ear on one side, covers the eye in a deep wave on the other. In '83, left, more feathering, wavy bangs, a more tapered line at the nape.

A different effect in '84, top right: spiky layers, "lifted" with gel... This year, right, a return to a smoother shape. Modern: super-short bangs, subtle highlights.

STYLE CHANGES

How often does a woman need to make a change in the length, the style of her hair? It's the question most frequently asked of stylists—and the one most difficult to answer. Says Bruno of NYC's Bruno Dessange: "A woman's hair should reflect her personal style. When she looks in the mirror and feels ready for a change, that's the time to make one." But even a model, whose livelihood is tied to her looks, need not make a dramatic change in her hair from one year to the next, as is evident in the photographs of model Donna Stia, *left*, taken over the last four years.

Bruno—who has been cutting Stia's hair since '79—notes that "the overall length has remained the same. What makes it look so different is the degree to which it is layered and, most importantly, how much—or how little—it is manipulated...whether it is blow-dried, fixed with gel, or towel dried.

"While a woman need not change the look of her hair each year, staying with the same style for *too* long can be aging," he adds. "I don't believe in just adding or taking away bangs, though. A style is a matter of proportion—if you change the front, you need to change the back and sides, even if it's just an inch more or less of length."

What's different about perms? Not only are new formulas gentler, less damaging, but perms are being "targeted" to sections of hair only—the ends of bangs, the underlayers of a beveled cut. The aim: texture, fullness, waviness rather than curl. At Gerard Bollei at the Galleria, NYC, spot perms mimic natural curl, are "graded" from tighter in front to looser in back. Latest: body waves used now to boost the line, the "shape" of hair as it grows out—at NYC's Charles Fremolaro Associates.

The freedom of a great cut, modern tools: hair has more style, more "finish"—now, in less time...

Photo top: PAUL LANGE. Makeup, Sophie Levy for Pipino-Buccheri Salon, NYC; manicure, Elisabeth Drabinski. Details, last pages

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HEALTH

Improving breast exams…ultrasound update…better lives for kidney patients…new rules for drug safety

BY MELVA WEBER

Detecting breast lumps

How skilled are doctors in giving examinations for breast lumps? A study by researchers at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill indicates that doctors, including surgeons and gynecologists, could use more training in breast-lump detection.

The test, led by Suzanne W. Fletcher, M.D., was taken by eighty physicians who represented several medical specialties in which clinical breast examinations might be given. Using silicone breast models containing different types of "lumps" typical of various human breast conditions, the doctors as a group detected only 44 percent. Larger lumps were often found, but few of the smaller lumps. More hard lumps than soft were detected. Doctors who spent more time examining each woman were more successful at detecting lumps. The test results, say the Chapel Hill investigators, suggest that breast-lump detection can be improved among many physicians, and that taking more time in examining many patients may improve detection rates.

DHEA: not for sale

Consumer health alert: A steroidal hormone called dehydroepiandrosterone, or DHEA, has been sold nationwide by mail or by retail stores as a "natural" product for reducing weight, enhancing sex life, and extending life-span. It can be manufactured from human urine, accounting for the "natural" claim; but no evidence has been submitted to the Food and Drug Administration to substantiate the claimed benefits. Because of these claims, the product is classified as a drug, requiring premarket approval. Until and unless applications are filed to conduct human studies and to market the product, it is not to be sold, says the FDA. Makers and marketers of DHEA have been notified.

New law for "old" drugs

Prescription drugs, once approved by the Food and Drug Administration (FDA), continue under surveillance for any adverse effects that did not appear during clinical trials; drug manufacturers are required by law to file reports on drug reactions among users. However, until now, "old" drugs that had gone on the market before the approval law went into effect were exempt from the requirement, as were drugs that were "related versions" of older drugs. This regulatory loophole was blamed for deaths of some thirty premature babies who were given injections of E-Ferol, a new form of an old drug. If adverse reaction reports had been required, its use might have been halted more promptly. The FDA has filed a proposal to extend the requirement for adverse reaction reports to cover all prescription drugs, with no exceptions and no "grandfather" exemptions. Under new regulations, any serious, unexpected drug reaction or any significant increase in serious reactions must be reported immediately.

Ultrasound passes a test

If you're pregnant and your progress is being monitored by ultrasound, or if you face ultrasonic examination of internal organs, you may feel relieved to know that the process has been reexamined for safety and has not been found to cause genetic damage or cancer, according to radiology experts in Rochester, New York City, San Francisco, and Washington, DC. Concerns that ultrasound might cause damage to DNA or chromosomes and lead to birth defects or cancer were carefully tracked down in a replication of a study done in 1979, in which doubts were raised about ultrasound's safety. Repeating the original experiment using the same equipment, even the same blood donors, the research team found no evidence of genetic damage related to ultrasound exposure.

To tame a lion-fish

The beautiful, lace-patterned lion-fish is an increasingly popular favorite with home-aquarium owners and public places using fish tanks as displays; but doctors at the San Francisco Bay Area Regional Poison Control Center have reported a significant number of medical emergencies from lion-fish stings, caused by contact with the fish—whose family name, with good reason, is Scorpaenidae.

The sting of Scorpaenidae is intensely painful, may cause swelling, nausea, panic, and other symptoms. But the good news, say the San Francisco doctors, is that there's a simple and effective emergency treatment: soak the stung body part (almost sure to be hand or arm) in hot, but not scalding, water. Most victims report complete relief in a short time. After first aid, check with a physician on the need for a tetanus shot or other follow-up.

The doctors on lion-fish detail—Kenneth Kizer, M.D., Howard McKinney, Pharm.D.; and Paul Auerbach, M.D.—say emergency workers may not know about the hot-water treatment, which also works for encounters with sculpin, or scorpion fish.

Crab lovers: eat with care

New evidence shows that people who like to eat hard-shell crabs should use caution when eating this summertime favorite. At the Medical Center of Delaware in Wilmington, physicians used fiberoptic bronchoscopes to examine two patients with severe coughs. They came up with thin pieces of crab shell in the windpipes of both, inhaled while eating the seafood.

Safer kidney transplants

The good news on kidney transplantation is getting better, reports Andrew S. Levey, M.D., of New England Medical Center in Boston. For seventy thousand people in the United States who have end-stage renal disease, surgery to receive a donor kidney offers the only hope of full recovery, wrote Dr. Levey in *Archives of Internal Medicine;* but in past years, that hope was limited because of risk that the body would reject the donated kidney or that the suppression of immunity needed to prevent rejection would raise dangerous risks of infection.

Today, patients and their grafted kidneys are surviving better, owing to advances in immunology and new drugs to prevent and control rejection. Now, matched kidneys given by living relatives will "take" in up to 95 percent of cases, and cadaver kidneys have been almost (up to 85 percent) as successful. Kidney transplantation should be considered, Dr. Levey believes, for most young and middle-aged patients, especially those not satisfied with the dialysis life style, and with renal disease as their principal health problem.

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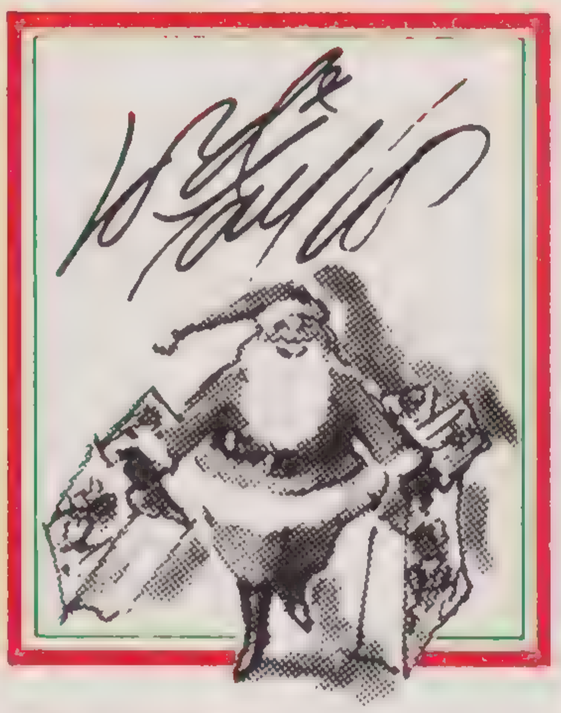

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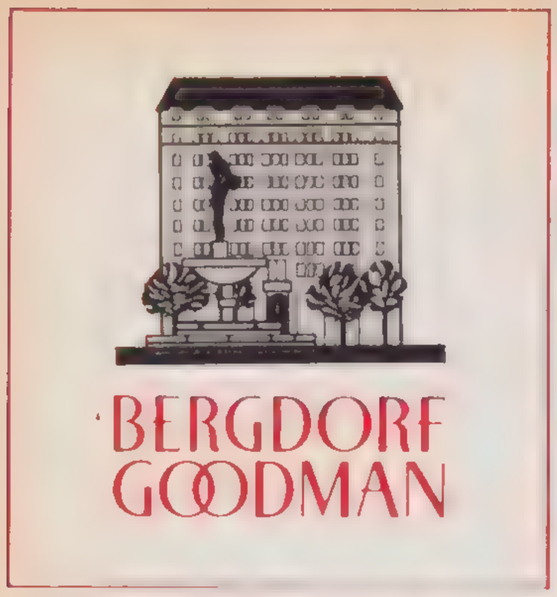

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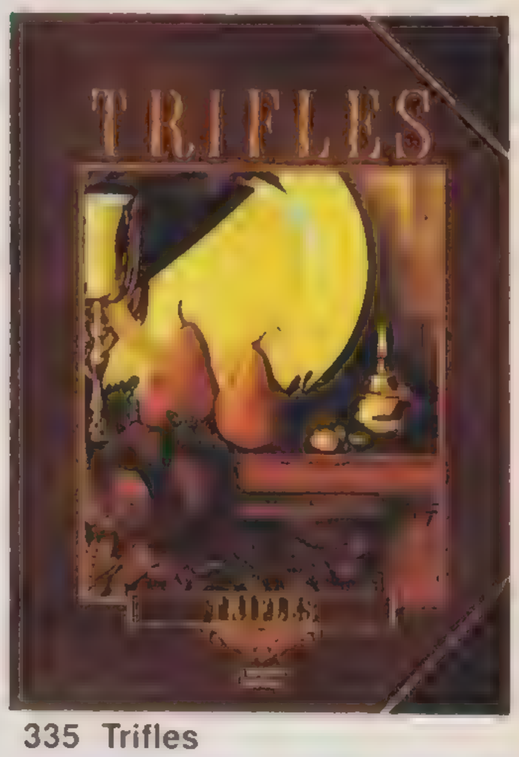

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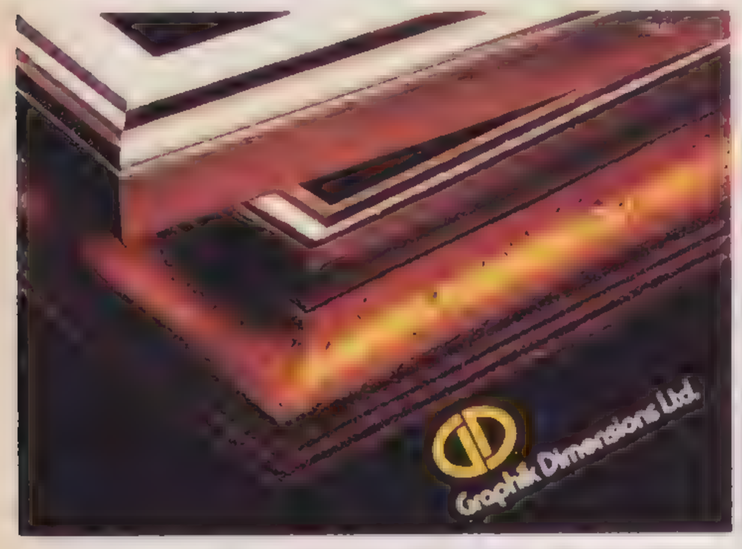

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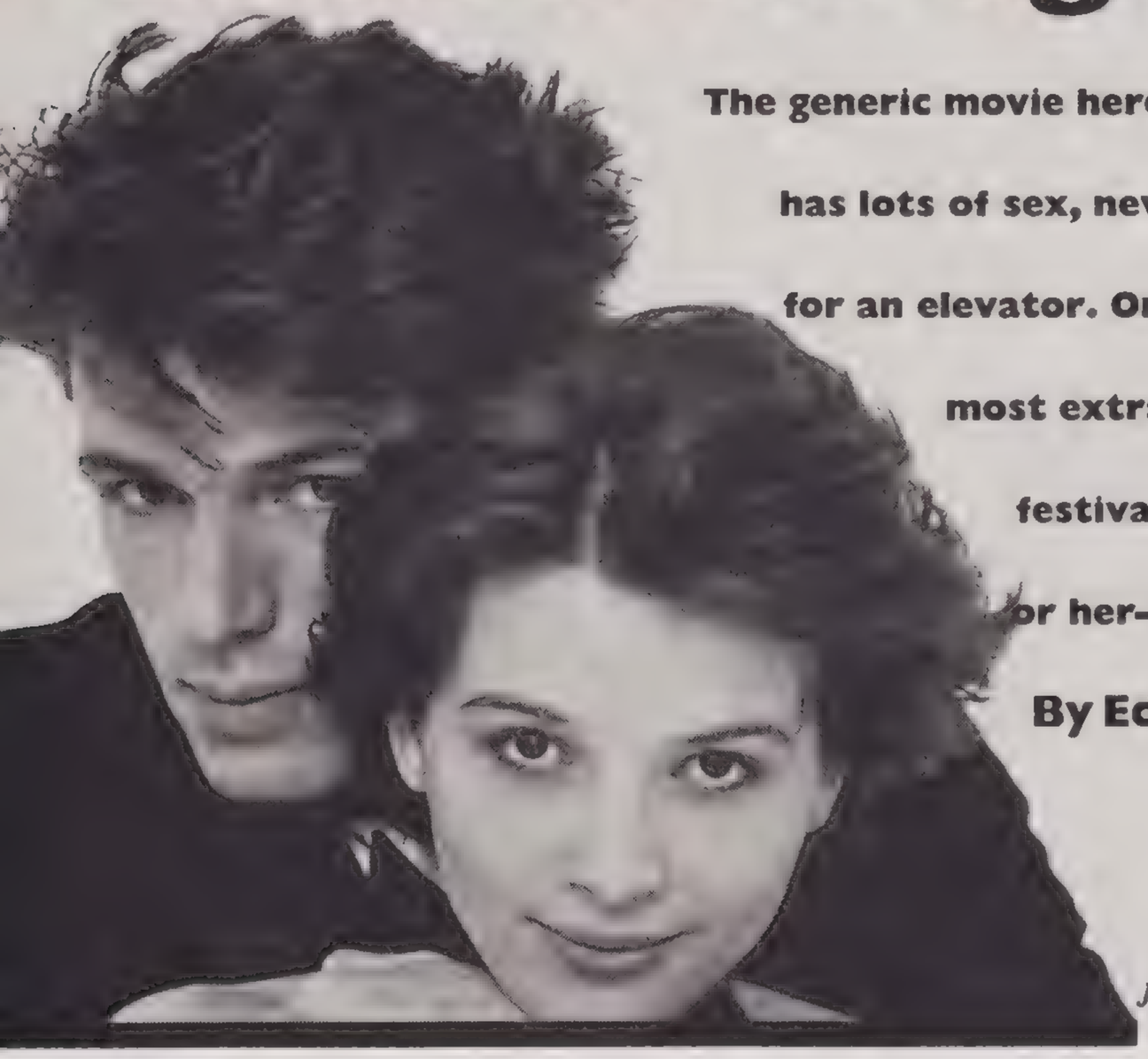

The generic movie hero never works, has lots of sex, never has to wait for an elevator. Once a year, this most extravagant of film festivals makes him—or her—seem possible

By Edmund White

Heroic couplet: Rendezvous's Lambert Wilson and Juliette Binoche, who killed 'em at Cannes

Doing nothing but seeing four or five movies a day for ten days is a bizarre experience, specially for someone as naïvely emotional as I am, someone who winced and cowered when the Marilyn Monroe character broke a nail in Nicolas Roeg's aptly titled *Insignificance* and who sobbed after Birdy spoke and the Mask died. Sometimes during the Cannes festival I felt like a Japanese woman in *Tale of Genji* who spends all day in a darkened room and cries.

Strange juxtapositions of films also occur. The same boy who played a drag queen in one movie crops up in the next as a nineteenth-century religious bigot. Or the same ecological theme (we must save the bay from real-estate developers) is played out both in the leaden American film *A Flash of Green* and the powerful if confused Japanese movie *The Festival of Fire*. And just as E.M. Forster once created *homo fictus*, the kind of human being who inhabits novels but not everyday life, in the same way one could assemble a *homo kinesis*, the generic movie hero who never works; has lots of sex; casts significant looks but seldom speaks; slaps, strikes, and thrashes other people; always has exact change when paying a bill; is tirelessly on the prowl; never has to wait for an elevator. Henri Bergson, the French philosopher, thought that comedy begins when the material world offers resistance to the impulses of the spirit; by that token, there's precious little comedy in the movies today, since *homo kinesis* is, above all, competent, always perfectly fit though never seen exercising, the consummate lover, horseman, cliff-hanger, bank robber, although somehow . . . discontent.

The Cannes festival is the oldest and biggest exhibition of films in the world. Some three thousand journalists cover it—giving the festival more press attention than any other regular event except the Olympics. Every room in town has been spoken for months in advance, from the fleabags behind the train station to the luxurious turn-of-the-century white rookery of the Carlton along the waterfront of the Baie de la Croisette. By opening night the harbor is crammed with yachts flying the flags of every nation. On the beach topless starlets stretch and pose for hundreds of fully clad amateur photographers, all male. On the boardwalk bands play out of tune, the Care Bears accost strangers, an old-timer imitates a robot, a wood sculptor taps with a mallet and chisel at a bust of an Arab pasha, fountains tinkle, and, at night, a bank of massive klieg lights click and whirr almost silently as they probe the skies.

Even the most elegant façades are plastered over with billboards of a sticky Spiderman scaling a wall or Sylvester Stallone arm wrestling with someone as beefy as he. Every evening crowds gather and gawk at the Festival Palace as celebrities (or "*personalités*") march up floodlit steps flanked by uniformed guards who may be standing at attention but with eyes everywhere but forward. Piped-in Henry Mancini orchestrations spread treacle over all the ladies in gowns and the gents in mandatory black tie—like honey set out to trap dragonflies and flies. Every night there's a tussle at the top of the grand staircase as some wise guy in a dark business suit and snap-on tie tries to pass muster, but the dress code never bends. Unless it snaps, as it does for the truly outrageous. Last year a nude man and woman who'd painted tuxes on their bodies floated past the guards without a fuss. That's entertainment.

Cannes never sleeps, though it frequently dozes off at the sixth or seventh screening of the day. In a banquet room several hundred people sit down to a catered dinner while five of the stars of *Pumping Iron II: The Women* strut their stuff. *(Continued on page 192)*

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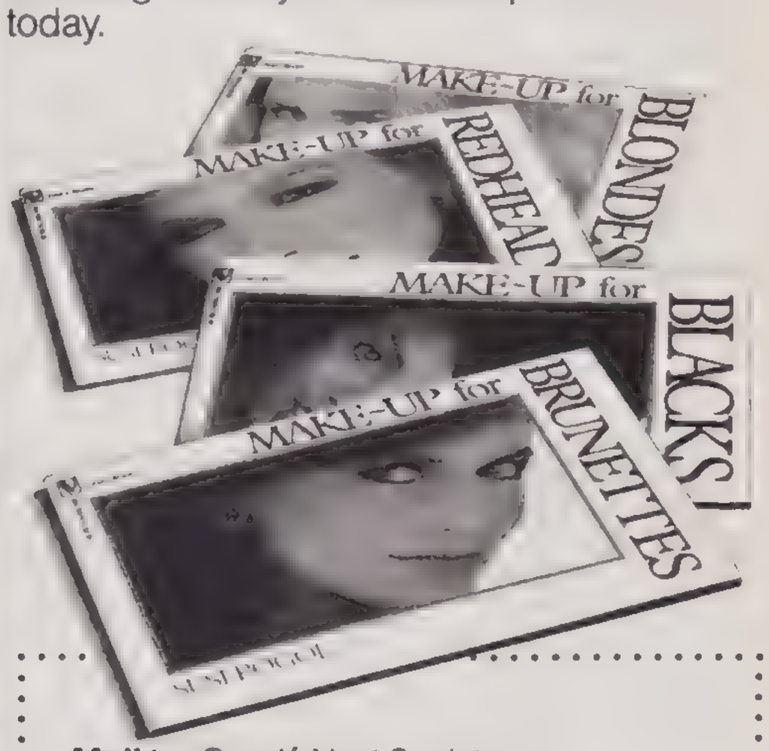

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cannes

(Continued from page 191)

Compared with these tanned goddesses with their leonine manes, broad shoulders, and sculpted triceps, the women guests in decolleté gowns look pale and flabby. Back inland on the Rue Antibes, left-wing French and German critics take refuge at the seedy Le Petit Carlton—the exact opposite of the *real* Carlton with its stars chin-deep in ermine and its crowd of fans staked out at the main entrance night and day, rain or shine. Most of the stars oblige their fans. Especially Tony Curtis. One afternoon he simply took a chair out to a glassed-in terrace near the entrance to the Carlton and sat all alone, posing for the multitudes, exposing his lizard-skin boots and assuming a Madame Tussaud immobility.

Cannes not only honors stars but also creates them. This year's star was the handsome Juliette Binoche, who plays the eighteen-year-old Nina in André Téchiné's *Rendez-vous*, a powerful melodrama packed with startling action and mercifully free of the usual French chatter. Nina is an aspiring actress fresh from the provinces who comes to Paris and falls under the spell of the fascinating, self-destructive Lambert Wilson, a Shakespearean actor turned performer in a porn show. Juliette is so believable as the naïve but would-be-cool Nina that the leading French newspaper, *Le Monde*, instantly declared: "After her baptism of light, Binoche has taken the place reserved for her in the seraglio: an actress who counts. Matured in a single stroke, thanks to the festival. Already someone new, in spite of herself, her sincerity and her joyous irony." She was certainly ironic with the Cannes journalists, who adored being treated with playful impertinence by a queen they themselves had crowned.

Never were so many languages and nationalities represented in such a small compound outside the United Nations. Japanese, Finnish, Polish, American—everyone trying to break through the sound barrier. A Czech director speaks German to a Swiss distributor who translates into French the urgent message intended for the Italian cameraman. A Swedish journalist beside me at the Blue Bar tells another the plot of *Desperately Seeking Susan*—something I gathered only when he switched into flawless English for the juiciest lines ("Four out of five prostitutes are lesbians—you've got to face the fact your wife's a lesbian").

This very cosmopolitanism was contradicted by the best films. Although many movies do, of course, bring together international casts, technicians, and capital, the most authentic ones are usually rooted in a specific milieu and tradition. For instance, *No End*, a Polish film directed by Krzysztof Kieslowski, is a powerful fiction film that revolves around the declaration of martial law in 1982; everything about this film—its politics, its moral dilemmas, its religious subtext—is Polish, and yet this very particularity makes it widely appealing.

By contrast, the Brazilian director Hector Babenco spoiled his film version of Manuel Puig's novel *Kiss of the Spider Woman* by shooting it in English and using American actors; the movie seemed a sadly diluted version of *Memórias do Cárcere* by Nelson Pereiro dos Santos, a similar prison drama that was far more convincing and engrossing because it was shot in Portuguese and performed by Brazilians.

"A nude man and woman who'd painted tuxes on their bodies floated past the guards without a fuss"

Similarly, the British director John Boorman turned his Amazon River spectacle *The Emerald Forest* into an uncomfortable blend of fairy tale and documentary because he invented two generic Indian tribes, "The Invisible People" and (the bad guys) "The Fierce People," and assigned them a high-strutting, bare-breasted choreography more suited to the *Folies Bergères* than the *tristes tropiques*. When these titillations were combined with an

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ecology plea and a sub-Castenada, drug-induced cosmology, the results seemed likely to interest only adolescents.

But if such blend-and-stir syntheses of disparate cultures produce a thin broth, there is nothing anemic about intelligently submitting to a genuine artistic influence from another civilization. This year the influence seemed to be flowing from Japan to the West. Chris Marker showed his *A.K.* at Cannes, a tribute to Akira Kurosawa and the making of his new epic film *Ran;* similarly, Wim Wenders presented his *Tokyo-Ga*, an homage to Yasujiro Ozu, another supreme Japanese director. Andrei Konchalovsky, who became famous for *Maria's Lovers*, is now making *Runaway Train*, based on a screenplay by Kurosawa, just as the Italian director Liliana Cavani has derived her film *The Berlin Affair* from a text by the greatest Japanese writer of the century, Junichiro Tanizaki (whose masterpiece, *The Makioka Sisters*, has inspired a new Japanese film). And Charlotte Rampling is starring in a French film version of Yasunari Kawabata's novel *Beauty and Sadness*.

Of course, the most striking example of Japanese hegemony over the West is Paul Schrader's *Mishima*, which was also the most controversial film of the Cannes festival. The film is highly didactic and objective, even cold. It's organized into four chapters, each of which takes up a different theme in the life of the Japanese writer. The individual chapters are in turn divided into three levels, each one comprising an episode from the day when Yukio Mishima committed ritual suicide in 1970, an episode from his childhood (shot in black and white), and a dramatized episode from one of his novels (played against lavish, stylized sets designed by Japan's most innovative graphics artist, Eiko Ishioka). "A filmed biography of a writer can be a bore unless you find a way of making it visual, dramatic," Schrader told me. "I decided to organize *Mishima* around themes, not just chronology. That's an approach I'm using now for a screenplay about the life of George Gershwin for Robert De Niro."

Paul Schrader has a Joe-average, Midwestern side to him (he's from Grand Rapids) that disguises his complex personality. Like Mishima, he's a body builder. And like Mishima he is widely read and deeply cultured, but this cerebral aspect eludes Europeans, who can see only the bulging biceps, the short-sleeved white silk shirt with the pink Picasso nudes romping across the fabric, the easygoing manner (he thinks nothing of inviting an extra four people to Mère Besson, the chicest and most crowded Cannes restaurant). His wife, actress Mary Beth Hurt, by contrast, is careful, polite, considerate, a fragile blond with a complexion as pure as the first spring jonquils, who hides her radiant beauty behind glasses, bulky sweaters, a recessive manner.

Paul's brother Leonard, to avoid serving in Vietnam, went to Kyoto as a missionary back in the 'sixties. There he met a Japanese woman and married her. Paul started visiting Leonard at the time, and became fascinated with Mishima. Paul approaches Mishima as a riddle. He tells me that everyone who met Mishima has a theory about him, but Mishima showed people what they wanted to see. "He was a consummate actor in life, though a terrible one in the movies he did," Paul tells me.

At the press conference in Cannes, a German journalist asks Schrader if his film is not just another glorification of a fascist hero. Schrader, who feels the question is a serious one, responds that Mishima has been fashioned into a warmonger by the radical right in Japan but that in fact he was calling for spiritual regeneration, not military rearmament.

But perhaps the final word should be Mishima's. In a 1966 press conference (quoted in Henry Scott-Stokes' *The Life and Death of Yukio Mishima*), he told journalists: "Feudalism collapses, the nation industrializes and then cannot but become a modern welfare state—the most desperate of conditions. In the meantime, the more a nation modernizes, the less meaningful, the cooler, become personal relationships. For people who live in such a modern society love is impossible." It was Mishima's search for love, in spite of his posturing, his masochism, his remoteness, that animated his enigmatic actions—an interpretation that is not in conflict with Schrader's film, though the movie lays more emphasis on the writer's urge to fuse contemplation and action in a heroic death. But Mishima, so strangely non-Japanese in his love of controversy, continues to provoke political and esthetic fights fifteen years after his death. ▽

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Jane O'Reilly THREE FACES OF GREED

***I want, I want, I want.* Getting and spending is the addiction of the 'eighties. People cannot get enough. Success means one thing—money...**

I saw some pictures in the newspaper of a kitchen that cost $100,000 to build. It belongs to a woman who does not cook. Ever. But she does entertain a lot. She serves crab meat, yam slices, unborn lamb, goat curry—all wheeled in, ready-to-eat, by the caterers. This woman has constructed for herself a $100,000 warming oven. I call that greedy. She would probably call it success.

Greed is almost solipsistic. "Rivalry is 'look at ME, not at her,'" says New York City psychoanalyst Peter Neubauer, M.D. "Jealousy is a yearning for acceptance and love that is denied. Envy is wanting to gain something that can never be achieved, like being able to sing. But greed has to do with insatiability; because there is no gratification, the craving continues beyond satisfaction of the function. It is not, 'I want to have it because *you* have it.' It's I WANT IT."

Tolstoy wrote a short story, "How Much Land Does a Man Need?" in which a man is offered all the land he can run across in a day. He runs and runs, beyond any possibility of utility, across another stream, another meadow. And he drops dead. "That is greed," Dr. Neubauer says. "It is irrational, limitless, with no social component to give it grace."

A kind of avid acquisitiveness is going on these days, and it is something beyond mere showing off. *"I want, I want, I want"* is the mantra of the 'eighties. *People cannot get enough*—even the ones who already have everything that can be got in exchange for money. Their febrile mood is the social manifestation of a peculiar definition of "success" that has emerged as the overriding esthetic of the 'eighties. The word no longer describes a fluctuating process of life, such as "being happy," or "becoming depressed." No one needs to consider the question "success at what?" when success means only one thing: success at making money. The word no longer implies anything beyond itself, such as "hardworking" or "intelligent." Instead, it is used the way "kind" or "honest" or "generous" once were used, to describe a virtue. And the outward sign of grace indicating this modern attribute is wealth.

IDEAS OF THE 'EIGHTIES #1: "They say life is a game, but you keep score in money."—former United States Senator George Smathers.

But, I keep asking, what is the social benefit of a $100,000 kitchen to someone who does not cook? In a city where an estimated forty thousand homeless people sleep in parks and doorways? Who exactly, in that city, will be helped by a twenty-eight story condo project next to the "21" Club, filled with one- and two-bedroom units "designed for corporate ownership and part-time New York residents"? The point is that there is no social benefit. The point is that money will be spent and money will be made. It is a system American novelist Frank Norris and British economic historian Richard H. Tawney as well as Friedrich Engels and Thorstein Veblen have been trying to explain for the last hundred years. The new and frightening thing about our extravagant tunnel vision is that nowadays the getting and the spending are ends in themselves. Even the kitchen and the condos are incidental.

IDEAS OF THE 'EIGHTIES #2: "He who dies with the most toys *wins*."—motto on brass plaque advertised in *The Robb Report*. The same issue of this journal for big spenders carried an ad for a recovery hotline: 1-800-COCAINE. Spending frenzy is part of the short-circuited sensibility of the cocaine age.

Addicted is another word that explains today's idea of success. Spending and/or getting can become uncontrollable habits. I went through a short bout of aerobic spending last winter, and after a week or two, I edged up on a great insight: it would never have an end. One day, I spent a preposterous fortune on a knitted cap designed with a Scottie dog. Outside the store, I saw the same cap on a three-year-old Yuppie tot. I retired from the field and redirected my yearnings toward chocolate. Some people choose alcohol, or drugs, or gambling, or sex. Even earning money is addictive. Who knows if the M.B.A. doing conspicuous leisure with two weeks of helicopter skiing is working to support his spending, or spending to justify his earning? The one sure thing is that none of these fixes satisfies our undefined longings. Whatever it is we want, we cannot name it, and we cannot buy it.

IDEAS OF THE 'EIGHTIES #3: "Without children I would be comfortable with $200,000 a year. Money means a lot to my happiness."—Laurie Gilbert, twenty-eight, a lawyer, in *Newsweek*'s story on Yuppies.

It is a commonplace that capitalism makes greed supreme. Its demand that we accept the making of money as the basic good of society corrupts everything: religion, art, individual integrity. Nothing is worth doing for the satisfaction of doing it, or because it needs doing. There are no higher goals or larger responsibilities. For example:

IDEAS OF THE 'EIGHTIES #4: "I don't think you can say someone has too much if he's worked for it. *(Continued on page 199)*

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three faces of greed

(Continued from page 194)

If he's earned it, well, it's his to do with as he pleases."—William Kennedy, Pawtucket, Rhode Island, businessman, reacting to a letter from the American Catholic bishops urging changes in the economy to help the poor.

IDEAS OF THE 'EIGHTIES #5: "Medical school would be a poor return on my investment."—Marion Ryder, honors senior at Bowdoin College, in *The New York Times*.

IDEAS OF THE 'EIGHTIES #6: "It means millions."—Bill Johnson, first American gold medalist in Alpine downhill skiing, when asked what the medal meant to him.

We are watching capitalism cannibalize itself. The middle class—the foundation of a stable economy—is being devoured as more and more money goes to the rich. Downward mobility is the real trend behind the Yuppie flash: the median income for young families fell 14 percent in the last five years. And at the same time the people who are supposed to be giants of industry and commerce are nibbling at their own noses and fingertips. Take, for example, the Hunt brothers, two of the richest men in the world. They had an insatiable craving for silver. And they nearly brought down the banking system.

Consider also the corporate raiders: it is hard to find their productive contribution to society. T. Boone Pickens and Carl Icahn make their millions and millions by simply threatening to take over the management of companies. After an hysterical flurry in which defensive chief executive officers protect their perks, bonuses, and golden parachutes, the stockholders and such people that care about the actual stated purpose or product of the company are left with the bill. Icahn, for example, in just one of his deals, was left with a $33 million profit after he *failed* to take over Marshall Field's in 1982. This kind of paper chase is not an industry, it is an activity: self-propelling, functionless, and—apparently—addictive.

David Riesman, author of *The Lonely Crowd*, once summed up the momentum of human behavior by offering a rule: "The more, the more." But consider—if you dare—the arms race, and you begin to get an idea of where it will all end. In a mushroom cloud. No theories of security or power make rational the obliteration of our resources by the military budget. The arms race has an insatiable life of its own, and its greedy appetite will eventually want to be fed by a war, or two.

This present period of graceless extravagance is not new. It echoes the Gilded Age (which inspired Veblen's ever-fresh term "conspicuous consumption" in 1899), the Jazz Age, and the 'fifties. The more altruistic 'thirties and 'sixties followed the latter eras of excess—not, perhaps, because of virtue, or even because greed became boring, but because of necessity. Nonetheless, the cycle turned. The 'nineties, if history is our guide, will be an improvement on the 'eighties. If we live that long. ▽

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AIR CARE

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money

Why the ever-hardy U.S. dollar brings us another summer shopping spree in Europe

By William H. Branson

This spring, shoppers in London were able to read prices and translate almost directly into dollars; shoppers in Paris were buying more with their dollars—with the exchange rate running at ten francs per—than ever before. Though it has slipped a bit since its highest point in March, the dollar has never been as strong against sterling or the French franc. This situation may appeal to some people's sense of economic machismo, but the dollar's rise has had costs—as well as gains in cheaper imports from Europe and Japan. Whether you are for a strong dollar depends on whether you are selling or buying.

The 50 percent "appreciation" of the dollar from 1980 to early 1985 is an average value in comparison to the other major currencies. To provide a few examples of the dollar's rise, in 1980 it took 55 cents to buy one German Deutschemark; in the spring of 1985 it only took 32 cents. Over the same period, the British pound sterling tumbled from $2.40 to near parity at $1.09, before its bounce back to $1.25 in late spring. You could buy a decent bottle of French wine for $3.50 in New York!

The benefits of the dollar's strength go to the people who earn hard dollars and buy foreign goods, either here or abroad. Prices of imports—for example, British woolens, Swedish crystal, and Japanese autos—are all down. This helps to keep U.S. inflation down, too.

Who loses? Any American producing here and selling abroad, or competing with imports here. The other side of lower prices for foreign goods is that U.S. goods are that much more expensive by comparison. In real terms, the appreciation of the dollar has raised American production costs by a third relative to costs abroad, pricing U.S. producers out of international competition. Conservative estimates from the prestigious consulting firm Data Resources, Inc. put the resulting loss in U.S. manufacturing jobs at close to one-and-one-half million.

Did the international currency markets go berserk in raising the dollar so high? Unfortunately, no

The costs of the dollar's strength are personal; the average laid-off worker in manufacturing who eventually finds another job takes a permanent income loss of around 15 percent. The problem is compounded by the fact that losses are concentrated in the "Rust Belt" states between New York and Illinois. The growing service and defense-oriented industries are in the Sun Belt or New England. So the job loss frequently impoverishes a community, as other businesses are not moving in to fill the employment gap.

The dollar's ill effects are not restricted to "sunset" industries like steel; job losses have spread to the high-tech sector, formerly an area of American strength. For instance, of the $860 manufacturing cost of an IBM PC, $625—about 73 percent—is spent overseas. The high price of the dollar has led to an overall annual trade deficit of some $130 billion, at the rate we are going, in early 1985. This is completely off the historical map!

What's going on here? Did the international currency markets go berserk in raising the dollar so high? The answer, unfortunately, is no. The rise of the dollar is part of the world economy's natural response to the emergence of a $200 billion federal deficit that has a permanent look about it.

In 1981 the Administration proposed, and Congress happily enacted, a tax bill that projected cuts out to 1985. The Administration also proposed a defense buildup that would double spending on defense, in real (inflation-adjusted) terms, by 1988. The combination of tax cuts and spending increases has now produced a "structural" budget deficit of some $200 billion. One suspects that officials in Washington call the deficit "structural" so that people will infer that the problem was not put there by an act of Congress.

How is this connected to the strength of the dollar? The appreciation of the dollar is part of the mechanism that permits the U.S. government to finance a large fraction of the deficit—perhaps three quarters of it—by borrowing abroad. The Feds borrow by selling government bonds. To persuade the market to buy these bonds, they have to offer a nice high "real return"—the interest rate adjusted for inflation. This high real return draws financing from abroad, as foreigners buy U.S. bonds on Wall Street. The flow of foreign funds into the U.S. bids up the value of the dollar. (This completes the circle by generating the trade deficit that is the counterpart of the inflow of capital from abroad.)

Financing the deficit this way can have its beneficial aspects. It permits us to spread our debt load around the world, rather than concentrating it at home and risking a reduction of other types of investment. And although the Europeans and Japanese complain, they *are* getting a superior *(Continued on page 202)*

William H. Branson, Ph.D., *is a professor of economics at the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs at Princeton University.*

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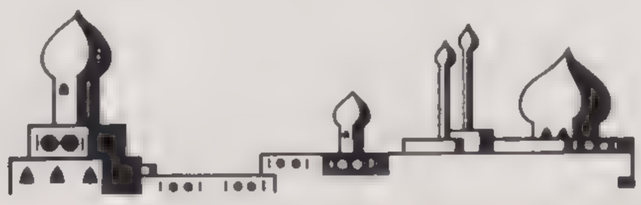

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(Continued from page 200)

return on their savings. The effect on borrowers from the poorer countries is another matter. The high real interest rates that come along with the U.S. deficit have contributed to the debt crises in such developing countries as Argentina, Brazil, and Mexico.

An aspect of the dollar dilemma that is especially interesting for the economist is that the run-up in real interest rates and the dollar began in the spring of 1981, following the announcement of the budget package that implied *future* deficits. The market was reacting to the announcement rather than to the actual deficits, which didn't start until 1982. As Wall Streeters came to understand that financing the future deficit would push interest rates up—and government bond prices down—in the future, they dumped their bonds in 1981. As they came to see that the dollar would rise in the future, they bought dollars in 1981. This means that the currency market has been directed by speculation as much as by real economic events.

Where will all this end? Can we go on indefinitely with high real interest rates and a strong dollar, a federal deficit, and a trade deficit? The answer, again, is no. Eventually the world will have absorbed all the American debt it wants (this may already be the case). Then resistance to buying more will push the dollar down. But eventually could be a long time from now. The total federal debt is approaching $2 trillion—but that is still only a little over half of U.S. GNP. So for now, we are in a position equivalent to a person with a mortgage that totals a little over half her annual income. We have quite a way to go before the idea of a crash becomes relevant.

The folks in Washington talk about the alternatives of a "hard landing" or a "soft landing" for the dollar. In the soft-landing scenario, Congress and the Administration do something plausible about deficit reduction; interest rates and the dollar fall in an orderly way, investment spending and the trade balance perk up, and all is well. Wall Street seems to think that the odds that something will be done about the deficit are increasing. This could account for the 5 percent fall of the dollar from March to June. But the rising uncertainty over just *what* will be done may make the market increasingly nervous.

In the hard-landing scenario, nothing is done about the deficit, and eventually the world stops financing it; the dollar comes down, but U.S. interest rates go up. In the worst case, as international speculators come to realize that the dollar's attractiveness has faded, there could be a sudden rush to sell, and the dollar would fall like a stone. The rise in interest rates, as the dollar drops, would reflect the shift of the debt burden back onto American investors and reduce the formation of new capital. This outcome is not so pleasant. It could leave our grandchildren holding the bills for the tax cut that's financing this year's shopping spree in Europe. ▽

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thicker!

Thinning hair: causes, solutions—from style to color choices

A healthy head of hair finishes its cycle of growth and rest by shedding an average of one hundred strands every day. Occasionally, that pattern goes awry. Unusual hair loss may show up in a comb, on a pillow, and it's a guaranteed cause for concern.

"Most hair loss in women is a result of hormonal imbalances," said Norman Orentreich, M.D., clinical associate professor of dermatology, New York University School of Medicine. During pregnancy, hair remains in the growing stage, only to "catch up" by shedding excessively a few months after childbirth. Going off the Pill produces similar hair loss. Hair tends to thin around menopause, too: "Women, like men, inherit the tendency to patterned hair loss but—owing to their lower levels of male hormones—women's loss is later in onset, less severe, and more diffuse than men's," said Dr. Orentreich.

Other causes of hair loss: under- or overactive thyroid conditions; vitamin A deficiency or excess; and, some doctors believe, iron deficiency. "Iron deficiency that isn't so severe as to cause anemia can still cause hair thinning," according to James H. Sternberg, M.D., assistant clinical professor of dermatology, University of California at Los Angeles.

Does hair loss reflect emotional stress? Some experts believe it can; others, such as Dr. Orentreich, disagree—"unless a woman pulls out her hair when she's under stress." Experts do agree that physical stress—traction from hot rollers, tight braids, permanent waving, vigorous brushing, combing, massaging—can encourage hair breakage or thinning.

The first step to treating hair loss is a visit to a dermatologist. Hormonal imbalances can be reversed through medications—although "it can take up to two years before improvement is noticeable," said Dr. Orentreich. The highly publicized hypertension medication Minoxidil—used in lotion form to encourage regrowth—is less encouraging than first hoped. "While Minoxidil isn't the cure, it may hold promise as a partial treatment," said Dr. Orentreich.

thickeners

Care, cut, and color wizardry can practically transform thinning hair. "Many women believe washing contributes to hair loss. As long as it's done gently, frequent washing helps thinning hair to look fluffy, full," says Rita M. Prendeville, hair and scalp specialist at NYC's Kenneth Salon. "To keep hair from becoming weighted down by shampoos and conditioners, I whip a tablespoon of each in a blender with a cup of water."...Both cutters and colorists agree: conservative, "quiet" styles and colors are best for thinning hair. With pattern thinning, "the contrast between sparse and full hair draws attention to the problem," says Gad Cohen of NYC's and Montreal's La Coupe Salons. "To 'balance' hair, I remove some weight from the densest areas."..."Color adds body to thinning hair by roughing up its cuticle—as long as that 'rough-up' doesn't encourage breakage," says Constance Hartnett of Jean Louis David Salon, NYC. "A natural henna shampoo is gentle yet slightly abrasive—meaning each hair becomes thicker, sits higher on the head. A semipermanent rinse also adds body and shine without damaging hair or creating an obvious grow-out line. One-process coloring—subtle highlighting, hair painting—gives hair the look of depth, abundance."...While permanent-waved hair looks more dense, covers more area than straight, both doctors and stylists feel that perming can weaken or break hair, even speed up hair loss and should be avoided by women with thinning hair....Easy style solution: wigs. The newest, most natural-looking are featherweight, require little fussing, time, and use existing hair for the most believable results. Both Dianne Valvo at the Glemby Salon, NYC's Bergdorf Goodman, and Ruth Regina of Bay Harbour Island, Florida, make "cutout" wigs—natural hair is combed through wig hair—in color-matched synthetics. (Ruth Regina will use real hair, too.)

PAUL LANGE Hair, Bob Fink, makeup, Sophie Levy, both for Pipino-Buccheri Salon NYC Details, last pages

doing nothing

Cooking, shopping, entertaining guests—is this a vacation? Is it possible that real refreshment can only be found alone?

By Phyllis Rose

I spend summer on Martha's Vineyard in a converted barn with a view over the lagoon towards Vineyard Haven harbor. On the lagoon, people are shellfishing, sailing, and windsurfing. I wonder who these shellfishers, sailors, and windsurfers are. To them the holidays seem to be a time for carefree amusement. To me, and to most of the adults I know on the Vineyard, summer means cooking too much food, doing too much laundry, and making too many plans for too many people in too small a house.

A month ago—it seems forever—I was at home in Middletown, Connecticut. I had a dishwasher. I had a study, with a solid oak desk. (I write this on a bouncing card table abutting my bed.) I had privacy—doors that closed and telephones located where other people couldn't hear you talk. My son had friends to play with and ways of amusing himself that did not depend on me. I entertained occasionally but not incessantly. I worked happily all day in my study and cooked dinner from food bought at conveniently located stores. In the evening, I watched color TV and went to bed in my air-conditioned room. It was an orderly, peaceful life. When I went out, my answering machine took messages and I returned calls.

Now I am on vacation. I pay more for rent for one week in my converted barn than I pay for a month at home. Every hour is spent worrying how I can amuse my son during the next one. I can't complain on the phone to my friends because you can hear every word from all points of the converted barn. I am always washing dishes. I am always shopping and cooking and doing laundry. The floors are always sandy, and my clothes are always soggy from sea air, fog, humidity. There is a washing machine, but the spin cycle is broken. I have a string of people to entertain who would never think of coming to visit me in Middletown. I am always driving to the airport to pick them up.

If you like peace and quiet, a house in a desirable summer vacation spot is a real liability. My friend Megan, who has a much nicer house than I do, has only more visitors with expectations of better service. While her guests paddle in a canoe on the pond or wander to the barn to pat the horses, Megan empties the dishwasher four times a day and makes three runs to town for supplies. My friend Sarah has access to a beautiful private beach. Her friends make so much use of it that one day, when the two of us wanted to talk alone, we went to a public beach for some privacy. The summer rule is: the more you have, the greater your liabilities.

E.B. White wrote a beautiful essay called "Once More to the Lake" about the chill of mortality a man feels when he sees his son do the same summertime things he did as a child. What a luxury! E.B. White, at the lake, savors the melancholy beauty of human generations replacing one *(Continued on page 210)*

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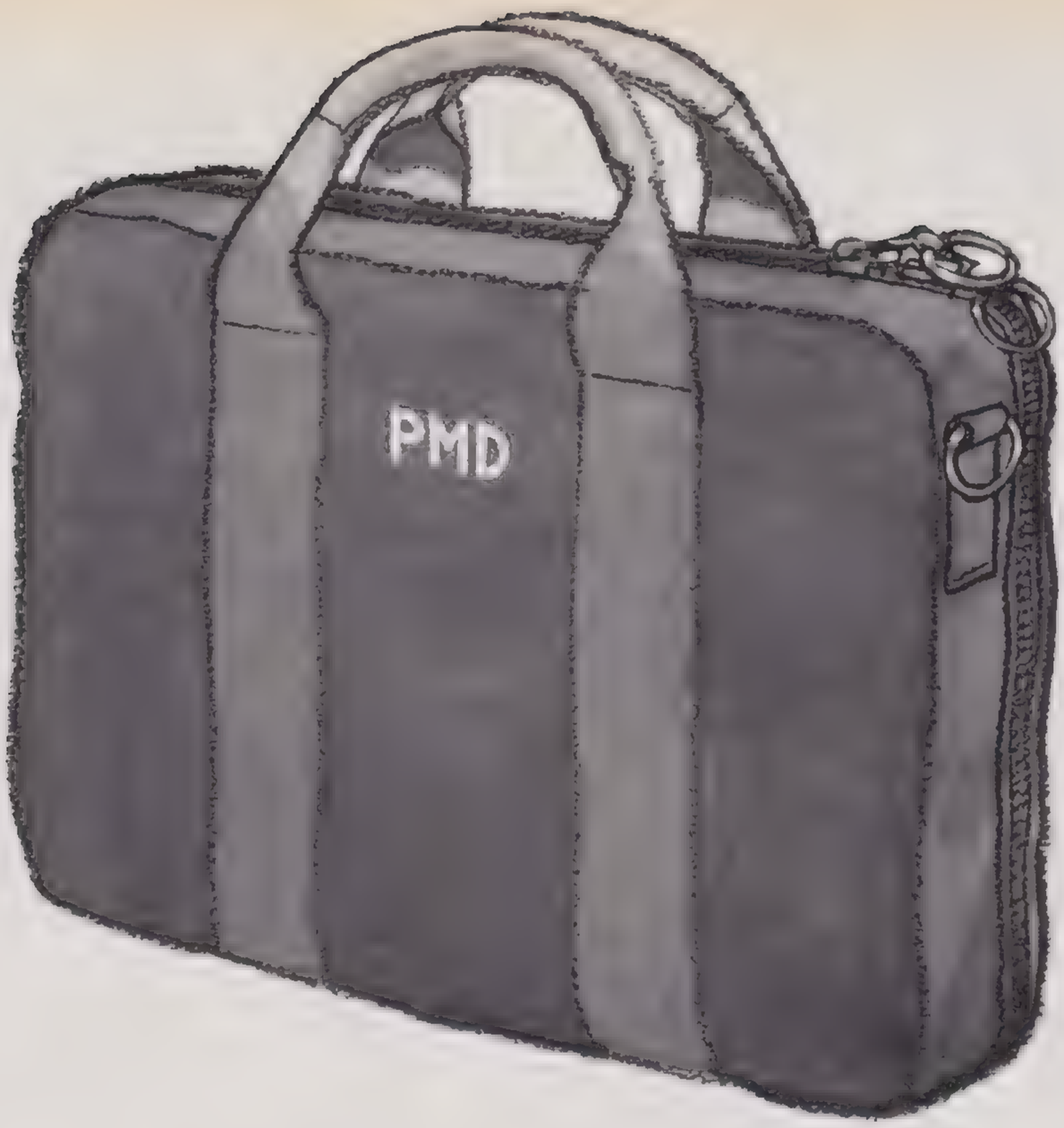

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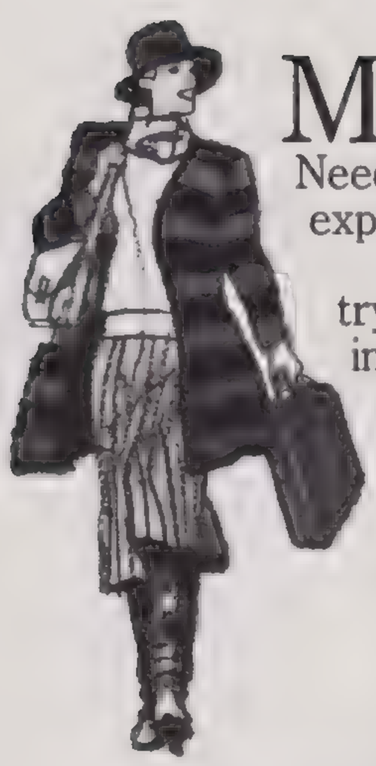

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doing nothing

(Continued from page 208)

another. Meanwhile, on the beach, Megan, Sarah, and I distribute cookies and cranberry juice which we have remembered to purchase and to bring, and we spread the towels which eventually we will have to launder, and we watch the next generation body surfing or playing Frisbee and in general accumulating—as we hope they will—bittersweet memories of childhood. Now don't get me wrong. I'm not opposed to nurturing. I know that many women—and even some men—positively enjoy caring for large numbers of people. I love such people and frequently take advantage of their goodness myself. My point is, is this a vacation?

I once had a vacation. I went to California by myself. I left my son at camp and my house and dog in the care of a kindly neighbor. I went to a Zen retreat in the mountains south of Carmel Valley. I did nothing. That is to say, I swam, sunbathed, I soaked in the hot springs and cooled off in the stream. I ate the vegetarian food provided three times a day. No menu, no choice. I did not get up at five and go to the meditation sessions. My mind was turned off in God's own fashion, as I slept. When I left Tassajara, I went to Berkeley, where a friend, a professor, asked me what I'd read. I realized that I'd read nothing. I was mildly embarrassed. "And yet," I said, "it was a wonderful vacation." My friend, who has translated Virgil's pastoral poems and therefore knows both Latin and the theory of getting away from it all, pointed out that having read nothing and having a good vacation might be connected. The word "vacation" (he said) comes from the Latin work "vacare," to empty. So in the purest etymological sense, a vacation is a time to empty yourself.

You empty your mind so it can fill up again in fresher ways. You empty yourself of attachments so you can return to them with enthusiasm. In whatever posture you like to do it—I prefer the classic posture of the sunbather, facing the sun, arms slightly out from the sides, but others may prefer sitting on a cushion in lotus position facing the zendo wall—you fold in on yourself temporarily so you can return to the world with energy and direction. If a vacation is an emptying, what most of us do in the summer is not a vacation. For most of us, summer is a filling up: more kids, more guests, more dishes, more laundry, more plans, more things to keep track of.

Anne Morrow Lindbergh made the radical suggestion in *Gift from the Sea* that a woman should go off alone once a year if at all possible, and it may well be that a woman can't have a real vacation with her family around her. Much of what she needs a vacation from are family responsibilities. She needs to stop running through the mental checklist of things to do and things to worry about that occupies so much mental space. I sometimes think my mind is like the surveillance camera in my neighborhood grocery store, panning up and down the aisles, keeping tabs on what goes on all over the store, tracking the key elements of my world: Teddy (is he still above water? is that sneeze a cold or allergies? is he happy?), the dog (has he been fed today? given his heartworm pill? walked?), the house (did I turn off the stove? the stereo?), the car (where did I leave the keys now?). On a real vacation, you allow yourself to turn off this scanner.

Driving to the Woods Hole ferry, on the way to Martha's Vineyard, I passed the office of a man who called himself a "vacologist." I thought, what a lot of trouble I could save if I could just stop in his office and have my mind emptied out. Of course, he was just a vacuum cleaner repairman. And, although I did not know it, I was on my way not to a vacation but to a listless career as a public servant, hotel division. Next summer, if I want a vacation, I think I'll try Manhattan. To the quiet hum of the air conditioner, perhaps I'll find peace. ▽

I prefer the classic posture of the sunbather, facing the sun, arms slightly out from the sides, but others may prefer a lotus position

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Talking about books

Harold Brodkey discovers the world in a word . . . Richard Sennett, that the word was food . . . David Leavitt picks on the boys in the bond . . . Marilyn French kisses feminism . . . Heartache at Oxford. . .Journalists' flim-flam ethics . . . Why Jane Wyman dumped Ronnie . . . more . . .

Men Made Simple

IN A MAN'S WORLD. By Perry Garfinkel. NAL Books. 224 pages. $14.95
Reviewed by DAVID LEAVITT

If, as a college professor of mine once observed, sociology is the science of making the obvious obscure, then pop psychology must be the science of making the obvious even more obvious. At least, that is the conclusion I reached after reading Perry Garfinkel's astoundingly unrevealing book, *In a Man's World: Father, Son, Brother, Friend, and Other Roles Men Play*. Perhaps I'm a snob, or perhaps I've simply thought about men's roles more than most men, but I don't think one could respond to a single sentence in this book with more than the simple declarative, "Duh."

A few examples: "The father is not all he appears at first to be. In fact, as most of the men in my research indicate, the men they wanted to love the most and be closest to—their fathers—were the ones with whom they were the least able to feel intimate." "Boys whose fathers were absent for various lengths of time from birth to adolescence were less assertive, more dependent, more submissive and less secure in their masculinity than boys whose fathers were present." "I contend that homophobia is a learned stance built into the training that most boys receive early in their lives." Tell us about it.

The simplicity and obviousness of these selections—exemplary, trust me, of the whole book—are more than anything a reflection of the pop psychology genre. If Freud and his followers, at their best, make us shiver uncomfortably with the revelations they present, the truths about ourselves we can't bear to face yet can't deny, the function of pop psychologists is to say, "There, there. It's okay. Everyone feels what you feel." In this case, Garfinkel describes ably and articulately the various types of relationships that can exist among men: father and son, friend and friend, brother and brother, even (in a surprisingly sensitive section) lover and lover. He illustrates his ideas with examples from field research (interesting), middlebrow fiction (less interesting), and sociological studies (dull as dishwater, as my old professor might have said).

None of what he has to tell is news to anyone who has read literature, or seen movies, or grown up, but I can imagine such spoon-fed psychology providing comfort to the macho man who is puzzled by feelings of intimacy for other men. No, Garfinkel's book assures, it doesn't mean you're gay (necessarily), and, yes, it is possible for men to be friends—to *be* together as well as *do* together. This is a psychology of ease, of calming, of reassurance.

His ambition, Garfinkel claims, is to enlighten anyone who has ever been alienated by the "fraternity of disenfranchisement" that comprises the male condition. Not a bad goal, but is all this really such a mystery? How men relate to one another, Garfinkel argues, is "not a subject about which [they] often write, think, or talk." "Conrad! Hemingway! Melville!" the writer in me cries. Garfinkel is not anti-literary, but his literary examples are often unintentionally hilarious. "For most men," he writes, "life is a long search for reunion with their lost fathers. Ask Telemachus, whose hunt for his father Ulysses defines what we now call the Homeric Odyssey. Ask Luke Skywalker, who fought through three episodes of *Star Wars* to avenge his father's death only to discover that his arch enemy, Darth Vader, was his father." I don't even want to begin to ask what we *used* to call the Homeric Odyssey; *Daddy Dearest* perhaps?

But there are more problems with *In a Man's World* than its simplicity. There's something subtly, peculiarly sexist about a book such as this, a book that Daniel Goleman calls in the foreword "a manifesto for male liberation." I don't argue with Garfinkel's claim that men have often been the victims of a male-dominated society; but they have not been victims to nearly the degree that women have. To use the term "male liberation" is to belittle the true importance of the women's movement. A truly useful book on the subject of how assumptions about gender constrain men, it seems to me, would have to investigate causes—the political, social, and economic conditions, the attitudes toward gender itself, the cultural and anthropological circumstances throughout history that have created the gender-biased, gender-identified world in which we live. The extent to which politics, economics, and history are disregarded in this book, in favor of casual, ahistorical, "subjective" interviewing, is shocking.

Moreover, I have serious problems with Garfinkel's repeated contention that "we are men first, men last, *(Continued on page 216)*

David Leavitt, *a man himself, is the author of "Family Dancing."*

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Foto Bob Krieger - Art Director Emenda Monteiro

Talking about books

(Continued from page 212) men always and in all ways. . . Race, creed, color—even sexual preference—all take second place to the primary instinct of gender.'' This is, at best, an arguable point vastly oversimplified and stated with bombastic disregard for almost everything outside Garfinkel's narrow scope of interest. Such a claim for the primacy of gender requires defense, explanation, argument. Look at the debates about ''women's fiction'' that have been raging lately among women writers and literary critics. The blatancy with which Garfinkel states his claim exemplifies the slapdash style and intellectual crudeness of *In a Man's World*. Prospective readers, take heed: Read *Lord Jim!* Read *The Sun Also Rises!* Read *Moby Dick, Ulysses, Confessions of a Mask! In a Man's World* is Cliff's Notes to the lives of men.

MOTHER-DAUGHTER WARFARE: Though the voice is Southern, it is surely her own: Emily Ellison's **First Light** (Morrow) is a beautifully observed novel about two sisters, their Fundamentalist mother, their long-dead father, and a family secret more melodramatic than a madwoman in the attic. The description of the push-me-pull-me love-hate that operates between mother and daughter is brutal, honest, dead-on funny.—S.B.

Gastronomy Lessons

A certain kind of travel writer finds romance on the menu

By RICHARD SENNETT

The eighteenth-century English had a special word for the man (it was always a man) who was curious about simple, ordinary life in foreign places, who avoided monuments, other Englishmen, and the noise of fashion. They called him a ''Traveller,'' to distinguish him from the pejorative ''tourist.'' Most of us would prefer to be travelers than tourists, but in the modern world it is ever more difficult. In the countryside, that wonderfully unspoiled inn is all too often a fantasy exploited by the proprietors: the Provençal *oustau* that is wall-to-wall faïence, its menu printed in cutesy-pooh antique type. And the tourist business in large foreign cities has made traveling in the eighteenth-century sense even more difficult, as restaurants, shops, and bars come to be divided between those frequented mostly by tourists and the more tranquil and private places used by the natives. Nowhere is the problem of traveling now harder than in Paris.

When I was a child, Paris was a city without tourist zones; even in Pigalle and Montmartre *les dance-halls*, printing works, and neighborhood bistros mixed on the streets. Now there is a rigid

RONNY JAQUES, *Gourmet's France* (Knopf)

geography in the city that excludes foreigners from daily life, in fact if not by design. The Boulevard St. Germain belongs to the tourists; near the Church of St. Germain, just behind the Boulevard, is one of the most colorful food markets in the city, where foreigners never seem to go.

The eighteenth-century ''traveller'' found ''curiosities'' with the help of guide books, which seldom included restaurants or indeed the whole subject of food, as restaurants were few, and one's digestion an unfit matter for experiment. The modern traveler, however, best fathoms a foreign place by exploring its food. As the famed nineteenth-century gastronome Brillat-Savarin said: ''Tell me what you eat and I will tell you who you are.''

After the Second World War, Earle MacAusland, the editor of *Gourmet* magazine, commissioned Samuel Chamberlain—artist, engraver, explorer of country inns, scholar of wines, author of the most charming fiction ever written about food (''Clementine in the Kitchen,'' a series that appeared in *Gourmet*)—to write the books of travel gastronomy that still set the standards for this kind of writing: *Bouquet de France*, then *Italian Bouquet*, and *British Bouquet*. The *Bouquets* were leisurely rambles; in a deceptively offhand way, Chamberlain described what he enjoyed eating and where he enjoyed staying. In fact, his culinary standards were strict: he hated pretentious food and gussied-up charm. Even in the greatest restaurants, he seems to have ordered the most straightforward dishes, which are the real test of a kitchen.

Given his tastes, Chamberlain was naturally drawn to the countryside; thus, *Bouquet de France* had relatively little to say about dining in Paris. Nor does its offspring, *Gourmet's France* (Knopf), a work by several writers who appear regularly in the pages of *Gourmet* magazine. This lavish book has an excellent chapter on Paris at table by Naomi Barry, but it is not much longer than Chamberlain's. To pierce the ever-growing barrier between tourism and daily life in Paris, the traveler could do no better than to resort to *The Food* *(Continued on page 218)*

Richard Sennett *is the author of ''An Evening of Brahms.''*

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Talking about books

(Continued from page 216) *Lover's Guide to Paris* (Workman), a recent book by Patricia Wells.

Ms. Wells is Chamberlain's heir. The restaurant critic of the *International Herald Tribune*, she is indeed what the title of her book proclaims: a lover of food markets, pastry shops, cheese shops, chocolate shops, wine bars, take-out shops, and kitchenware suppliers in Paris, as well as a discriminating diner in its restaurants. She approaches these matters in a spirit of devotion, so much so that French friends of mine admit, rather ashamedly, to using Madame Wells as a guide to their own city.

The chapter on chocolate shops, for instance, is devastating. Not only does she list the major caloric temples, like La Maison du Chocolat, but she has ferreted out the little shops in the *quartiers* that have, perhaps, one unusual specialty—for instance, the addictive *barquettes* of dark chocolate filled with cassis sold at A la Mère de Famille in the ninth *arrondissement*. As with chocolate, so with that other enemy of the waistline, cheese. One would expect to see Androuët, Paris's greatest cheese shop, but not Tachon, a small establishment near the Louvre that has the best Burgundian Epoisses in the city.

At the pricier end of the scale, the *Michelin*, *Gault/Millau*, and *Blue* guides list the same restaurants Ms. Wells does. The worthy red *Guide Michelin* contains, of course, no commentary; Ms. Wells differs from the *Gault/Millau* team in how she comments. The first thing *Gault/Millau* tells the reader about l'Ambroisie is that "This minuscule restaurant . . . was *the* discovery of 1980"; Ms. Wells opens by saying, "each visit reveals new growth, new horizons." About Jamin, a superb restaurant run by Joël Robuchon, *Gault/Millau* reveals nearly as much about the chef's career and his taste in decor as it does about the food; Ms. Wells concentrates on why Robuchon's cuisine is distinctive. And thanks to Ms. Wells's love of food—and persistence—she has got these restaurants to divulge recipes: now you can attempt Ambroisie's red-pepper mousse, or Jamin's salt-crust lamb, at home.

The Food Lover's Guide to Paris gives us a picture of a city through its shopping, cooking, and dining, which a New Yorker or Chicagoan would recognize as at once quite similar and ineradicably different from urban life here. The union of dining and Yuppy-chic is as strong now in Paris as in New York—and this is something new for Parisians, who twenty years ago were creatures of habit about their restaurants, seldom looking, *Gault/Millau* fashion, for what's in, this year, this month. And yet Paris still has an extraordinary variety of culinary experience *off* the circuit, a wealth of simple, inexpensive pleasures that we can enjoy, if at all, only as luxury items: fresh oysters, handmade chocolates, unrefined olive oil. Ms. Wells's book makes this difference all too vivid; reading it, I longed to start traveling with her.

The World According to Her

BEYOND POWER: On Women, Men, and Morals. By Marilyn French. Summit. 640 pages. $19.95
Reviewed by JANE O'REILLY

"Yes, there was a garden, and in it we gathered fruits and vegetables and sang to the moon and played and worked together and watched the children grow."—Marilyn French

Once upon a time, a long, long time ago, women were all beautiful, flowers grew in their hair, and every day was June. Then men took over, and it has been mud season ever after. Men spoil everything, always—at least according to Marilyn French's *Weltanshauung*. "The two poles defining the limits of human experience are segregated by gender," she writes. "'Masculine' experience is rooted in power-in-the-world, with its epitomizing act: to kill. 'Feminine' experience is rooted in nature, with its epitomizing act: to give birth."

Since men give power an absolute moral value, French decides to offer "pleasure" as a revolutionary ethical alternative to power. "The great good upheld by this book is pleasure," she states, defending herself against a reader's suspicion that "pleasure" is a somewhat elitist, even insipid, moral goal by huffing, "*Pleasure* has been degraded by patriarchal thinking to denote trivial, frivolous, selfish pursuits, but the things in life which give us the greatest pleasure are never trivial or frivolous."

French's redefinition of morality covers 640 densely packed pages, but her conclusion seems thin after so many words: "It is possible to live with an eye to delight rather than to domination. And this is the feminist morality." "This," in fact, is more a caricature of the theories of cultural feminists than it is "the feminist morality," though French backs into the footsteps of the writers who come before her on that trail of thought—Andrea Dworkin, Mary Daley, and Kathleen Barry, whose book title *Female Sexual Slavery* more or less describes cultural feminists' view of the condition of all women all of the time.

At its arcane worst, cultural feminism deadends in a kind of static despair, a hopelessness about the nature of men, which leads to arguments about separatism, female superiority, and the need to abort male fetuses—ideas that replicate the worst patriarchal crimes. But at its best, it opens up vivid possibilities, with new ideas such as the thought that God is a woman.

Who better than Marilyn French to bring these liberating ideas to a broad audience? She is a best-selling author, whose novel *The Women's Room* caused a shock of recognition in millions of American women. She seems the very person to popularize the pioneering work of such writers as Dorothy Dinnerstein, Ann Douglas, Carroll Smith-Rosenberg. Centuries of history, of invisible women thinking and acting, wait to be restored to our understanding of human experience.

But a relentless catalogue of every single nasty thing men have thought about and done to women since the beginning of recorded history does not adequately explain everything. Furthermore, it raises the uncomfortable question of why women are such wimps. French's evidence presents human nature as immutable, and by her logic we may as well welcome the Armageddon she seeks to avert.

But why shouldn't she produce a grand theory of history and human behavior? Marx did. Hegel did. Alas, instead of a grand synthesis that changes history even while it chronicles, French has written a kind of celebrity's compendium of other people's best thoughts. She gallops through prehistory (matricentry), catalogues patriarchy (men and *(Continued on page 221)*

The face that sank a thousand—and more—Oxford undergraduates belonged to a siren named Zuleika; and the pen that launched *her* belonged to the humorist and hedonist Max Beerbohm, whose wildly funny Edwardian novel of mannerisms, **Zuleika Dobson**, royally sends up smug Oxonians and other romantic Englishmen. Now, from Yale University Press, there is a facsimile edition of Max's own 1911 "special copy" of *Zuleika*, illustrated by him, with characters who preen and glower from the margins and strut like stylish ghosts across the page. *Brideshead* was never like this!

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Talking about books

(Continued from page 218) women under), deplores the present, skates over feminism (but not so fast as to exclude a new linguistic approach: vulvalogocentric vs. phallologocentric), and takes "The Long View Forward."

Beyond Power gives new meaning to the word "eclectic." French worries about everything: nuclear war, acid rain, censorship, the medical establishment, and, with slightly less intensity, class and race. *Everything* is in this book, as though no one had ever thought of any of it before. (She has, oddly, skimped on literature, her own forte.) But one has to admire an *idée fixe* that can link, in only two paragraphs, the adoption of Stoicism by the Romans with the shift of local control to the federal government in the United States and centralization of power in the publishing industry. The result of these connections? As always: "Women are admitted—but the power is diminished." It is unfortunate for the author's argument that what she resents women's not getting enough of is . . . power.

A Book of Revelations

WOMEN AND ANGELS.
By Harold Brodkey.
The Jewish Publication Society of America. 157 pages. $30
Reviewed by CATHLEEN MEDWICK

An angel, strictly speaking, is a messenger: one who carries news of the sacred to the secular world, news of eternity into historic time. An angel may also be a rebellious and fallen spirit, a messenger of doom. Both definitions apply to the characters of Harold Brodkey's *Women and Angels,* an extraordinarily ambitious book of revelations about women who appear as angels and demons both. This book represents a portion (call it a portent) of Brodkey's yet-to-be-completed larger work. Two of the stories were published previously; the third, incorporating an unnervingly authentic mystical testimony, is printed here for the first time.

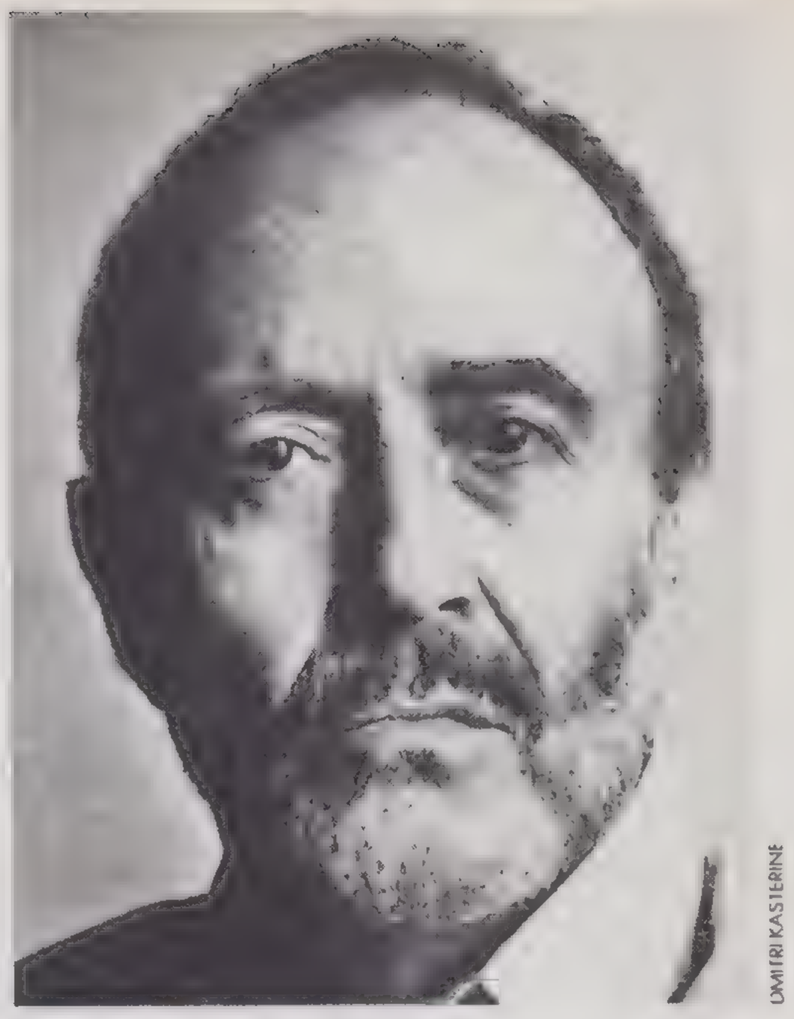
Women and Angels opens with an introduction, Brodkey's credo as an American and as a Jew; he is uncompromising in his determination to show what he means by both of these terms. This is, in fact, an uncompromising book, the product of a ruthlessly acute intelligence that sometimes assents to, more often challenges, the mysteries of human relationships and of religious faith. The narrator in these stories, Wiley (née Isaac) Silenowicz, was, like Brodkey himself, adopted out of an observant Jewish family at the age of two, and the "rebbe" in him engages in a desperate search for the sacred in the fallen world. As Isaac becomes Wiley, he learns to manipulate people and to decipher the riddle of his past. He turns to the memory of his real mother, Ceil, and to that of his adoptive mother, Lila, hoping to understand their natures as the first and second causes of his own.

In the beginning, for Wiley, was the word: that is, Ceil, the origin in him of speech and, therefore, reason and memory. For Ceil, "most words were God's and were cabalistic: the right terms could summon happiness." This is true for Wiley, too; but ultimately his words fail him, as they fail all men. So he is awed, in "Lila," the second story, by his adoptive mother's awful power of speech: "For a woman, surely," Wiley tells us, "words are the prime element of force, of being able to enforce things on others, to coerce them." Lila is a dying woman, and she shrieks her pain, savaging others, especially her son, with her speech.

In his attempt to survive his terror and guilt, Wiley tries to enter the skin of the dying woman, and succeeds by an act of empathy that nearly destroys his masculinity. By offering his mother his sacrifice (as the biblical Isaac was offered to God in sacrifice), Wiley saves her from her self-created hell, and damns himself.

In the third story, "Angel," Wiley, along with some fifty other people crossing Harvard Yard, sees something no words can adequately describe: an angel shrouded in light, not human or inhuman, a messenger of God. What is astonishing about this figure is the way it provokes each witness to respond individually. Wiley feels compelled to give testimony; but it is his rebellious laughter (the name "Isaac" derives from the Hebrew, "one who laughs," but also, perhaps, "God laughs") that keeps him sane.

Here we have the great clue to Wiley/Isaac's



DMITRI KASTERINE

character, and the link between this story and the two others: that is, that attention given, however rebelliously, is an act of faith. The angel does not speak, but Wiley still must bespeak its presence, the presence of meaning in the world. "Angel" is a visionary work of the first order.

Significantly, the book's protagonist transcends the wry, self-abasing Jewishness of characters by Joseph Heller and Philip Roth. Perhaps *Women and Angels* is the harbinger of a new Jewish consciousness. It is certainly an inspiring, if partial, revelation of the greater Brodkey work to come. *("Books" continued on page 223)*

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JOANIE CHAR

Talking about books

BEHIND THE SHIELD: People in neighborhoods imperiled by random crime see the police as protectors, but recent headline stories have reported that two respected politicians—Governor Mario Cuomo of New York and Mayor W. Wilson Goode of Philadelphia—have initiated investigations of police brutality. TV shows and movies such as *Hill Street Blues* and *Beverly Hills Cop* depict police as urban cowboys with passions harnessed by their uniforms, but we are still seeing only their faces, not their souls. We never glimpse the gap between the larger-than-life public image of the police and the self-doubts that gnaw at them.

Mark Baker's **Cops: Their Lives in Their Own Words** (Simon and Schuster) should help solve that problem. In tape-recorded interviews with more than one hundred policemen from all over the United States, Baker, the author of *'Nam,* has captured their mercurial moods. He lets you see past the generalizations, past the media perceptions, and hear police talk in their own words. You come away from the book respecting them more.

Many of the cops that Baker interviewed feel a constant tension between their work and their private lives. One of them can only describe that feeling by referring to himself as "he": "Here's a guy who lives out on a tree-lined street in a lily-white area with his wife and a couple of kids," he reflects. "He gets on the train, or he drives into the center of the city to a ghetto area and he just deals with blacks....He's living in two worlds."

One day his wife wants him to stay home and take care of the kids while she goes to a PTA meeting. His response is involuntary—and confused: "He just saw like five people die tonight and she's worried about the kids need shoes. 'I seen kids without clothes. They needed food!' He don't say that to his wife....He don't say, 'Leave me alone. I got all these problems to think about.' What does he say? Nothing."

These cops worry as much about their flawed self-images as they do about their relations with their families. "You have an image," one says, "this macho image, that nothing is supposed to bother you....What people expect, what society expects and what you expect of yourself, it's too much....You can't hold up to it."

Indeed, some of the cops cite that relentless conflict as the reason behind their bouts of alcoholism—or their outbursts of unwarranted violence.

Some worry that their instinct for self-protection is greater than the compassion they're supposed to feel for civilians—or the camaraderie they are supposed to display toward fellow cops. At a funeral for a slain policeman, one man explains, "They shot at the uniform. You're sorry, but what hits you is, 'It could be me laying there, because I'm wearing the same uniform.'... Very weird."

Sometimes, reading *Cops,* I wished that Baker had let a few of the police develop fully as characters instead of weaving a narrative out of so many interviews. Sometimes I wished he had asked even more questions about their inner lives. Details about blood-and-guts street work grow surprisingly repetitive. But these are small complaints. *Cops* provides an X-ray view of the emotions that fill the deeply troubled people who risk their lives to protect ours.—**Paul Cowan** *is a staff writer for "The Village Voice" and the author of "An Orphan in History."*

Sins of the Times

THE NEWS AT ANY COST: How Journalists Compromise Their Ethics To Shape the News.
By Tom Goldstein. Simon and Schuster. 288 pages. $17.95
Reviewed by
CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Every morning in Washington I pick up the *Post* and turn to Jeff MacNelly's imperishable cartoon strip "Shoe." I have a silly commitment to this well-drawn gaggle of birds who produce a newspaper headquartered on the branch of a tree. It seems so right somehow. A while back, two of the avian hacks were swapping talk, and one inquired of the other why it was that journalists came out so low in public opinion polls. Even lawyers and politicians were ahead. The second bird offered his opinion, which was that you had to remember that journalists had a very bad press.

Tom Goldstein's book gives me the same feeling that a wire has got crossed somewhere. Why is so much journalism in this country devoted to journalists? Our profession, if that is the word for it, is full of narcissists and navel-gazers. If I pose the question, "What does the world need now?" I am unlikely to come up with the answer, "A volume about the moral dilemmas of the newspaperman or woman." Still, I suppose we had better face it. As judges and exposers of the conduct of others, we must expect to be judged ourselves. This is not a new idea, even among the birds.

If only Goldstein wasn't so solemn and prissy about it. He's obviously got a fairly strong stomach, because he was press agent to NYC's mayor, Ed Koch, for two full years, and put in a stint as legal reporter for *The New York Times* before that. Yet he can agonize for pages about the propriety of reporters who accepted hospitality at the Super Bowl. He even says that the incident "amply demonstrates the chasm between policies of journalists and their practices." I have, unlike Goldstein, tried to demonstrate a chasm. It just can't be done—let alone amply; but no journalist has ever been fired or even put on notice because he is only on nodding terms with the English language. *(Continued on page 224)*

Christopher Hitchens *is Washington columnist for "The Nation" and "The Spectator." He writes the American Notes column for "The Times Literary Supplement" in London.*

Talking about books

(Continued from page 223) Too flippant, I hear you say. What about Janet Cooke and the bogus Pulitzer? Or reporters who use entrapment, impersonation, and phone-tapping? What about those who do favors for judges and politicians on their beats? What about (aaah, now we're getting there) *invasion of privacy*? Goldstein retells many of the standard stories in this field, adding some new ones, but it's often rather difficult to see what he thinks to be the point. For example: "Publishing the Pentagon Papers, which influenced the way Americans viewed the Vietnam War, is one matter; adopting as a general principle the view that journalists are free to make use of stolen material is quite another." Not brilliantly put, but a sort of public interest question all the same. The purpose of a book should be to answer the question rather than to ask it. It's not enough, as it is in the average hasty newspaper piece, just to cover yourself by attempting to report both sides of a case and then claiming the old objectivity defense.

At moments, though, I must say that I sat up. Goldstein's depiction of the relationship between Judge Irving Kaufman and the directorate at *The New York Times* is a piece of excellent, concise reporting. (Kaufman, who pronounced death sentences on the Rosenbergs, has been making up for it ever since—especially on the sort of First Amendment cases that commend him to *The Times*.) It gives a new angle to a well-covered story, which is not as easy a task as it may sound. And it involves Goldstein in irreverence about his once and perhaps future employers, which can also be a difficult business in these troubled times. To my delight, also, he includes a section ridiculing the prize-and-award racket, one of the great scandals and comedies of journalism today.

So, a few points for seriousness, but not many for depth or novelty. A lot of the alleged quandaries of the reporter are self-made and unnecessary. Goldstein almost forgets that there is only one real sin a journalist can commit, which is to become a repository of confidences and a friend of the powerful. Other crimes pale beside this one. There will always be biases. Why not declare them instead of obfuscating them with Rotarian claims to impartiality? There will always be free trips and meals. Why not admit to them, too, and let the reader judge? As for the stupid distinction between "on the record" and "off the record," reporters will continue to ignore it if the source is sufficiently defenseless and observe it with fawning correctness if the source is somebody with clout. These are commonplaces. Everything is lost, however, if we forget for an instant that we write for the public and not for the editor, the proprietor, the advertiser or—most deadly of all—each other. Away with introspection, say I. *Break the story.*

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

WAVE REVIEWS: As a star of CBS-TV's *Falcon Crest,* for which she reportedly earns $100,000 an episode, Jane Wyman may just be the highest-paid actress in television right now. But her claim to fame, at least in recent years, has been her marriage to—or, more accurately, her divorce from—Ronald Reagan. And her real clout was the stuff of bumper stickers: "JANE WYMAN WAS RIGHT." **Jane Wyman,** by Joe Morella and Edward Z. Epstein (Delacorte Press), is a matter-of-fact mixture of movie industry minutiae (stardom-is-a-job-like-any-other) and a portrait of a marriage in which public values permeated what traditionally is regarded as a private affair. (Most hilarious was finding out that Reagan was always consumed by politics—which was why, in part, Wyman dumped him!) The book also suggests an innocent era, ominous in retrospect because the machinery that set up Jane and Ronnie as Hollywood's happiest couple is what got the big guy elected. —TRACY YOUNG

STORIES TO FORGET BY: Marguerite Yourcenar's lustrous **Oriental Tales** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) were first published in 1938, with World War II just a year away. "Tell me . . . the most beautiful and the least true of all stories imaginable—to make me forget the contradictory and patriotic lies in the papers I just bought," one character demands. And Yourcenar obliges, masterfully playing both sage and Scheherazade, offering fables in which art, imagination, and charity vanquish war, cruelty, and death.

Her stately, opulent French, well translated by Alberto Manguel (in collaboration with the author) won Yourcenar the honor of being the first woman elected to the illustrious *Académie française*. So did a fine mind, one rather too content with visions of women as legendary "creatures rich in tears and milk." Yourcenar is not only a woman of letters it seems; she is an *ancien régime* man as well. —MARGO JEFFERSON

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entertaining

Taking to the high seas: evening sails, sleek sit-down dinners, couture-at-ease . . . summer coolers, high-style teas

By André Leon Talley

Poolside, lakeside, dockside: One of the pleasures of summer is hosting outdoor meals. Aboard his eighty-eight-foot yacht, *T.M. Blue* (famed for its navy, white, and mahogany interior), Rome-based couturier Valentino opts for simplified entertaining: "No fancy menus if guests are aboard. Loads of pasta, especially with pesto, fresh fish, or anchovies." Valentino often improvises menus by asking about the crew's fare: "We order the same thing for ourselves—their own recipes." His favorite sailing cooler: grapefruit juice with red Campari . . . .

For movable, open-air feasts, *Outdoor Pleasures: Picnics, Parties and Portable Feasts* (Stewart, Tabori, & Chang) charts everything from a dazzling picnic by the sea to a sit-down, six-course black-tie meal in New York harbor. Written by Elizabeth Sahatzian and photographed by Richard Jeffery, with an introduction by Martha Stewart, the colorful book includes chef Paul Prudhomme's crawfish gumbo regally prepared in Louisiana's Atchafalaya Swamp, chef Jean-Claude Nédélec's New York tugboat dinner party. At that, guests arriving at sunset are greeted by oysters and caviar served with chilled Dom Ruinart (1975), move on to seafood ragout, quail with foie gras. Brandy-scented crême fraiche tops puff-pastry tarts of raspberries . . . .

To plot a party-at-sea: In New York City, *The Freedom,* an impressive sailing vessel, can accommodate up to thirty-five persons for cozy buffet dinners, be chartered for two-hour, eight-hour, even overnight sailing along Long Island Sound. Catering, by Alexandra Troy, includes everything from roses to Champagne to fresh caviar. Her August sailing menu for a sit-down dinner: cream of sorrel soup, poached lobster with mustard coriander sauce, rice salad on artichoke beds, crispy mixed vegetables . . . .

A floating palace for entertaining is the new *Maxim's des Mers:* if completed in time, to be launched at the famous Red Cross Ball this month at the yacht's home port, Monte Carlo. Pierre Cardin continues to expand his art of living with this 187-foot yacht: it comes with twenty-one suites (five decorated in Maxim's Belle Epoque opulence). Fresh breads will be produced in the ship's bakery.

STYLISH VESSELS: FRIENDS AT TEA

America may have stated its independence, quite firmly, by emptying barrels of the brown leaves into Boston harbor; but tea's proud history, more often, has been an hospitable one: Whether in fifteenth-century Japan, where the tea ritual was an "art of living," or seventeenth-century France with its taste for Chinese teas, attractive choices in accessories as well as leaves have always been an important part of tea serving. In Manhattan, for twentieth-century summers: Dean & Deluca stock such appealing tea names as Lady Londonderry, Jacksons' Piccadilly and Russian, herbals Close of Day and English Garden. Traditional offerings from the Drysdales of Edinburgh—tea makers since 1878—include Earl Grey, Assam, and Ceylon. NYC's Vito Giallo Antiques and James II, of the prestigious firm James Robinson, offer one-of-a-kind teapots. *At left:* Victorian silver pot with warming stand, blue-and-white Royal Worcester porcelain teapot, nineteenth-century tea caddy, small floral Wedgwood and Chinese enamel pots. In a more minimalist mood (not shown): Furniture of the Twentieth Century's ultra-modern teapot by Olivier Gagnére comes in silver-plated metal and wood. Its look: a state-of-the-art radio crossed with a garden watering can.

RICHARD JEFFERY, from *Outdoor Pleasures* TOHRU NAKAMURA Details, last pages

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food in vogue

Life after kiwi: rhubarb's the next trend

Should you water your wine? Table talk:

grilling the waiter **By Barbara Kafka**

Ravishing beginnings: Russian icehouse soup pinwheeled with shrimp, seasoned with nasturtium

Once upon a time you knew you were in a fancy restaurant because the waiters were professionals. They seemed born with their black garments, shuffling walk, and deferential manner. Many spoke Franglais. The waiters in non-fancy restaurants were either tired versions of the fancy restaurant's waiters or members of the owner's family.

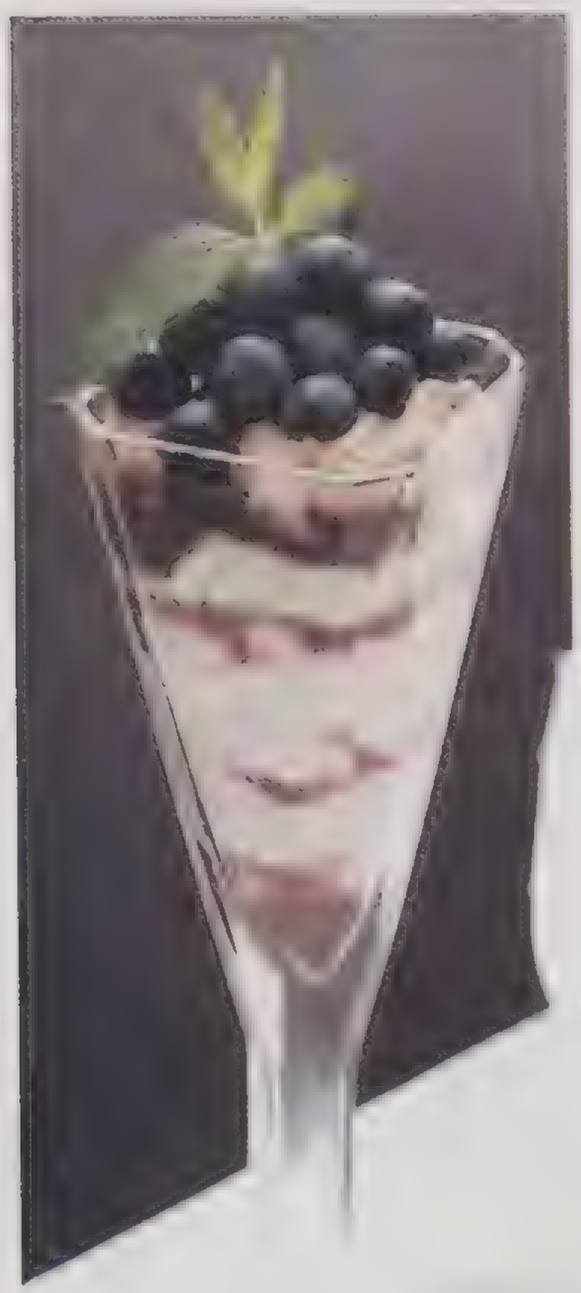
Then, the nature of waiters began to change. In New York City and Los Angeles, at least, most waiters were out-of-work actors, and taking an order became a performance. This galvanizing rite had originated in the early 'sixties with Joe Baum (one of the first and still one of the best of the restaurant creators—The Four Seasons, La Fonda del Sol, Windows on the World) when the staff introduced themselves to you: "Hello, I'm Victor your waiter and this is Suzette your waitress." The ultimate assault of this kind came recently at the new restaurant, America, residing noisily in New York City. The waiter greeted us with: "I'm Joe; welcome to America." Well, frankly, I thought I had spent my life in America. Friendliness cannot be scripted and the best service is unobtrusive. I'm not a casting director nor am I in need of new best friends.

As the service moved from classic to show biz, the customers and the menus changed. Daily specials were invoked to pique the jaded appetites of the new cognoscenti and give scope to the creativity of a probably young chef and his interest in seasonal foods.

While welcome as evidence of a new seriousness about food, the specials, along with the overwhelming interest of the restaurant-obsessed, health-oriented diners, created new ordering problems. If the waiter tells you the specials when the menu is presented, most are forgotten before the menus are read. Then a complex discussion goes on as various people try to remember whether the lotte (monkfish) had the wild mushrooms or whether that was the veal. If the waiter lists the specials when coming to take the order, a scramble goes on as people change their minds. Even after the order is given, there may be a lingering sensation that something critical has been missed.

If the food is unfamiliar either because it is very inventive or because it belongs to a cuisine—Cambodian for instance—unknown to most, the waiter's star turn is prolonged by explanations. The new breed of customers will often want to know how a dish is prepared: Is there butter, is there cream? Their self-perceived healthiness (they still order rich desserts) and culinary interests are on display. At one famous restaurant in California, audience participation has gotten so intense that customers are trying to get the chef to create new dishes to their order. While this will work for a steak (rare) or a salad (no dressing), it will not work for a chef's very personal creation and leads to waiters saying: "We only serve our duck rare."

Recently, a woman, at a special meal I cooked at the Frög in Philadelphia, told me that all items on a menu containing garlic should say so. I tried to explain that many people have their specific food likes and dislikes as well as allergies. The only thing I could recommend was a question to the waiter. And so the conversation goes on.



A long, cool glass of parfait, blueberried to the hilt, toque of mint

Friendliness cannot be scripted and the best food service is unobstrusive

In the novels of my absolutely favorite Regency romance writer, Georgette Heyer, you can always tell when the butler is a baddy; he waters the wine. Sometimes, as in *The Toll-Gate*, the butler is doing it loyally, against the grain, to disenchant his mistress's unwanted suitor. But generally, diluting wine is committed for ignoble reasons and this opprobrium, unfortunately, discourages a valid and useful practice. While I don't recommend watering your Lafite or that Regency favorite, Vintage Port, I do think that many of us in the heat of summer would happily put ice in our Beaujolais and Orvieto. A little cold water in such everyday, light, warm-weather wines would keep us from getting tiddly on temperature-soaring days when we tend to gulp down liquids. The French, those wine snobs, have been doing it for years with *vin ordinaire*.

Part of the success of Sangria, the inexpensive Italian bubbly wines, and, currently, the wine and soda coolers dubbed "Californian" may well be because people feel free to chill them to cold comfort. I am a great advocate of red wines, even in hot weather—they are less acidic, easier to digest than many whites; and their fuller flavor goes well with spicy foods, as well as with a good roast chicken—though fruit juice would not be my choice of mixer. *(Continued on page 230)*

CHRIS BAKER

A bowl of peaches.

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food in vogue

(Continued from page 228)

Try the lighter, well-made, less expensive reds simply chilled and diluted for summer and don't worry about the rules. Just think of yourself as a good French child.

It is wonderful to see old friends succeed, especially when they are running a restaurant with some of the best food in town. Recently, Hubert's, run by Karen Hubert and her husband Len Allison, who's the chef, got three stars from Bryan Miller of *The New York Times*. In their own way, they are in the forefront of the new American cooking boom. They are sharing with us two of their cool summer treats. The fool is spooned like parfait, into tall Champagne glasses, only it is lighter and tarter. If rhubarb is unavailable, use a different berry for that layer and up the lemon juice. The soup is stunning to look at and an ideal beginning for a dinner party.

Raspberry/Rhubarb Fool
(eight servings)

1 pint raspberries
¾ cup sugar
juice of 1/2 lemon
4 stalks bright red rhubarb
1 quart heavy cream
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
Extra raspberries for garnish
1 bunch mint

Combine raspberries, ½ cup sugar, and lemon juice for one hour. Purée and strain.

Wash rhubarb and trim ends. Halve stalks and place in non-aluminum pot and sweat in 350° F. oven for 15-20 minutes (until tender). Purée and set aside to cool.

Beat heavy cream with ¼ cup sugar and the vanilla.

Fill Champagne flutes with alternating layers of raspberry purée, whipped cream, and rhubarb purée. Top with raspberries, remaining whipped cream, and a sprig of mint.

Blueberry Fool
(eight servings)

1 tablespoon butter
½ cup sugar
1 lemon (grate zest, then juice)
2 teaspoons cornstarch dissolved in cold water
2 teaspoons cassis syrup
1 pint blueberries, rinsed
1 quart heavy cream
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
Extra blueberries for garnish
1 bunch mint

Melt butter in heavy saucepan. Stir in ¼ cup sugar, lemon juice, zest, cornstarch mixture, and cassis syrup. Stir over medium heat until thickened. Add blueberries and simmer five minutes.

Purée blueberries. Beat cream, vanilla, and rest of sugar. Add half of whipped cream to half of blueberry purée.

Fill glasses with layers of purée, whipped cream and berry-cream mixture. Top with berries, cream, and mint sprig.

Russian Icehouse Soup
(eight to ten servings)

This soup may be festive enough for most of us topped only with a sprig of dill. For total drama, try Hubert's way; but watch out for the dry ice (handle with gloves); it can burn.

1 hothouse (English) cucumber
1 large bunch dill
1 tablespoon fennel seed
½ tablespoon white pepper corns
½ tablespoon coriander seed
1 tablespoon anise seed
1 pound bag of good sauerkraut
6 cups buttermilk
3 cups sour cream
½ cup aquavit

Garnishes
2 ounces salmon caviar
⅓ pound shrimp
1 quart court bouillon
Nasturtium flowers
Garlic or chive flowers
2-3 pounds dry ice

Peel, seed, and dice cucumber. Remove dill stems and chop leaves. Grind fennel seed, white peppercorns, coriander seed, and anise seed. In a sieve, drain the sauerkraut, pressing hard, to extract 1¼ cups juice.

Whisk all the soup ingredients together in a large bowl and place in freezer until the soup becomes chunky.

Shell and devein shrimp. Poach in a court-bouillon for three to five minutes. Let cool in liquid.

For the garnish:

Just before serving, slice the shrimp lengthwise. Pour soup into a large bowl or tureen that will fit on a yet larger platter. Arrange shrimp on soup in a pinwheel pattern. Scatter flowers on top. Spoon caviar carefully into center of pinwheel.

Place dry ice around bowl on platter. Add a little water causing ice to smoke. Serve to applause.

Summer is an ideal time for fantasy. Reading cookbooks can be one of the best. The recently published *The Norman Table* (Scribners) by Claude Guermont with Paul Frumkin is splendid for those of us who won't get a trip to France this summer. *The Roman Cookery of Apicius* translated and adapted for the modern kitchen by John Edwards (Hartley & Marks) is part of a highly desirable new trend to make classic cookbooks—everything from expensive French facsimiles in small edition to paperbacks of the earlier James Beard books—available to the general public. I don't think you will want to cook too many of these recipes; but you will be introduced to another culture, progenitor of our own, and may get some very good ideas.

The ultimate fantasy is writing your own cookbook. With so many around, publication may seem improbable and it is more work than you may think to do all that testing. If you want to persevere or simply continue to dream, read *The Way To Write and Publish a Cookbook* by Doris McFerran Townsend (St. Martin's Press). It is extremely practical and useful. I even find it a valuable checklist for myself and I've been writing these things for years. Good luck.

VOGUE, August, 1985

ROBERTO NOGUERON

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Lisa Charles

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living

A fashion for tapestry: new room "dressing" in an eclectic mix, a fine tradition of rich pattern

By Barbara Plumb

To create the big fashion look for fall—tapestry head to toe—designers have gone to the best fabrics shops for inspiration or actual material. There, they have found a great variety of printed textiles imitating tapestry, an art that extends from about 1420 B.C. in Egypt through the William Morris craft revival in 1880, attaining its height in seventeenth-century Paris and Brussels.

A tradition of tapestry crossover—from home furnishings to fashion—goes a long way back. Egypto-Roman tapestries, for instance, were used not only for hangings and furniture coverings but also for clothing. Fashion designers frequently put together their signature styles by mixing tapestry with other compatible patterns and textures. The same holds true in interior decoration. Islands of tapestry, whether hung on the wall or scattered on upholstery or cushions, mingle delightfully with almost any decorative style.

The tapestry look abounds in the best antique shops. Above left: French banquette, circa 1800, is upholstered in original petit point (Malmaison, NYC). Above right: Fragment of Flemish tapestry from the seventeenth century (Doris Leslie Blau, NYC). Right: Victorian wool work and beaded pillow (James II, NYC).

private screenings

Powerful, scene-setting architectural screens by Los Angeles painter Annie Kelly (*near left*) totally change the mood of a room without actually remodeling it. Her three-panel "Vera Cruz" (*far left*), inspired by a trip to Mexico, can transform an architecturally bland space with the illusion of columns, arches, and a pool. "It's a theatrical device really," said Ms. Kelly, who trained as an artist in Australia. She shifted to functional paintings when she needed to solve space problems. "The screens were the result of wanting to make larger paintings but not wanting to take up too much wall space," she said, "so I constructed paintings that sat on the floor." Her screens are architectural in theme because "there is such a tradition of innovative design in Los Angeles." Annie Kelly has found that people are prepared to be more adventurous than before in their choice of furniture because they have been influenced by the houses designed by such avant-garde architects as Frank Gehry. Ms. Kelly's screens, priced from $1200 to $1800, are available at the Functional Art Gallery in Los Angeles.

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living The house that

art—and mule train—built:

a sculptor's fantasy world comes

to stylish life in the Greek islands

The arresting humanoids of sculptor Yannis Gaïtis people his house. Above right: chair-men enjoy the spectacular view from the terrace. Above left: next to a hanging fireplace, a winged man balances on a wheel. Below: A convention of Gaïtis anthropomorphs gathers in the free-flowing living/dining area.

For ten years Greek painter/sculptor/designer Yannis Gaïtis looked for just the right island to build his house. He found his ideal site on Ios in the Cyclades. The drawback was that the property is thirty minutes by foot from the nearest village. It took local artisans and fishermen ten years to finish the house because all the construction materials, with the exception of mica, which is native to the locale, had to be transported by mules. As the artist needed more space, he added rooms on different levels; and he entertains his guests on the parapeted terrace overlooking the Aegean Sea.

Yannis perpetuated the island custom of using blue and white as interior colors. As a foil to the simplicity of the forms and colors, contrasting textures—mica, lime, and wood—assume visual importance. An arch that divides the interior spaces is echoed in the fireplaces. Built-in furniture, simple rush-seated chairs, and rustic tables complement Yannis's fantastic Magritte-like men in the form of screens, seats, tables, walls, and sculptures.

GIULIANO SERAFINI

VOGUE, August, 1985

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Photo: Peter Leifer

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Four-time international award-winning designer and company-founder Geoffrey B. Small discusses eight very intelligent reasons why readers should take advantage of this special offer

1. Design. Look carefully at the picture. You'll notice that the shirt is a perfectly *balanced design.* Perfectly balanced between a feminine elegance that is almost all but forgotten, and the world's latest design concepts.

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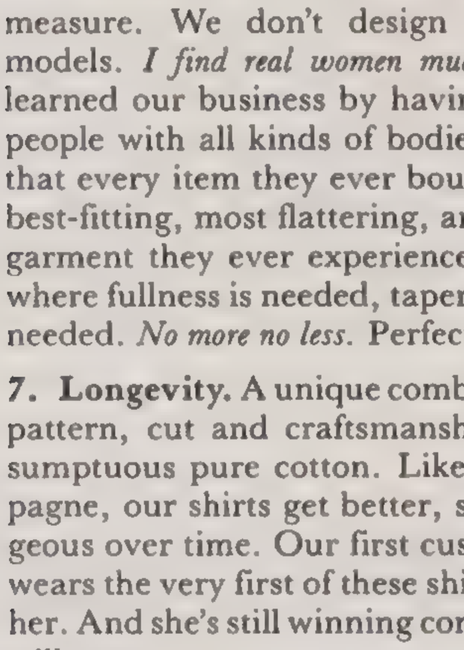
4. Exclusivity. You've probably never heard of a GBS shirt. That is because for years, we have sold our designs on a private basis only to a very special clientele. This is our first public offering, ever. Every shirt is made solely to order. In other words, if you do not order a GBS shirt, it will not be produced. You will not see yourself coming and going. We do not license and we do not copy. Your piece will be an original collector's item and quantities will be very limited. When people tell you they love your shirt and ask you what store they can buy it from, *and they will,* you will enjoy simply telling them that they cannot because the shirt was made only for you.

5. Character. Our shirts are legend. Years ago, I began making them for my friends from the third floor attic of an old victorian house. Today, our aim is to make the finest production clothing you have ever seen.
We are fanatics. *And proud of it.* Our attention to detail is unmatched. What other "genius" designers and manufacturers throw together in a few chaotic weeks to last you a season, we develop over many patient years to last you a lifetime. Nowhere will you find such total dedication to sartorial elegance and design excellence.

6. Comfort & Fit. Our heritage is made-to-measure. We don't design for seven-foot tall models. *I find real women much more alluring.* We learned our business by having to fit all kinds of people with all kinds of bodies, and making sure that every item they ever bought from us was the best-fitting, most flattering, and most comfortable garment they ever experienced. This shirt is full where fullness is needed, tapered where tapering is needed. *No more no less.* Perfect.

7. Longevity. A unique combination of mastering pattern, cut and craftsmanship with luxuriously sumptuous pure cotton. Like fine vintage champagne, our shirts get better, softer and more gorgeous over time. Our first customer still regularly wears the very first of these shirts we ever made for her. And she's still winning compliments with it. So will you.

8. Guarantee. We also do something else that is almost unheard of in the garment industry. We sell every shirt with a *one year unlimited written guarantee.* If this shirt does not please you (or the one you give it to) for any reason whatsoever, send it back for exchange or full money-backed refund, guaranteed, *in writing.*



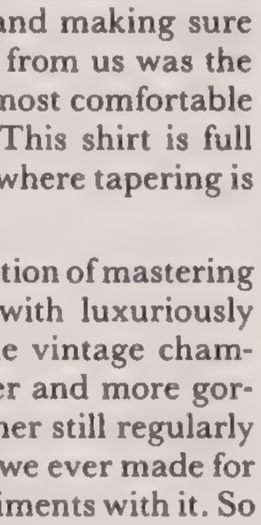


Photo Lee Nadel.

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GBS

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Just call us anytime, seven days a week, before midnight (Eastern time), **toll-free at 1-800-225-5800.** Or you can order by filling out and mailing the coupon below. All orders are shipped UPS. For rush deliveries, please add $4.65 per shirt. All shirts include an attractive personalized gift card, and we will deliver anywhere in the United States.

But Reserve Quickly, Please

This painstaking quality takes time. Every shirt is carefully being made to order only, and requires no less than three weeks to complete. This offering is extremely limited and will be open to the public only through November 1985. Please allow 4-8 weeks for your delivery depending on when you reserve and where you are. Remember, there are far more women reading this ad in Vogue this month, than there will be GBS shirts made for this offer. So, if you want to be sure that you get one, we hope you will call and reserve yours right away.

Sincerely,

Geoffrey B. Small
Founder and Chairman

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Shipping, add $1.75 per shirt $____
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currents

Beyond computer-speak: clear new images, appealing gadgetry, ideas

A chicken in every pot, a computer in every home: each age comes with its own fulsome promises. Yet the fact remains: considerable numbers of competent adults don't know a user-friendly program from a database. And the language of computer-speak rarely conjures up sufficiently enticing images to make us rush to remedy the situation.

Newly clear images and colorful graphics on computers, though, are now making for an attractive change . . . and the visual potential of home computers may just be what eventually sells them to women. Innovative software programs now exist for everything from laying out a garden to trying flying lessons at home. A woman can create patterns for her own designed-to-order fashion.

Colorful doodles or artful—highly individual—party invitations can be easily printed off, for one, the Apple IIc. Hayden Software's Home Design program by Image Bank allows one to envision a room, arrange—and rearrange—everything from Chippendale furniture pieces to Memphis-style things; it provides the computer tools to redesign a kitchen, test out furniture proportions before purchasing the items. Used by architects and decorators, it's a boon to anyone who's ever picked up pencil and graph paper.

What's coming? Technology for creating photographic-quality images: At Cornell University's Computer Graphics Labs, architects are developing ways to project on-screen three-dimensional images of a room's wooden or marble surfaces, fabrics, changing light.

Graphic details: the sleek Apple IIc home computer (top), with new software options for rearranging a room, plotting a garden, taking flying lessons. Above: Machine-made room for the future: computer simulated interior design from Cornell Labs

For women with their hands full: a phone that calls numbers, simply, at the sound of a voice. Part of today's tidal wave of new telephone equipment, the TTC Dialess (*left*) responds to spoken command: processes desired digits to get office, mate, or Chinese take-out (up to eighty often-used numbers) for you—when properly trained.

Creative solutions: speaking up for phone service, working attractive high-tech

DISAPPEARING ACT

TELEVISIONS, STEREOS, VCR'S, COMPUTERS OFTEN COEXIST IN LIVING ROOMS NOW; ALL, HOWEVER, COME TRAILING THEIR WIRES BEHIND, MAKING INTERIOR SPACES A CROSS PATCH OF BUSY CORDS. BANG & OLUFSEN OF DENMARK, KNOWN FOR SOME OF THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFULLY DESIGNED SOUND EQUIPMENT, HAS A NEAT SOLUTION: A CLEAN-LINED WALL UNIT CREATED TO MAKE WIRES DISAPPEAR. AVAILABLE THROUGH ARCHITECTS AND DECORATORS FROM BANG & OLUFSEN, 1150 FEEHANVILLE DR., MT. PROSPECT IL 60056.

PHIL BROCK & CORNELL COMPUTER GRAPHICS LABS
VOGUE, August, 1985

To enjoy . . . to collect . . . to treasure

The World's Most Romantic Love Songs

MUSIC BOX COLLECTION

© 1985 FP

Twelve miniature porcelain music boxes bordered with 24 karat gold. One for each month of the year. Each one with a melody of love that will live forever.

There's nothing that touches the heart so swiftly as a beautiful love song. Lilting. Haunting. Joyously melodious. Rich with the tenderest of words.

And now the world's most romantic love songs are being brought together in a new collection of porcelain music boxes that is certain to charm and captivate you.

For this collection from Franklin Porcelain is quite unlike any other. Because each of the delightful love songs it includes has been inspired by one of the world's most romantic cities. From "April in Paris" to "A Foggy Day in London Town" . . . "Lisbon Antigua" to "Arrivederci Roma."

Each month—right through the year—you'll receive another entrancing song of love. Another captivating porcelain music box. So that, in twelve months' time, you will own the complete collection of all twelve of The World's Most Romantic Love Songs.

The songs these bewitching little music boxes play are some of the most famous ever penned. Each evoking the special character of another city of romance. And the lid will bear an original design capturing the sentiment the song expresses.

Each music box will be crafted of the finest, most translucent porcelain. The lid will be adorned with a border of 24 karat gold. And each box will be different, not only in its *design,* but also in its *shape,* which will range from oval to heart-shaped.

Arranged on a tabletop, or on a dressing table in a boudoir, these boxes will be an endless source of beauty, joy and admiration.

But these charming imported music boxes may be obtained only by subscription. To begin your collection, please mail your order to Franklin Porcelain, Franklin Center, PA 19091, by August 31st.

SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

Please mail by August 31, 1985. Limit: One subscription per collector.

Franklin Porcelain
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my subscription for The World's Most Romantic Love Songs Music Box Collection, consisting of 12 music boxes to be crafted for me in fine porcelain and hand-decorated with 24 karat gold. The music boxes will be sent to me at the rate of one per month.

No payment is required at this time. I understand that I will be billed $29.50* for each music box when it is ready to be sent to me. **Plus my state sales tax.*

Signature _____
ALL APPLICATIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

Mr.
Mrs.
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PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

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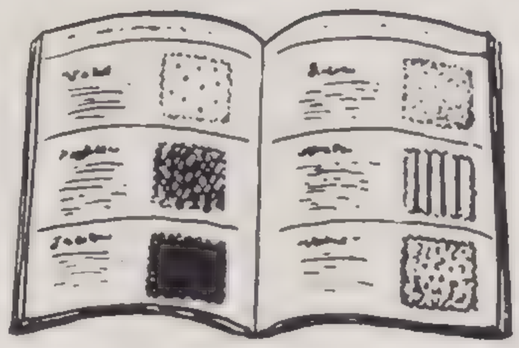

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Unscheduled Specials

Unscheduled mailings of natural fiber fabrics at unbelievable savings. For example; a recent offer included 40" wide 100% virgin wool challis (regular retail value $10.00 yd.) at only $4.00 cost to our members; another recent offer was 45" wide 100% pure silk shantung (regular retail value $15.00 yd.) at only $5.60 cost to our members.

Please enroll me for one year in the

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☐ $10 USA. ☐ $20 Canada (US Funds) ☐ $30 Elsewhere

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the best of wines

Rich rewards—now, the luxury of Vintage Port without the years of waiting

By Martin Gersh

Savored after dinner, a good Port pervades one's entire being in the most delightful way. When it is fully mature, this singularly opulent wine is incredibly delicious, decidedly sweet, with concentrated, almost liqueur-like fruitiness and truly amazing scent. My love for it embraces not merely Vintage Port (the product of superior years) but the whole realm of Port; it is the wine closest to my heart after red and white table wines. Made principally from red grapes grown in the mountainous Douro region of Portugal, Port is a "fortified" wine vinified with the addition of Brandy. It has a tenacious tannin presence that in the case of Vintage Port requires it to be aged for at least fifteen years before it can be experienced with total pleasure.

George Sandeman of The Seagram Classics Wine Company, is English, enthusiastic in manner, and, at the age of thirty-one, already a veteran devotee of Port—which isn't surprising as he is the son of David Sandeman, chairman of the House of Sandeman, famous since the eighteenth century for its marvelous Ports and Sherries. After observing me treat through aeration some remarkably tough young Barolos and Barbarescos, Sandeman asked me whether I thought similarly immature and aggressive Ports could be made more drinkable by the same process. Fortunately, he had access to a comprehensive group of Sandeman Ports, which have long been favorites of mine because of their emphasis on stylistic elegance, restraint, and finesse, so I proposed that we stage an experiment with a few other participants, to which he immediately agreed. We enlisted David Milligan, vice president of the Chateau & Estate Wines Company, and James Rossbach, his associate, both of whom have staggering credentials as Port experts, being familiar with many of the finest vintages since the turn of the century.

Superior non-vintage Ports are among the greatest bargains in wine

I devised several questions that would have to be answered positively by our panel for the experiment to be considered a success:

(1) Can vigorous, tannic, young Vintage Ports be tempered by aeration, and consumed with genuine pleasure by those who either may not own older examples or care to wait a decade or longer for young Ports to mature?

(2) By aerating Vintage Ports, would it be possible for me to forecast their "best drinking" period, as I have done with red and white table wines?

(3) Though a Vintage Port should always be disposed of within a few days, would I be able to calculate, with regard to the other Ports, how long a bottle could survive at full strength after a consumer had opened and sampled it?

When I began to aerate the first Vintage Ports at the tasting, it quickly became clear that I was overshooting the mark by smoothing out their rough edges too much. The experiment seemed certain to fail, until Messrs. Milligan, Rossbach, and Sandeman saved the day by stressing that they esteem Vintage Port most when it is not only rich in fruit and bouquet, but retains a considerable residue of its fire as well.

From that point on, I strove to produce through aeration a harmonious blending of fruit, fire, and bouquet. We were extremely pleased with the results, agreeing unanimously that my questions had all been answered in the affirmative. Since then, I have had occasion to treat a number of Vintage and other Ports made by Graham, Warre, Cockburn, and Dow, and now I fully believe that one can achieve the same ends with all fine Ports.

RECOMMENDATIONS

Sandeman Ports

The non-vintage Ports, along with the Late Bottled Vintage Port 1978 (made differently from a true Vintage Port), were all open for exactly thirty minutes. When the wines were tasted after the interval, the panel to the last man felt that every bottle had been enhanced by the process. I can state that such a Port will safely retain its best taste characteristics for six to eight months after being opened, provided that the bottle is given *no* aeration, and is tightly recorked every time you have some. This welcome flexibility only adds to the fact that superior non-vintage Ports are among the greatest bargains in wine.

Fine Ruby Port Gay and spicy—a truly fetching small-bodied wine, excellent as an apéritif. $6-$7.

Fine Tawny Porto Fairly sweet, tightly knit, velvety in texture, this is a quiet-spoken Tawny Port with a memorable and long-sustained aftertaste. $6-$7.

Partners' Finest Port An admirably classic, restrained Port of impressive merit, blended from at least twenty-five component wines. $8.50-$9.50.

Late Bottled Vintage Port 1978 Imposing in manner, pungently fruity, moderate-to-large in scale, this serious wine of great distinction was bottled in 1983. $8.50-$9.50.

Royal Porto Tawny Port Comprised of vintages from ten to fifteen years of age—a multifaceted, civilized Tawny of modest size and considerable finesse, featuring a delightful peachy-apricot flavor aspect. $12.50-$13.50.

Founders Reserve Porto Created only recently from a blend of Port wines, chiefly from 1977, as well as some from 1978 and 1979, this is a glamorous, irresistible wine that is mildly sweet, with concentrated fruitiness, silken texture, and superabundant charm. I fear that in the presence of Macadamia nuts, little or none of the Port would survive an evening! With the exercise of some caution, you could expect up to eight months of splendid drinking from a given bottle—which, incidentally, is very handsome. $12-$13.

Sandeman Vintage Ports

Vintage Port 1980 Seductive and charming, intensely sweet, with dense cherry-like fruitiness and small-to-moderate body—a laudable, relatively unchallenging wine, quite accessible even at this early age. Vintage rating: Fair to Good. Best drinking: for the next 6-8 years. Aeration: 35-50 minutes. $19-$20.

Vintage Port 1977 Monumental, smooth yet vigorous, perfectly balanced, exceptionally complex in all ways—clearly destined to be one of the most remarkable Sandeman Ports of the past half-century. Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 12-14 years. Aeration: 3-3¼ hours. $23-$25.

Vintage Port 1975 Dignified, of rather modest size, with a moderately sweet, understated fruit element—at or near the apex of its powers, this is a lovely Port that would do extremely well with cheeses or pâtés. Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 6-8 years. Aeration: 1-1¼ hours. $20-$21.

Vintage Port 1970 A magnificent bottle—absolutely scintillating, large-scaled, showing terrific backbone and notable concentration in its fruit presence. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 9-10 years. Aeration: 2-2¼ hours. $35-$40.

Vintage Port 1967 Worldly, impeccably balanced, satin-textured—an enchanting, small-to-moderate-bodied wine. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 5-7 years. Aeration: 45 minutes-1 hour. $45-$50.

Vintage Port 1966 The Sandeman Vintage Port 1966 is opulently fruity, extremely pretty and gracious, quite advanced in its development—and now at that stage of its life cycle when it can be drunk with real gusto. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 5-6 years. Aeration: 15-25 minutes. $60-$65.

Vintage Port 1963 Emerging from one of the three very great vintages included in this survey—a superlative wine, not yet at its peak, that is rich, overwhelming, admirably structured, mesmerizing. Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 8-10 years. Aeration: 25-40 minutes. $60-$65.

Vintage Port 1960 Fully there—totally captivating and benign, moderate in size, adorned with elegant black cherry fruitiness and a second taste that goes on and on. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 1-2 years. Aeration: None. $50-$55.

Vintage Port 1955 Dazzlingly beautiful, discreetly sweet—showing a ravishing, framboise-like fruit aspect and such youthful vigor that it is only with some difficulty that I can accept the fact that this Vintage Port is now well into the thirtieth year of its existence. Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 3-4 years. Aeration: None. $75-$85. ▽

Rose's. A 19th-century lime juice—utterly steeped in tradition—that has always found its way into the drinks and cupboards of those who, if anything, prefer to part with tradition.

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By Richard Alleman

pacific overture

Debuting early next year, the first U.S. hotel of the famed Mandarin Oriental organization. Known for its premier properties—The Mandarin in Hong Kong and The Oriental in Bangkok—the group has chosen San Francisco for its initial U.S. venture: a luxe 162-room establishment on the top ten floors of a new skyscraper at 345 California Street. Besides superlative Mandarin service, the new Mandarin San Francisco promises some of the best views in town. Information: turn to page 251.

the best of South America

Never has visiting South America been so glamorous or so effortless—what with this winter's new Rio-Buenos Aires cruises aboard the *Sea Goddess II*. An identical twin to the ultra-luxurious *Sea Goddess I*, this sleek new fifty-eight-suite ship will put in at such posh ports as Uruguay's chic beach resort Punta del Este...the enchanting Brazilian baroque town of Paratí...the rarely seen islands of the rich and famous off Angra dos Reis south of Rio. For extra time in Rio and/or B.A., optional packages combine top hotels with chauffeur-driven sightseeing. One-week *Sea Goddess* cruises cost from $3600 to $4400, depending on sail date; land rates run from $595 to $1145, depending on hotel and city, for four days; from $850 to $1815 for a week. U.S.-South America air fare is extra. Departures: December to March. See travel agent or page 251.

An incredible itinerary, an extraordinary aircraft promise to make Society Expeditions' thirty-day round-the-world tour one of the decade's grandest adventures. Flying aboard an outrageously luxurious Boeing 727 (its cushy lounge pictured, *right*), thirty privileged travelers will wing their way from NYC to Ireland, Scotland, France, Italy, Greece, Egypt, Yemen, India, Nepal, Burma, Tibet, Borneo, Bali, Micronesia, Hawaii, and L.A. En route, they'll stay in castles and *palazzi*, legendary hotels and lodges—and be entertained by lords and ladies, counts and countesses. Aloft, a world-class chef will prepare superb meals—while experts lecture on the wonders that lie ahead. Departure dates: September 12, 1985 and April 4, 1986. Price—get ready!—$29,450. See travel agent or page 251 for more information.

Maine attraction

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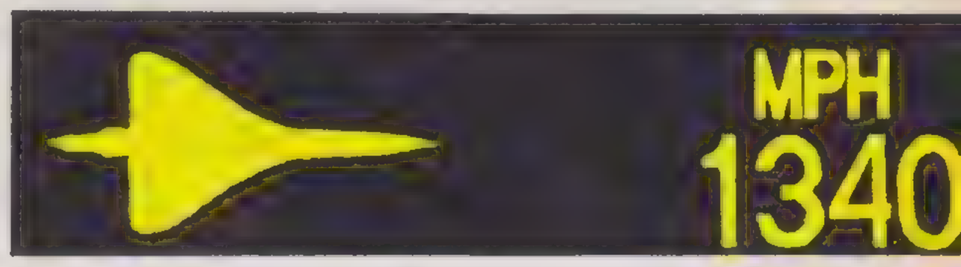

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ing that a one-way Concorde ticket normally costs $2466, this QE2/SST deal is not only a bargain, it's a miracle! As for the QE2, transatlantic fares range from $2450 to $6850 (depending on season and cabin) for First Class—and from $1295 to $2275 Transatlantic Class. For further details, see travel agent.

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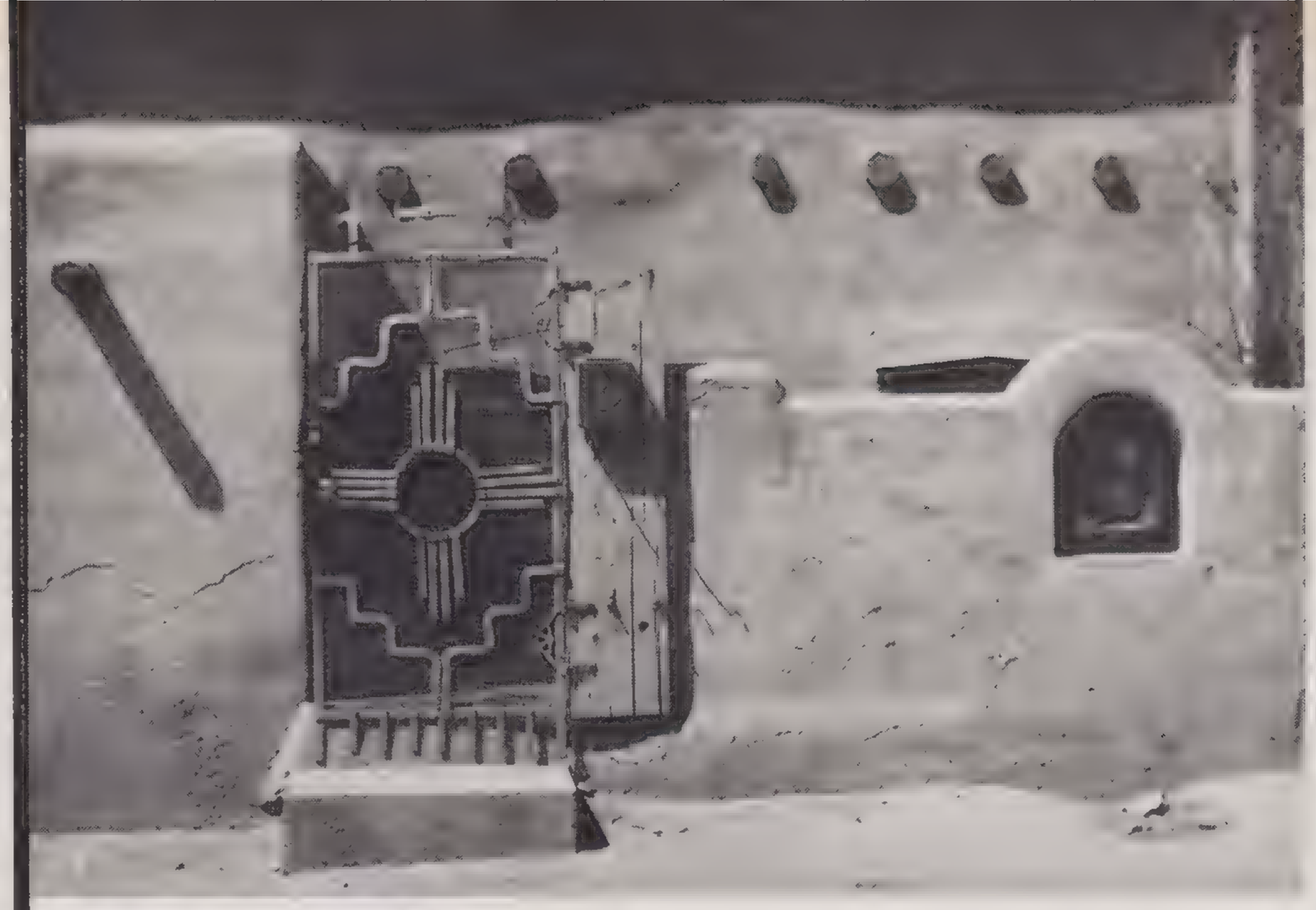

travel

In Santa Fe now, a battle between the true and the trumped up. . . Jan Morris tells who's winning

The world spins faster every year; and as it whizzes around, it throws everything into new conjunctions. A generation ago, the travel writer's stock-in-trade was the contrast between old and new, generally exemplified by camel-beside-Cadillac in the Arabian desert. Today, now that tourism has become mankind's one universal industry, I am struck everywhere, above all else, by the confrontation between real and sham; and this fateful clash of tastes or instincts finds an allegorical cockpit in the Royal City of the Holy Faith—Santa Fe, New Mexico.

This is nothing new. Santa Fe has always been a place where fashion and eternity have defied each other, and where one of the most magnificent landscapes on earth has been challenged by the most irresistible instrument of corrosion, the American publicity machine. "It is the most widely advertised town on this side of the Atlantic," wrote the journalist Paul Walter in 1916. "There was not a month this year when some big magazine did not have something about Santa Fe."

Once the railroad reached those parts, bringing the first of the dudes and the globe-trotters to wonder at the snow-capped mountains, the vivid deserts, the picturesque Pueblo Indians, and the piquant survivals of New Spain, the town's fate was sealed: it was to be forever after a theater of conflicting sensibilities, upon whose boards reality and pretense would perpetually try to upstage each other.

Of course, nothing could ever really discountenance the physical splendors of Santa Fe, bathed as they are in the most delectable of climates, and presented at the heady altitude of seven thousand feet. Those high, silent mountains, white at their crests, scrub-speckled on their slopes, etched so sharply against their southern skies! Those wastelands stretching away in such layers of reds, yellows, and purples; gulleys dark with shadow, flat-topped mesas like sacrificial platforms on their skylines! That blend of sting and sweetness in the atmosphere, compounded of snow-air, desert-wind, aridity, aromatic wood! No environment I know seems more unmistakably to guarantee the sublime permanence of things.

Besides, for many centuries people have been living, working, and worshiping here in ways altogether natural, altogether organic. The Indians of the pueblos that ring Santa Fe have been inhabiting the same places probably longer than anyone else in North America; and to visit one of their mud-brick villages, all dust and blinding heat in summer, all puddles and shuttered doors in the chill of winter, is to experience life in these parts in most essentials just as it was when the first white men came in the sixteenth century—the same sense of complex secrecy, the same powerful suggestion of blood-bond, the hooded, wary look in the eyes of the old people, the deer-like mischief in the attitudes of the young.

Nor have the Spaniards of Santa Fe sold their souls to progress. Even the celebrated Low Riders, who cruise about town very stately in their queerly customized limousines, are much less like punks than like lordly young *hidalgos* of old, parading the city on their black stallions, bowing right and left; while the unmistakable center of life in Santa Fe remains the Catholic Cathedral of St. Francis, standing on the same site where the Franciscans built their original parish church in 1610 and still cherishing the holy image of the Virgin, La Conquistadora, which inspired the Spanish soldiery to victory over the Indians.

And not so long ago, there settled in this remote but comfortable city a community of civilized Anglos, artists, *(Continued on page 250)*

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(Continued from page 248)

writers, and cultured dilettantes, setting the seal in its gentle and urbane fraternity upon the true nature of the place and still very agreeable to encounter when, as sometimes here, one is beginning to think that all is nearly lost.

For if the authentic is resilient in Santa Fe, the ersatz is inescapable. Sometimes I am tempted to feel that not a thing in this city is absolutely what it seems.

Look around the charmingly arcaded and adobe'd Plaza now, presided over on its northern side by the Palace of the Governors, "Oldest Government Building in the USA." What seems to be timelessly genuine here is almost entirely spurious. At the turn of the century, the plaza looked nothing like this at all but much more like a run-of-the-mill Victorian town square of the cattle-raising West, the kind you see in the movies. It was only in 1909, after the pueblo style of architecture had become admired and fashionable, that the plaza started to reassume its original seventeenth-century adobe look. Today, almost everything around you is trumped up, refaced, reconstructed, imagined—even those arcades, which seem the very epitome of old Santa Fe, were completed only in the 1970s; while the La Fonda Hotel in the corner, "occupying the Oldest Hotel Site in the USA," and assumed by nearly everyone to be about as old as history itself, was put up during the year I was born.

Poor Santa Fe! Some of its buildings must pine for an honest demolition job, as they find themselves remodeled from style to style down the fickle generations; and, for myself, if I were the Mission Church of San Miguel, "Oldest Church in the USA," I would voluntarily collapse into rubble rather than hear one more word of the awful loudspeaker commentary that blares incessantly through its repeatedly refabricated sanctuary. As for "The Oldest House in the USA" next door, though publicists have long ascribed it to the thirteenth century, when some of its roof timbers were dated recently, the wood was found to be not all *that* much older than the White House's.

All too many of Santa Fe's more recent settlers, too, are at least as unconvincing. Half of them, it seems to me, are pretending to be something they are not—for example, art experts, or art lovers, or gourmet cooks, or *naturally* at one with the spirit of the mountains, or descendants of Spanish grandees on their mothers' sides, or part-Cherokee, or folk artists, or just eccentrics.

Here are some hallmarks of their sham: a superfluity of brooches slung about multilayered, indeterminately ethnic costumes; restaurants with a profusion of exotic recipes but a distinct shortage of professionalism; buildings alleged to be of supreme esthetic importance that, if transplanted, would hardly be noticed; trailers got up to look like adobe huts; factory-made silver plate got up to look like Hopi art; folk artists from Ohio got up to look like squaws.

There is no trendiness quite so trendy as Santa Fe's; and there are no smiles much harder than the smiles of Santa Fe salesladies as they sit, all predatory gush and jangling jewelry, on squashy buttoned sofas among their preposterously overpriced bits of pottery.

In most places, I suspect, the sheer force of all this insincerity would long since have prevailed, and the civic nature would feel bogus all through. However, I have been coming to this city, on and off, for thirty years; and I find to my surprise that in Santa Fe it really hasn't happened yet.

I was there last Christmas, as a matter of fact. Nowhere could be more temperamentally Christmas-y than Santa Fe, what with the wood smoke and the crisp clear air, the dim white mountain shapes beyond the rooftops, and the thousands of little lights in brown paper bags with which the citizens traditionally illuminate their buildings for the festival—many of them electric bulbs nowadays, but many still genuinely flickering and guttering candles.

And two events in particular, in this magically appropriate setting, made me feel that truth is hanging on in the City of the Holy Faith. The first was a touching little Christmas procession around the Plaza. Although most of the tourists present assumed this to have been happening annually in the square since the days of the *conquistadores*, in fact it had never happened there before; but never mind, it honored an ancient Spanish-American tradition, and was full of quaint allure: the Virgin and Joseph, pur-

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sued by choristers, knocked at each side of the square in search of lodging, to be sent on their way by devils singing operatically from the rooftops until they found rest at last in the stable erected for the occasion at the Oldest Government Building in the USA.

The other event was the Christmas-morning dance at the pueblo of Santo Domingo, south of Sante Fe, which I had thought would have all the ghastly trappings of a tourist charade but which proved profoundly moving in its strength and meaning—part Christian, part pagan, altogether unselfconscious in its passion of nodding plume and drumbeat, its tossings of heads and stampings, its flapping coyote skins and clamorous rattles, its chants echoing away across the empty desert, its earnest brown faces, and the reverence with which, when the dance was done, all those hundreds of feathered, smeared, flowered, and bell-hung Indians listened to a last incantation, to the spirits of earth and sky, from the pueblo's venerable holy man.

More powerful by far, I thought, either of those two such different rituals than the tinsel pretense of the "Collectible" shops or the fancy restaurants of Canyon Road; and when I remember them now, and think of that still mountain presence again, and see the shine of the distant light across the painted desert, and breathe in memory once more the smoke of wood fires in the snow, I find myself ending this essay with a curiously comforting speculation. Could it be that in Santa Fe, of all places, the most widely advertised town on this side of the Atlantic, the real is actually *winning?* ▽

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THE BEST OF SANTA FE: An insider's guide to the art, the music...hotels, restaurants, cafés of the Southwest's most seductive city

Mask appeal: Santa Fe's International Museum of Folk Art

The people of Santa Fe treasure the richness of their heritage—Native American, Spanish, European—and everything in the town is organized to preserve and stimulate this richness. The first-time visitor wishing to get a feel for this extraordinary mix might turn to Margaret Biava, head of **Discover Santa Fe.** For $15 an hour, a guide will pick you up at your hotel and take you to the Bandelier National Monument, where the cliff dwellings of the Anasazi Indians are magnificently preserved...or to San Ildefonso, a still-inhabited pueblo famous for its pottery. Discover Santa Fe also tailors tours to the special interests and passions of its clients—be they galleries, Western art, adobe architecture. Phone: (505) 982-4979.

Jim Manning of **Santa Fe Detours** organizes more active—riding and river-rafting—trips. No experience is necessary for the latter—which can last a half-day, a full day, or overnight. If you're in training, try the overnight campfire ride; if not, Manning's half-day trek on horseback through the Piñion Hills. Phone: (505) 983-6565.

No guides are necessary to enjoy Santa Fe's many museums. The **Wheelwright Museum of the American Indian** at 704 Camino Lejo was founded by Mary Cabot (of the Boston Cabots) Wheelwright, who made friends in the 'twenties with Navaho medicine man Hasteen Kalah; he not only allowed her to participate in some of the most secret of Navaho ceremonies but helped her to record them. She took Kalah back East and together they planned this small museum where many of the articles on view are still used in Native American rituals. In addition to the treasures of the museum, the walk up from Canyon Road to Camino Lejo is extremely beautiful.

DUANE MICHALS

The **Museum of International Folk Art,** next door to the Wheelwright at 706 Camino Lejo, displays some of Alexander Girard's collection of over a hundred thousand pieces of folk art. He has arranged the pieces as scenes, which gives them a particular charm. Back in town, the **Museum of Fine Arts** edges the central plaza, has an extensive collection of contemporary art from the Southwest, including works from the Institute of American Indian Arts, where Native American students study their own tribal traditions as well as art from around the world. If you're interested in buying, the museum is a good place to go to see the best artists in the area before setting off for the commercial galleries.

Of Santa Fe's many galleries, the biggest is the **Fenn,** 1075 Paseo de Peralta. Here, everything from Egyptian mummies to nineteenth-century European and American painting is for sale—a Corot and a Sargent are currently exhibited; and Forrest Fenn's private collection of Indian artifacts is especially intriguing. *(Continued on page 252)*

the best of santa fe

(Continued from page 251)

With the world premiere of *The Tempest* by American composer John Eaton, the American premiere of Hans Werner Henze's *The English Cat,* productions of *Orpheus in the Underworld, The Marriage of Figaro,* the **Santa Fe Opera** is having a particularly interesting season this summer (for those lucky enough to have secured their tickets and hotels months ago). Performances (through August 24) are held in the open-air opera theater just outside of town and begin as the sun goes down over the mountains and the lights come up on the arena—one of the most spectacular cross-fades on earth. Opera information (and it's not too early to start reserving both seats and hotels for *next* year: 505/982-3855).

More summer music from **Santa Fe's Chamber Music Festival:** this season features Bach, plus contemporary American and traditional European repertories. Phone: (505) 982-1890.

When it comes to dining, one should try, at least once, Santa Fe's own cuisine. Its two great specialties: tortillas made with blue corn flour. . . and the local green chile, which New Mexicans boast is hotter than any chile in Mexico. You'll find both at **La Tertulia,** housed in a two-hundred-year-old former Dominican convent at 416 Agua Fría Street. Another local dish not to miss here: *sopaipillas*—little pillows of deep-fried bread served with honey butter. Phone: (505) 988-2769.

The Pink Adobe, 406 Old Santa Fe Trail, serves Mexican food as well as homemade soups, salads, and sandwiches at lunchtime; dinner could be steak, shrimp creole, chicken Marengo, or a choice of green (hot) or red (mild) chile dishes. Phone: (505) 983-7712.

Comme Chez Vous, 133 West Water Street, is a French restaurant with an emphasis on seafood, most of it flown in from Boston. For those who would rather order something other than fish, try the rack of lamb or the quail with prosciutto, mushrooms, and juniper berries. For dessert: the puff pastry filled with marzipan. Excellent French and Californian wines. Phone: (505) 984-0004.

At **Periscope,** 221 Shelby Street, owner/chefs Shirley and Joe Pisacane make all their own breads, jams, cheeses (milk is from goats raised by a local lawyer), soups, pastries; open for lunch Tuesday to Saturday; dinner, only on Saturday. Phone: (505) 988-2355.

Where to stay in Santa Fe? **Grant Corner Inn** at 122 Grant Avenue is a small bed and breakfast establishment in a colonial house with guest rooms furnished with antique four-poster beds, colorful quilts. Breakfast—homemade breads and rolls, Finnish blueberry pancakes, folded frittatas with bacon and mushroom filling and cheese sauce—is served on the porch and open to all. Phone: (505) 983-6678.

The Inn at Loretto, 211 Old Santa Fe Trail, was modeled on the stepped architecture of the Taos Pueblo. This imitation thirteenth-century Indian pueblo design provides an ironic counterpoint to the imitation thirteenth-century European chapel the Sisters of Loretto built on the same grounds in the nineteenth century. Doubles here range from $87 to $113. Phone (505) 988-5531.

La Fonda, 100 East San Francisco Street, was known originally as The Inn at the End of the Santa Fe Trail and is said to have stood on the same spot since 1610. Extensively rebuilt in 1920, it is furnished with hand-painted Spanish furniture. It also has a swimming pool, massage rooms, Jacuzzis; $75–$85. Phone (505) 982-5511.

The Bishop's Lodge is a thousand-acre estate three miles north of Santa Fe. Open from April through October, it has a swimming pool, tennis courts, riding stables with seventy horses, skeet and trap shooting, and, in summer, a full-day program for children. In season, a deluxe suite for two with all meals costs $260 a day; a double with full pension, $185. Phone: (505) 983-6377.

During the summer months, especially during the opera season, Santa Fe is packed: reserve hotels as far in advance as possible and make reservations at all restaurants. In fall and winter, Santa Fe is still delightful, much less crowded.

—SHEILA GRUSON

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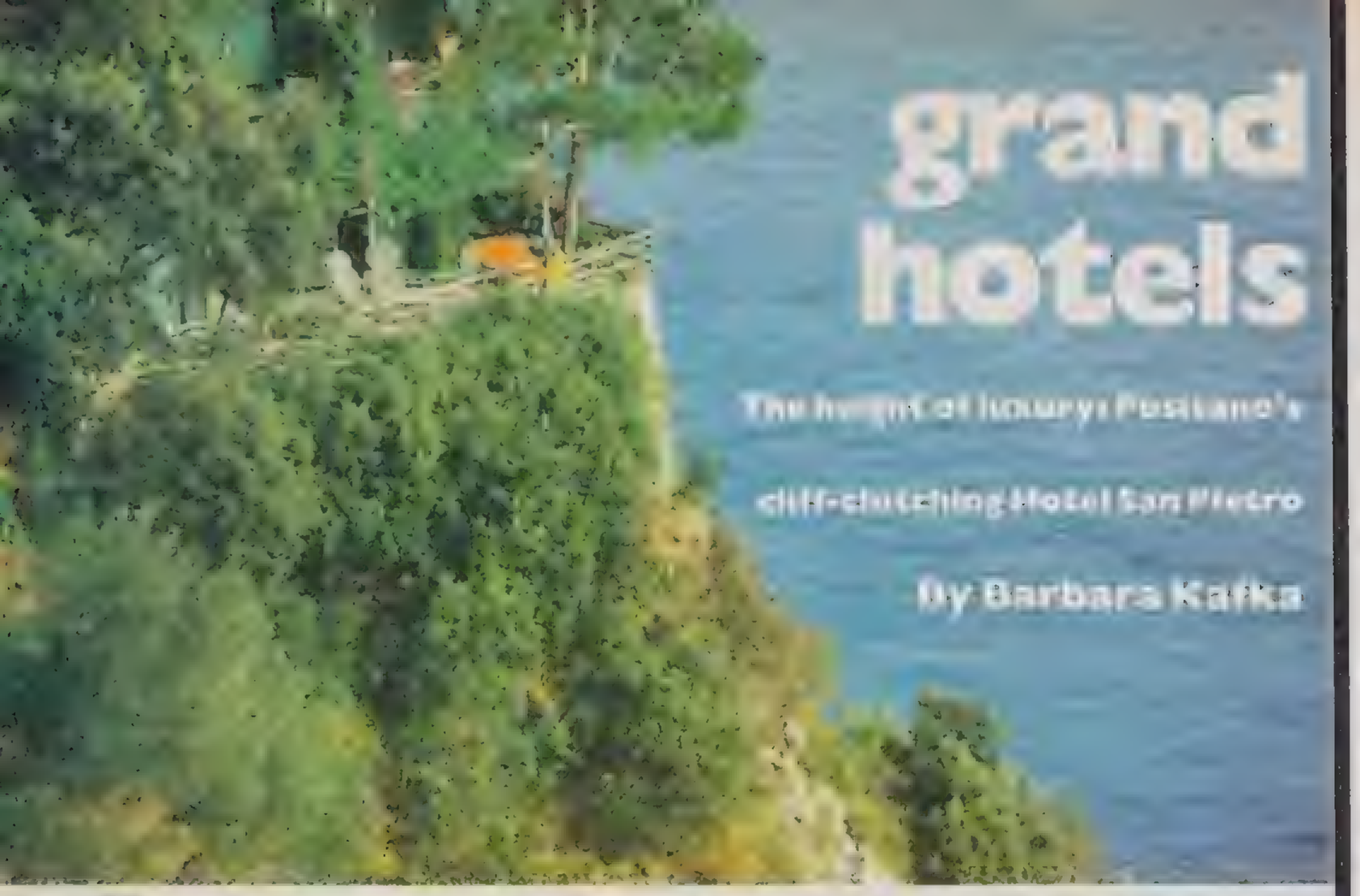

grand hotels

The height of luxury: Positano's cliff-clutching Hotel San Pietro

By Barbara Karka

One of the most brilliantly lit memories of my first trip to Europe, at the age of sixteen, is a ride on an Italian bus—as harrowing as any roller coaster—along the Amalfi Drive. The horn blared as we went wide around blind curves, perilously lurching between the cliff and the unbelievably blue sea. The intensity of pleasure and adventure was unforgettable. Today I am older and I drive myself, more tamely, but the beauty is still as overwhelming as the road is treacherous.

While it is tempting to stop anywhere on this spectacular coast, a great reward awaits the farsighted planner: the Hotel San Pietro, cut into the steep cliffs of Positano where they plunge into the Bay of Salerno a kilometer or so outside of town. Beg an introduction from more worldly and widely traveled friends if you want to land a reservation in the hectic August vacation time—a victory, even though I am assured that September and October are the preferred San Pietro months for leisured multimillionaires.

The San Pietro is elegant without being chi-chi, a triumph of style and apparent simplicity—but like a classic Balenciaga black suit, this is costly simplicity indeed. As you turn off the road into the parking lot—designated by the most modest of signs and crammed with Maseratis and Ferraris—you can relinquish body and possessions to the tide of service and luxury that greets you. Car and luggage magically disappear as you are led to the hotel over stone steps along a pathway edged with flowers and fragrant herbs. A door in the rock conceals an elevator that descends to a large glass-enclosed living room and reception area. Throughout the San Pietro, the separation of outside and inside is minimal—creating more a sense of shadow and sun than of walls. Vines trail along interior ceilings and the same plants and flowers that grow in the garden spill from planters and vases inside the hotel. Everywhere the floors are made of all sorts of tiles, silky and sensuous under foot.

For many years, the king of this rocky domain was Carlo Cinque. When he died last year, he passed it on to his nephew and niece, Salvatore Attanasio and Virginia Attanasio Cinque. They do their jobs perfectly, since they were trained by "Carlino" himself.

The rooms are pieces of heaven. The hotel is built on a series of ledges blasted out of the rock; each ledge is only one-room-wide so that every room has a balcony and a spectacular view of the water and of the town of Positano across the bay. With the views, the cool tiles (the air conditioning is excellent), the sybaritic bathrooms (some have tubs large enough to swim in), and the crisp linen comfort of the beds, little more would be required. Carlino, however, exceeded necessity: he punctuated each white-walled guest room with irreverent Venetian antiques—and, in the suites, lavished *(Continued on page 254)*

Positano posh: Hotel San Pietro's breezy vine-hung dining room, left; a beautiful breakfast alfresco on the San Pietro's terrace, right: fresh figs, perfect pastry—plus sun, sea, glorious blue sky

SUSAN WOOD

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NEIMAN-MARCUS

hotel san pietro

(Continued from page 253)

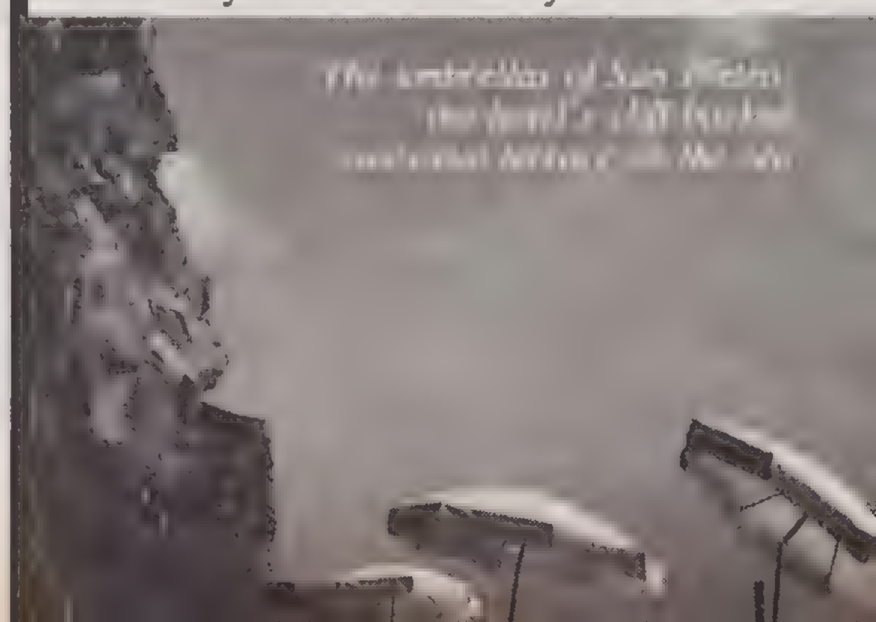
expanses of white couches and elegant little tables where one can eat breakfast.

Those charming little tables notwithstanding, this is one of the few hotels in the world where leaving your bedroom or balcony in favor of taking breakfast on the terrace outside the dining room is worthwhile. A macaw chatters hello; the sun lights up the sea; there are piles of ripe figs on your table, set among brilliant bougainvillaea. If you can't bear the thought of not dining in your glorious room, one way to solve your dilemma is, after a hard day of doing nothing, to have a candlelit dinner on your own moon-bright terrace.

By day at the San Pietro, there are a thousand trips to take. Each town along the Amalfi Coast from Sorrento on seems an idyllic place to spend an afternoon. I have had virtuous intentions of viewing nearby Roman ruins as well as the more distant splendors of Naples' museum, and I have had voluptuous thoughts about an exquisite excursion to the beauties of Ravello—but the San Pietro has held me so firmly in its grip that I have never gotten farther than a shopping/have-a-drink trip into town in the hotel's fringe-topped Fiat and a quick visit to Capri on a fast and exciting boat.

It is easier to find the long elevator that travels through the cliff to the foot of this giant rock and to the sea. Here, bright white umbrellas dot a large platform wedded to the base of the rock. The platform supports a bar—shaded by the overhang of the cliff—changing rooms, and a cluster of lounge chairs for catching the sun. It is also a launching pad for swimmers. At lunchtime, if the rigors of dressing and going to the dining room are too much, you can call for sandwiches. What you will get are large slices of rough-textured peasant loaves garnished with sun-rich tomatoes, proscuitto or mozzarella, olive oil, and basil. With cold white wine and a few salty green olives, there seems no reason to leave.

For the more active, the San Pietro has a single hard tennis court where (except early in the morning or late in the afternoon) only the most ambitious play because the sun is too bright. Tennis players remember that occasionally Carlino used to stroll by the court accompanied by two large frisky dogs. Carlino's style set the tone for how to dress in his world: white pants, a loose white shirt, and a large straw hat with the underside of the brim lined in a brilliantly flowered fabric. This mix of casual simplicity with a touch of colorful eccentricity is still the best way to dress here.



In fact, you will seldom need to dress more, progressing to silk pants and shirts on gala evenings only.

The San Pietro's galas often draw the many fashion designers and members of the Northern Italian aristocracy who have houses in the neighborhood. They all congregate with their guests at the pink-clothed tables of the hotel's dining room to watch extravagant fashion shows or each other. The most extraordinary show I ever saw here was that of a furrier unknown to me. Although it was the height of the summer, the glorious night air and the glamorous surroundings almost convinced me that what I desperately needed was a broadtail jacket, each of whose enormous sleeves was fashioned from a fox's head with its muzzle nuzzling the wearer's neck!

Even on ordinary nights, the restaurant of the San Pietro is a glamorous place. One wall of the inner room is lit by the wood fire beneath the pizza oven. The thin crisp pizzas that are cooked on the oven's floor are served with your drink before the meal. Be careful: they taste so good, with their slices of tomato

> *The San Pietro is a triumph of style and simplicity—like a Balenciaga black suit*

and mozzarella, their fresh basil and dribbles of olive oil, that there is a temptation to eat too much. Don't. The food at the San Pietro is some of the best in the world—simple and fresh and bright as a child's crayon drawing.

The plates, too, are bright, glazed in red and green, yellow and blue, with designs of goats, flowers, chickens, cows, or grapes. The earthenware is round or scalloped and comes from Vietri, down near Salerno. Effulgent green vines climb up the walls of the dining room, snake their way along the ceiling, where there is ceiling—because the terrace is protected by a large gathered awning.

Early in the morning at the San Pietro, you can see two men carrying a plastic wash basket filled with tiny fish caught just off the hotel's rocky point. The fish—red, silver, and pale azure—are served crisply fried for lunch, or, at the latest, dinner. All the seafood is local, fresh, and comes grilled or as part of a pasta dish. There are also fabulous scampi and luscious linguine warmed by good olive oil and garlic and topped by tiny briny clams with delicate shells. Salads burst with color, and the local wines—reds and whites from Ravello, innocent Episcopios—are divine.

While two or three days may be enough to begin to savor this great hotel, I would think a week would be the least I would want to stay. I would feel deprived tearing myself away sooner. The maximum stay would be until my money ran out. With extra time, I might actually get beyond the hotel and risk myself again on that hurtling road. ▽

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VIEW

BY ANDRE LEON TALLEY

Sporty glamour: the Kelly look updated...Raj on:

Indian style in fashion...grand evening leathers...great takes:

dinner pyjamas ...Jacqueline Onassis' new costume book

FANCY FURRIES:

At night, a new twist—fur separates. At Galanos, broadtail fur trousers and halters come in black or dyed golden blond. Bill Blass and Perry Ellis make street-length broadtail dinner suits; Jeffrey Banks cuts a dashing brown broadtail evening wrapper that can also work as a coatdress or topcoat. New at Manolo Blahnik: broadtail, sable, or mink flats.

HOWELL CONANT, BERTRAND MARIGNAC, TOHRU NAKAMURA, BRIGITTE LACOMBE
Hair by Hamid, makeup by Andrea Paoletti for Puccio & Franco

Kelly style, '85: At Chanel, cashmere twin sets paired with grey flannel, above; Donna Karan's cashmere bathrobe coat, right—with Hermès scarf twisted, Kelly-style, on head. Left, Grace Kelly in a 'fifties Vogue portrait. One of Grace Kelly's favorites, below: The classic Hermès bag.

GRACEFUL MEASURES: Kelly style anew

Hers was a style that stood for luxurious classicism," says Donna Karan. "It was a language of sophistication, a certain pampering, a femininity and luxury that went beyond fashion." That Grace Kelly style—dressing with ease, often in cashmere—is being translated in '85 into luxe sportswear.

Kelly colors—grey, cream, ivory, sherbet pales—have turned up in cashmeres at Donna Karan, Zoran, and Chanel. "It's more her way of putting things together," says Karl Lagerfeld, who included several Kelly themes at Chanel. "It was an elegance that looked untouched even in films: Take *Mogambo* on safari, *Rear Window*, or my favorite film, *The Country Girl*. Without overloading references to the 'fifties, it's a look that's easy to convert into contemporary style."

The late Edith Head, Hollywood costume designer, dressed Grace Kelly for *Rear Window*, Hitchcock's classic made in '54. But it was in '55 that the two women discovered Hermès on a shopping spree in Paris. "Like two girls in an ice cream shop, we fell in love with everything we saw," Head later told a biographer of the actress who became Monaco's Princess Grace and who, over the years, bought countless gloves and shoes at Hermès. The classic key-and-lock Hermès bag that was given the name "Kelly" (due to customers walking in the shop and asking for the bag Grace Kelly always carried) has been updated as a new shoulder bag. It now also comes in versatile tritones, sleek crocodile, calfskin, even linen and canvas. In Paris, a new trend: finding classic 'fifties "Kelly bags" at the antiques shop of Didier Ludot.

DAVID BAILEY

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L I A N C A R L O

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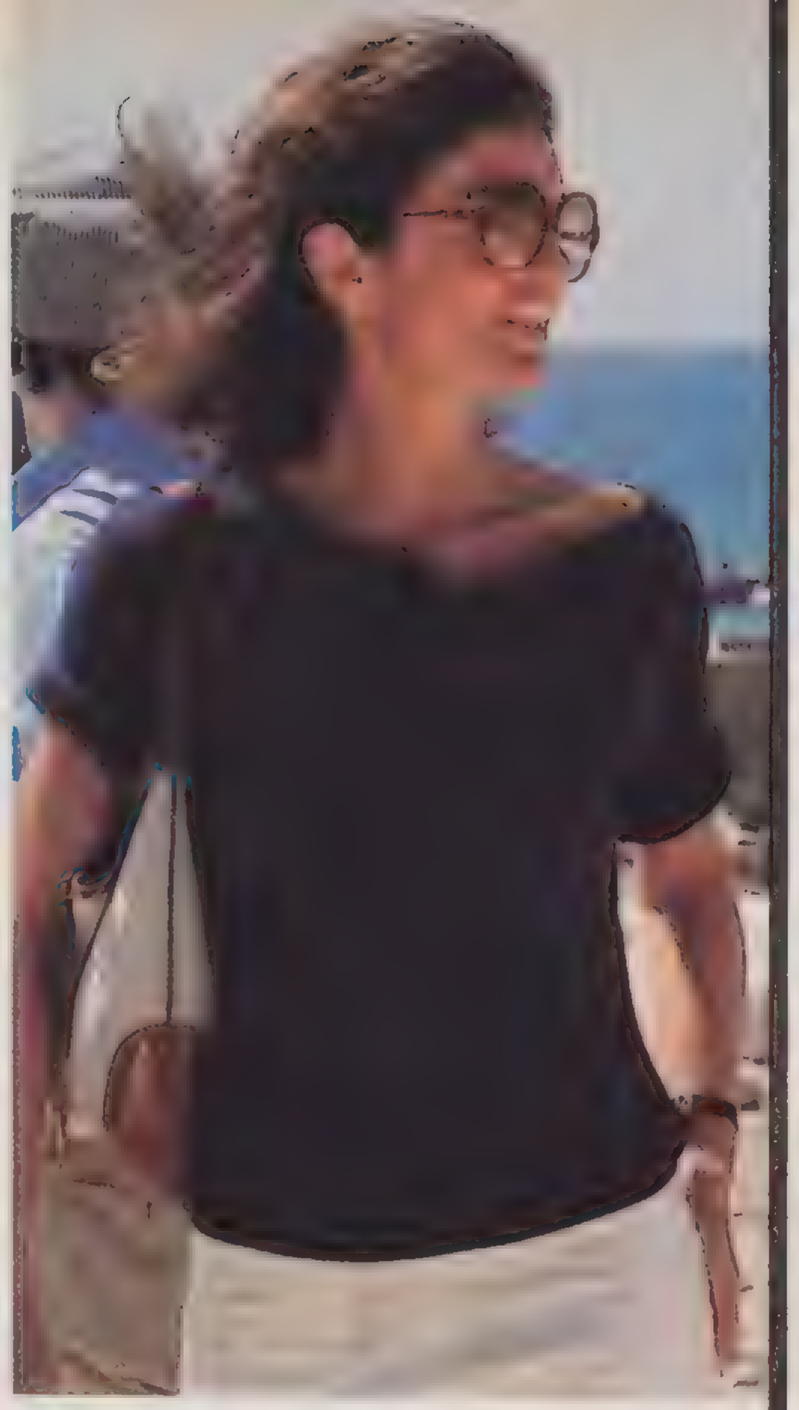
VIEW

REGAL INDIA: Jacqueline Onassis —in India, *right*—edits, for Doubleday, *A Second Paradise*. The book, on courtly Indian life, dress, rituals, is to be published in September.

Courtly Indian style, above: new costume jewels to be sold as part of The Metropolitan Museum of Art's gift shop collection. Below, true Indian opulence—in the Maharaja of Jodhpur's palace



Newswatch:

"Ther unique inspiration and original insight are what inspired the entire project," says Jacqueline Onassis of Diana Vreeland, Special Consultant to the Costume Institute of New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art. The project is A *Second Paradise: Indian Courtly Life 1590-1947*, which will be published next month by Doubleday in conjunction with Mrs. Vreeland's forthcoming (opening in December) Indian costume exhibit. The book documents the opulence in dress and way of life exhibited by Indian rulers from the sixteenth through the twentieth centuries.

To collect a variety of materials for the book, Mrs. Onassis visited several Indian provinces, including the stately Indian palaces of the Maharajas of Jaipur and Jodhpur, with Stuart Cary Welch, Curator of Islamic and Later Indian Art at the Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University. Explains Mr. Welch, "The worldly and other worldly often meet and merge in India, where a princely jade cup or a brocaded coat can be as spiritually moving as a shrine or sacred text."

Written by Naveen Patnaik, with illustrations in the Indian miniature style by Bannu, *A Second Paradise* establishes the lavish quality that was an inherent part of Indian court tradition: fabulous jewels from the famous Golconda and Tonk diamond and emerald mines, the lush romanticism of Indian houses where screens and blinds to keep out the scorching sun would be soaked in vetiver to scent the rooms. "Every sense is exalted to the highest degree in Indian courtly style," says Mrs. Onassis.

("View" continued on page 266)

TOHRU NAKAMURA, ROBERT PEDERSEN, WILLIAM KAREL-SYGMA

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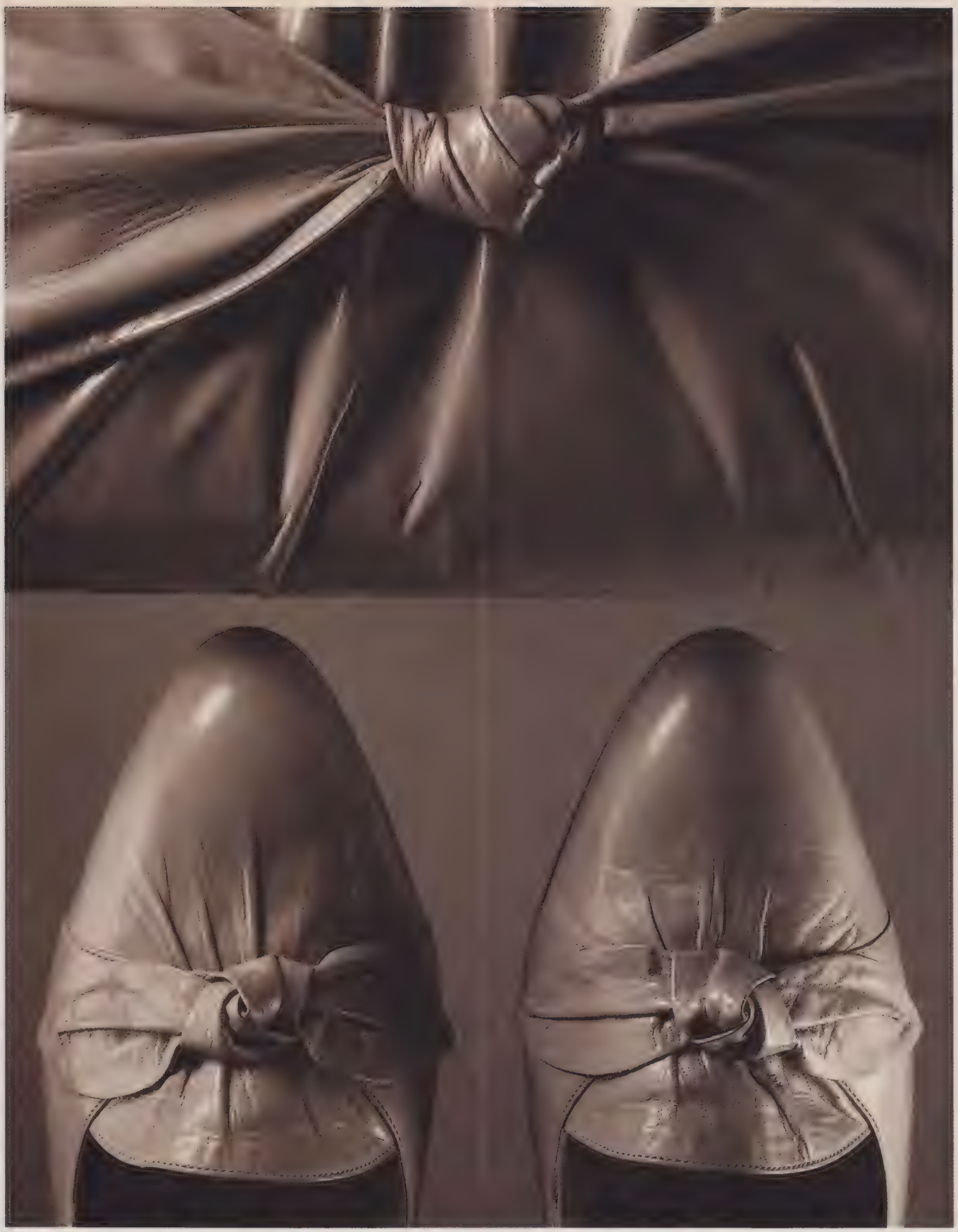

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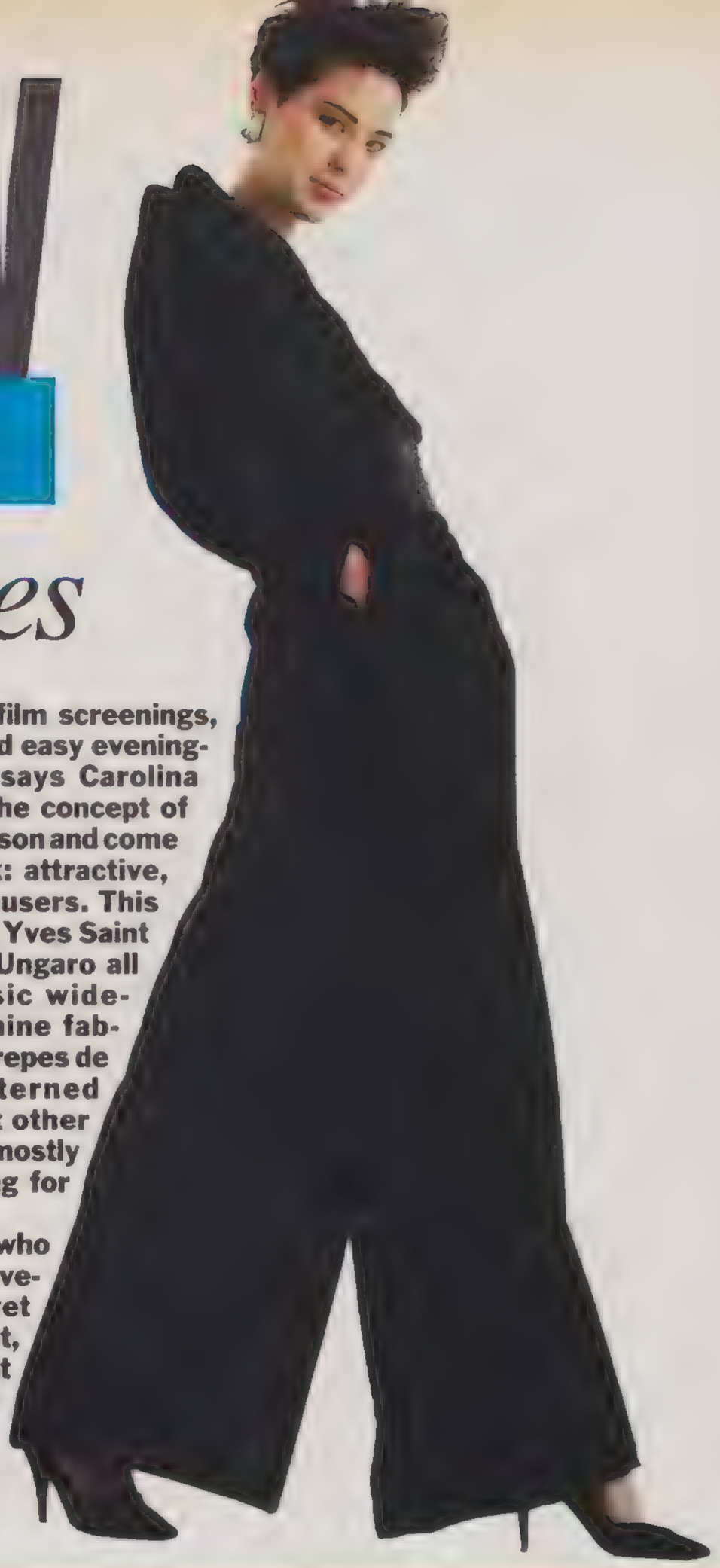
VIEW

Pyjama games



Gala events, small dinners, film screenings, cocktail parties all demand easy evening-clothes alternatives," says Carolina Herrera, who's taken the concept of dinner dressing this season and come up with a winning look: attractive, full-legged evening trousers. This fall, Herrera, Bill Blass, Yves Saint Laurent and Emanuel Ungaro all make tops and classic wide-legged pants in feminine fabrics—velvets, printed crepes de Chine, rich gold patterned silks—to offer elegant other options in a season of mostly slim, narrowed dressing for late day and dinner.

"It's just one look," adds Herrera, who creates the sleek appearance of an evening jumpsuit from two black-velvet separate pieces, *right*. "Women want, more and more, to move in a free, easy, less constricted way at night. They want dressy concepts, even when a ballgown isn't called for. Velvet pyjamas can go to a black-tie dinner as well as to a casual bistro."

At Thierry Mugler, the influence of the Swinging 'Sixties leads to racy evening pyjamas, *above:* black satin trousers with a belted ottoman jacket. Stephen Sprouse cuts pyjamas in gold lamé or pyjama bell-bottoms in purple panne velvet. Bill Blass works his pyjamas in overblown-rose print fabric.

ROYAL FLUSH:

Not since her Royal Wedding was televised from St. Paul's Cathedral has the Princess of Wales' private wardrobe been such a media topic as it is now. Here, in John Boyd's pink version of a Royal portrait hat, the Princess on last spring's seventeen-day grand tour of Italy. The new Royal style? With dash.

FALL FOCUS: FASHION EVENTS

Big Apple Fashion Month, September: Azzedine Alaïa shows his fall collections for Bergdorf Goodman at the Palladium September 4; September 10, at New York's Saks Fifth Avenue, the annual SFA/USA American Designer evening features Adolfo, Bill Blass, Geoffrey Beene, Oscar de la Renta, Carolina Herrera, Mary McFadden (proceeds go to six important charities including the American Cancer Society). First ever: Chanel couture on September 23 at the Metropolitan Opera, after the opening of *Tosca*, Zeffirelli's controversial production. (*"View" continued on page 268*)

RODGER DUNCAN, © TIM GRAHAM-SYGMA, GRILHAULT DES FONTAINES. Hair by Hamid, makeup by Bobbi Brown

Photo: Rudy Molacek

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VIEW

***A**ccessories are my special thing. Why shouldn't I do them from head to toe?" says Maud Frizon, Paris-based shoe designer, now offering in her shops silk scarves in witty shoe-motif prints, sunglasses in simulated horn, marble. What's next? "Maybe a hat collection, something I've dreamed about."*

BERTRAND MARIGNAC

SHADES OF THE FUTURE

No longer mere decorative whims or quick asides, sunglasses framed the newest fashion silhouettes on runways in Paris. They became leading accessories, vital to total turnouts, at Alaïa and YSL. Karl Lagerfeld sportswear in New York showed black sun shields as part of dramatic black daytime dressing. Fifties-traditional glasses paired with everything from twin-set cashmeres at Chanel to Issey Miyake's new versions of redingotes. At YSL, classic sunglasses were always part of the look for day leathers (*above left*), jersey dressing, classic suit versatility. Azzedine Alaïa likes sleek sunglasses dyed to match a variety of fall/winter turnouts (*above right*) such as his suede skirt and curved shawl sweater jacket.

newswatch: Coming from Little, Brown: *Billy Baldwin: An Autobiography*, with Michael Gardine. Until his retirement—at age seventy—in 1973, Billy Baldwin was considered a dean of American interior design, known for his famous "tortoiseshell" room for Cole Porter, for his work with such clients as Bunny Mellon, Mary Wells Lawrence. For this memoir, Baldwin—before his death in 1983—vividly recalled high times: arranging lunch for Princess Grace on Nantucket, hunting lamps for the Duchess of Windsor, his many years of friendship with Mrs. Gilbert Miller, wife of the theatrical impresario. Of Kitty Miller, he remembered, "Kitty dressed for dinner every night of her life. She dressed for breakfast every morning....In bed, she was fully made-up...." *("View" continued on page 270)*

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RANDOM HOUSE

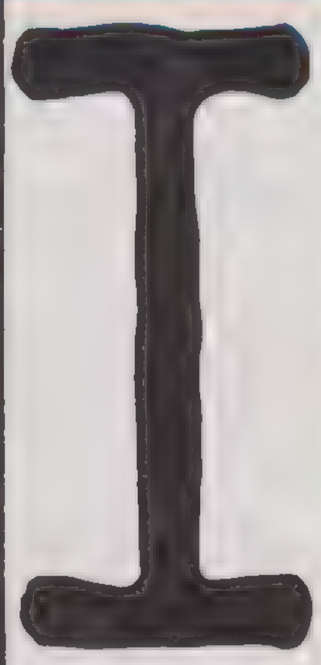
VIEW

LEATHERED UP

The little black turnout at night: this season, for the first time, basic black turns up in leather. Not just a simple shirt, skirt or jacket, black leather now is being worked as a total look, often draped and softly shaped like exquisite offerings in fine taffetas or silk crepes de Chine.

"What I did was a 'parallel Chanel' idea," says Karl Lagerfeld of his new black leather knee-length bustier dress (*right*) with softly draped bustle in the back. "Chanel was the first to take jersey and make attractive clothes for women from fabric used for polo underwear. I thought why not take leather, a fabric normally used for hard, definite lines, and make it feminine at night?"

At Ungaro, the perennial coatdress has evolved to a new leather version for both day and night. Ungaro's beautifully draped, notched-lapel evening coatdress (*far right*) is for elegant restaurant-going, bistro dinners, movie openings. Important to the evening-dressing look: dressier accessories—luxe furs, high heels, glamorous evening boots, dinner hats, dramatic chokers.



New Shop Talk: Zoran

In lower Manhattan, Zoran, the minimalist designer, has created a new fashion retail environment. Converting his old workroom, showroom, and private living loft in an industrial building into a new Zoran shop, he says, "I wanted a look that was like coming to a studio apartment." Zoran's "shop": all white floors (three coats of epoxy) with the patina of fine ivory, *Boris Gudunof* or Mozart quartet taped music, offerings of Italian bottled water and fresh fruit from low refrigerator cabinets. "When a woman shops here," says Zoran, "she usually spends at least two hours. My concept of clothes is always building up, adding upon the idea the woman creates. Customers should never enter thinking of the latest look, the big trend. A woman only has to state what she needs and what purpose the clothes will serve—travel, an evening out, an important appointment." New offerings: "hacking caps" in cashmere, taffeta, or lamé, a new collection of shoes, outscaled cashmere V-neck cardigans to put with flannel trousers, signature chiffon skirts. To come: an L.A. Zoran "boutique." In NYC, Zoran is open by appointment; sales help work with one individual at a time. Zoran: 214 Sullivan St.; 212/674-6087

(*"View" continued on page 276*)

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ANDREA BEHAR

jabé

VIEW

people in fashion are talking about what's coming...

What's new: sportswear-by-night...the "little black dress" of the year...shopping New York, Paris, the world by mail...jewelry finds, jewelry stashes

People are talking about: In Paris, slated to open next month, a first-time boutique for designer Jean-Paul Gaultier. And in Gaultier—nonconformist—fashion, the shop will be the only Paris outlet for his clothes—and in the second-arrondissement heart of Paris. To watch for: men's things, women's things, accessories, made-to-order models. At 6 Rue Vivienne, Paris....
For followers of Calvin Klein, what's new: a Calvin Klein collection of lingerie. The name of the game is totally pared-down pieces, "sportswear" separates, such recognizably Calvin Klein colors as taupe and cream, favorite fabrics crepe de Chine and charmeuse....
For fans (and most women these days are) of catalogue shopping, good news: this fall, such major fashion names as Hermès, H. Stern, and Benetton are each introducing, for the U.S., their first by-mail catalogues. Prospective shopping-by-brochure....

"The little black dress often has gone longer, covered, highly body-conscious"

What's happened to the little black dress? For fall, you'll find, it's often gone longer or more covered; by virtue of its cut and soft jersey or velvet fabric, it's still highly body-conscious. That might translate as a long bias-cut black velvet dress at Bill Blass with rhinestone buttons on the sleeve or a soft-skirted crew-neck dress at Stephen Sprouse in crushed black velvet. In a season of quite wonderful—quite endless—options in black dresses for night, nearly every designer (YSL, Ungaro, Geoffrey Beene, Ralph Lauren, Valentino, Karl Lagerfeld) has some version. What it points to, suggests for months to come: different ways to do "body" shapes, some clearly feminine fashion. Where longer, fuller "sportswear" skirts for night have shown up this season—be that pleated gold lamé at Giorgio Armani, tulle at Comme des Garçons, or Ralph Lauren's full skirt in black leather—they've been runway standouts. Their fullness still falls from a narrow hip, and it's an attractive notion.

In a fall season when you seek out different evening-dressing options, lingerie designers, it seems, are offering up some standout pyjamas; geared more often to at-home than to going-out, these pyjamas are still decidedly "dressed" fashion. What you'll find: new—very polished—pyjama dressing, in everything from Sami's black charmeuse cut close to the body...to tapered-leg pants and tank top from Whittall & Shon in paisley panne velvet...to big men's-style options in a fabric as un-mannish as, say, pin-dot violet charmeuse. At-home gold pyjamas, this fall, might come jailbird-striped in black (Vinh Pham) or cut with a camisole top and grand "smoking" robe cuffed in quilted black velvet, as Andre van Pier does it. Oscar de la Renta's satin-edged gold lamé T-shirt and soft pants are a "pyjama" in name only: lavish enough for almost any-evening dressing....Promised for fall: For a world with, seemingly, brand-name everything, now there will be logo-inscribed diamonds, too. Starting in October, Lazare Kaplan, one of the world's best-known cutters and polishers of diamonds, will be laser-inscribing stones with identifying numbers and the company's logo. The diamonds, typically bought by some of the largest U.S. jewelers, will have the capacity to have additional purchaser's monogram or message added as well. Magnifying glass does not come with the inscription.

Looking backward: Collectors have long been drawn to 1920s and '30s—even turn-of-the-century—jewels; but single, remarkable antique pieces, now, also seem to be quietly showing up on a wide range of fashionable women. They're not only Deco: At New York City's Fred Leighton shop, for example, vintage Cartier and Tiffany pieces include link bracelets of precious stones, elaborate diamond clips, ornamental seed pearl chokers. Equally appealing are tasseled necklaces, jeweled pendants, drop earrings from the days of the Raj. The lure? Craftsmanship, some of the best design from the heydays of fine jewels. What the trend may point to, too: a certain—certainly growing—desire, again, for somewhat special, decorative jewelry.

What's new? A new Stéphane Kélian shop on New York's Madison Avenue, the first-ever U.S. boutique for Kélian, a most whimsical of Paris shoe designers. Included there: imaginative flats, boots, basketball "sneaks" (high tops and low) of a wonderfully unathletic sort—dress sneaks in gold Lurex, sueded pigskin, shiny paisley-printed leathers. All are part of a new "sports"-oriented collection—geared, specially, to American men and women...."Mickey Mouse fashion" isn't an approbation but a wildly successful new cartoon-character clothes collection introduced last spring by J.G. Hook. What's coming for fall? Prepped-up new Mickey "classics": Mickey Mouse varsity jackets, letter sweaters, crew necks embroidered with the mouse himself. Mickey marks the discreet breast-pocket emblem of a neat blazer—in navy, of course.

As a TV character, *The Avengers'* Emma Peel may be around only in reruns, but her style lives: this year, black glasses, knit hoods, black body suits—the accoutrements of space-age spy—are apparent everywhere, in downtown or decidedly uptown fashion. Quasi-military suits are filling the world of fashionable ''ski,'' bringing plenty of zippers, drawstrings, clasps, pockets. New in crinkled nylons, ''satins,'' almost weightless jumpsuits can be layered over sweats or body-dressing pieces for slopes in cold weather. Another boon of the season: plenty of the dark—black, navy, grey—ski clothes loved by European women. Where color comes in, often, is in linings, in ''accessories'': traffic-light yellow or red Atomic skis, ski poles in neons, Carrera orange-frame ski goggles. —KATHLEEN MADDEN

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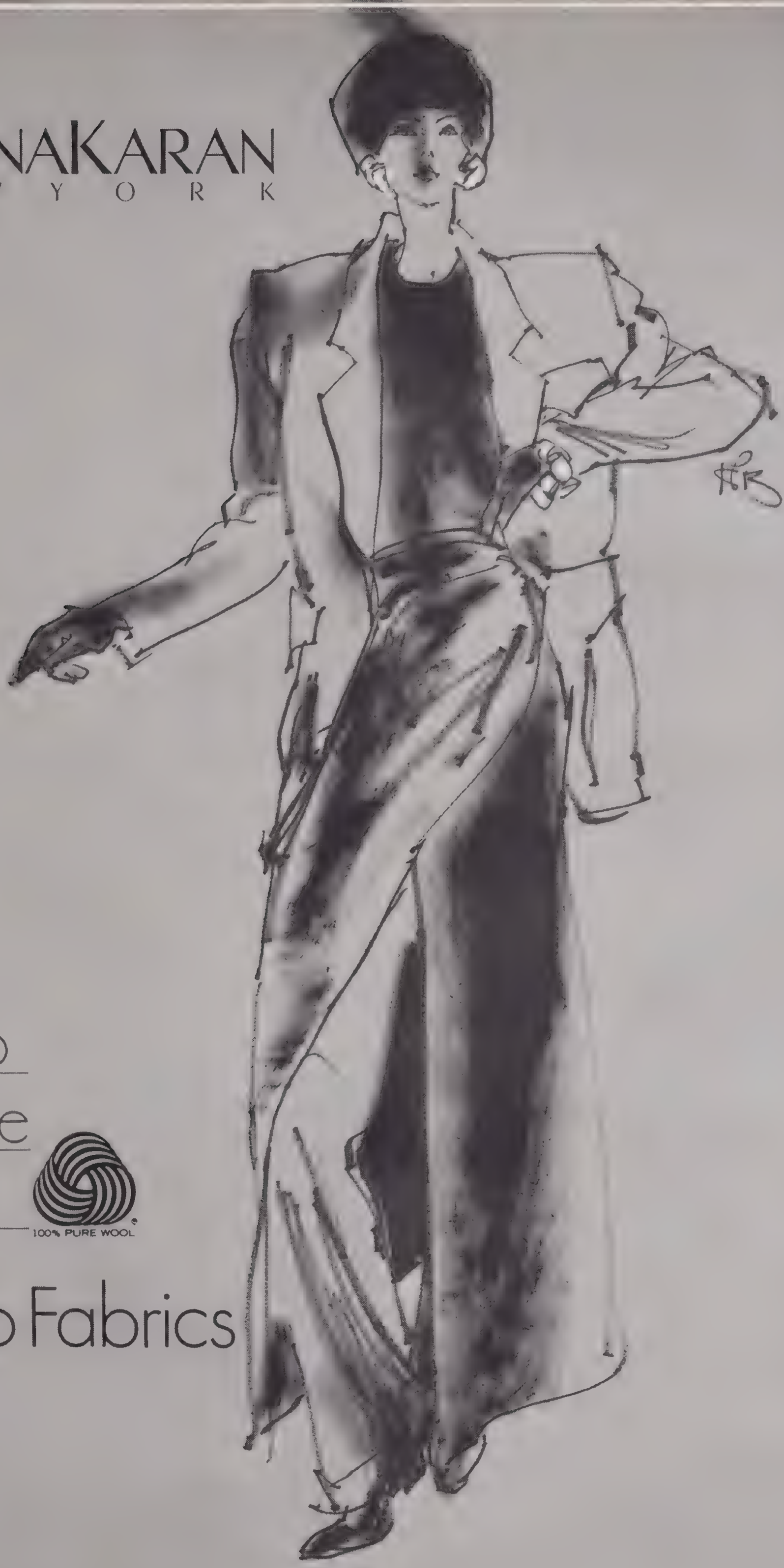

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A CONVERSATION ABOUT FASHION AND TIME AND HAVING THEM BOTH ON YOUR SIDE... FOR A CHANGE

In an issue with an emphasis on active women and active lives, the question of time is raised again and again. In a fashion sense, it often comes down to this: no time to shop, no time to really "get a look together," no time to fill in the missing pieces—there's simply too much out there, too few hours in any day.

The truth is: it may be easier than you think to get what you need, what you want. It isn't always a question of time—in most cases, the problem is indecision. Yes, there is a lot out there, but if you approach it with a plan, it's much easier to find what you want, and to do it in less time. What that takes—as obvious as it sounds—*knowing* what you want in advance. It isn't enough to drift into a store and hope to be inspired. That's not only a surefire time-waster, it leaves you wide open to costly spur-of-the-moment mistakes. You have to have a good idea of what you're looking for before you start to look.

How to do that? From year to year, for most of us, fashion requirements don't change all that much. There are, based on what you do, where you live, certain givens, certain definite needs. It's a matter of pinpointing those needs. And, for most of us, those needs center on daytime dressing and day-to-dinner dressing.

This is an issue about that kind of dressing—the best day and dinner looks—clothes with a heightened sense of attractiveness. And it's an issue about the accessories that give those clothes a different kind of impact, accessories with a new strength, new presence...and about the lingerie that goes underneath to give shape and definition to a look. In short, it's an issue planned around the things you need most.

It starts with day dressing. The news: there are two different approaches, two different schools of thought on the subject. Both of them represent changes. Both of them share the line, the proportion that defines the season: a squarer shoulder, a narrower torso, a smaller waist, and for day, in most cases, a just-to-the-knee length. There is a body-consciousness, a femininity of shape that's pervasive...and it sets up a framework in which other changes begin to happen.

The first approach to day dressing revolves around a "base." Meaning: you start with a small, body-fitting top—a new turtleneck or newly designed body suit—nine times out of ten, in black. With that top, narrower black trousers or a narrow short skirt—nine times out of ten, in jersey (to give you an idea of the color/texture that predominate). From there, it's a question of building, of adding other new-shape pieces—jackets and coats—to get the look, the effect you want.

The way you get from that base to a suit...you start with a turtleneck and trousers in black jersey, and then you add a short, shaped jacket, fitted in at the waist—a jacket that's nothing like a blazer, nothing like anything man-tailored. A possible variation: you could start with a new black body suit and add a narrow leather skirt and a matching leather jacket—strong-shouldered, body-molded. As a way of dinner dressing, that body suit in jersey, with a new jersey sarong wrapped over it. Or, over a black turtleneck and black leather skirt, a wonderfully ornamental jacket—in gold leather, in tapestry. You get the idea—and it's an idea that makes for fast, racy, uncomplicated dressing.

The other side of day: a more obviously softer, more varied, and slightly more decorative way of dressing. Depending on what you need, it means finding clothes that answer those needs and do it with an appealing femininity. A suit, in this way of dressing, might be in a thin wool jersey or tweed, with a shaped-and-belted jacket, a short narrow skirt. A more unconventional alternative: a beautifully designed blouse—with a strong shoulder, strong shape—over a beautifully designed, high-waisted narrow skirt. The key—these are pieces that have a little more to them.

As you move from day to late day, you find that the idea of something "extra" continues. It could be a new shaped suit in a new romantic tapestry or "upholstery" fabric. And for drinks-then-dinner dressing, a decorative jersey dress—the kind of dress that becomes a standby. These are all perfect examples—prototypes—a special jersey dress, a more movable, more dressed suit—that indicate new directions, new places to look for answers.

No question, the impact accessories have on fashion has never been greater. One reason: on both sides of daytime dressing, there's a distinct simplicity of shape, a darkness of coloring. What's needed is an element of "enrichment," an added contrast...a contrast that comes from dramatic new accessories and comes, most often, from dramatic new gold.

The most striking difference: gold with a whole new character, with a whole new coloring—a rich, vibrant, antique-y gold. And that coloring is worked in strong shapes—in super-wide filigree cuffs set with huge chunky stones...in thick chain links...in strand-on-strand-on-strand charm bracelets. Earrings are stronger—there's a rounded, bolder version of a hoop that goes with everything. And, at the neckline, rows of sculptured gold beads—the perfect contrast on a simple black turtleneck.

Equally striking—and indicative of the season's sense of finish—the new ornamentation of gloves. The most inventive, most daring, most irresistible gloves have been used by designers to complete a look, to dress an arm. Some of the most intriguing effects in fashion now come from the trompe l'oeil play of gloves and sleeves and bracelets. What sets gloves apart beyond the interesting colors and textures (again, counterpoints to black and to the smooth surfaces of jersey, of cashmere)—the fact that gloves are now studded, beaded, fringed, hand-painted, embroidered, embossed, jeweled, dazzled with silver and gold.

Another strong area of change—lingerie, which plays an important new role this fall. With the narrowness, with the body-conscious nature of clothes, there's the need for added smoothness underneath, for a certain "hold." It isn't a case of old-fashioned, heavy-duty control. But there is a new body-shaping, a new body-enhancing that comes from the use of stretch lace and other stretch fabrics...in seamless, molded teddies and all-in-ones...and from new bras that are wider, curvier to provide shaping through the torso. These are pieces you need for their holding power, and want for their very beguiling appearance.

The most provocative, most glorious ornamentation this fall—not in a "real" accessory—but in a little jacket that acts as an accessory at night. A jacket baroque in character, with sequined or beaded patterns, elaborate embroidered or appliquéd designs, deep jewel-like colorings, out-and-out dazzle. These are jackets to wear over a simple, pure, narrow base...to wear for many seasons to come: they are collectors' items.

There is, day and night, a strong consistency of shape that makes it easier to focus on the news. Take jackets. Whether it's one of the evening "fantasy" jackets described above or a jacket for day, the best are very short—above-the-waist length—with a strong, square shoulder. The same shape, the same line applies even in fur. And when it comes to coats, the most prevalent, most versatile—the 7/8-length coat, square-shouldered, straight-falling—whether in cashmere, velvet, alpaca, or in sable (the season's most prevalent fur). Another coat to watch: a longer coat—to just above the ankle—especially dashing in fur.

By knowing what's what, by identifying in advance the elements that stand out, you gain an immediate advantage. By plotting your needs and using this issue as a guide to answers, you have an added advantage—one that can make a real difference in terms of time and money and energy saved at the start of a new fashion season. More than that, you're doing everything possible to get the best of fashion—the best from a standpoint of the season's news, and the best in the sense of how well something works for you. And when you have that, you have fashion on your side.

1985 STYLE

ACTIVE STYLE

Starting with the perfect image—a woman gaining a handle on time—a special twenty-two page look at active style—and active women. A look at what's changing, what really counts, with an emphasis on what you can do not only to look better, but to feel better and work better. A look at ways to use time effectively (five international women as outstanding examples) with an end to having—and enjoying—more time for yourself...

ACTIVE STYLE '85

ACTIVE

two different concepts of dressing,

Within the framework of the season's key news—the move to feminine, body-conscious looks and the emphasis on finish—are two different concepts of dressing. Each equally attractive. Each capable of coping with active-day-through-low-key-evening agendas. One—worn on these twelve pages by Paulina—is keyed to a streamlined base: a spare top and narrow pants or skirt, which works on its own or as the starting point for the new-shape, new-proportion jackets and coats. The other—worn by Laetitia Firmin-Didot—has substantially the same line and shape, but a more decorative, more dressed attitude. The difference is subtle...but telling

Arthur Elgort

Alternatives...

two ways to interpret the news

For every degree of dressing, day and night, the best "base": a black turtleneck (key top) and soft-but-lean trousesrs (newest in wool jersey). *Opposite*, on Paulina, those base pieces under one of the best new jackets—square shouldered, lightly fitted, short. It's tailored and very versatile but far from a blazer, from anything masculine, from anything you're likely to already own. All by Calvin Klein. Wool jersey knit turtleneck, about $132. Trousers, about $192. Wool jacket, about $380. Sept., Altman's; Nan Duskin; Jacobson's; Baliet's; Sakowitz; Emporium Capwell, San Francisco.

The other side of the coin! Laetitia, above, wears Karl Lagerfeld's wonderful, big-shouldered white wool challis blouse with one of the season's high-waisted, slim, long skirts. It has all the finish of a dress or suit, but the look is softer, more decorative, and very appealing. Plus, it moves readily on to a low-key evening. KL by Karl Lagerfeld. Shirt, about $175; wool gabardine skirt, about $195. Bonwit Teller; Sara Fredericks, Boston; Saks-Jandel; Karl Lagerfeld Boutique, Denver; Torie Steele, Beverly Hills; I. Magnin. These twelve pages: hair, Christiaan; makeup, Lydia Snyder. Fashion details, more stores, next to last pages.

Perfect dressing for fast-track days, one of the season's long-jacket suits. The one here from Stephen Sprouse in black wool gabardine—worn by Paulina—the jacket fitted close to the body, buttoned from the small collar to below the hip, with the narrowest pants, a long-sleeved black silk-and-wool jersey T-shirt. The effect is trim, unflappable ...very dashing. Jacket, about $640. Pants, about $280. Shirt, about $160. September at Barneys New York; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Ultimo, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus; Maxfield, Los Angeles; I. Magnin.

And Laetitia in a suit from Geoffrey Beene, as small as a suit can be—of charcoal wool knit that folds up to nothing—a long belted jacket with his hallmark ornamental buttons; the season's skirt-to-have: slim, straight, to-the-knee; a matching tank top. You'd be hard pressed to find a look that's more attractive or more likely to become a standby. Fabric by Guigou. About $1880. Mid-September at Altman's, New [illegible] Rich's, Ballet [illegible] Amen [illegible] th CA [illegible] ores [illegible] issue

No matter which dressing concept you choose on a particular day, one constant you're always dealing with is a look that's pulled together and polished. Another constant: a shape that starts with strong shoulders, then moves close to the body, accenting or creating the look of a small waist, slim hips. Perfect example: Azzedine Alaïa's brown leather suit with a zipped jacket; a slim, short skirt. Underneath: another of the season's best bases: a silky black back-buttoned body suit. Worn by Paulina. Jacket, about $1040. Skirt, about $530. Body suit, about $260. Barneys, New York; Colitti, Millburn NJ; Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL; Ultimo, Chicago; Alaia Chez Gallay, Beverly Hills. Jewelry, Paloma Picasso for Tiffany & Co.

ATTRACTIVE ALTERNATIVES...

What exists this season: clothes that go from late day to dinner, clothes that make you look and feel "dressed" but not "dressed up"—and that's a category much needed by women on-the-go. Here, two variations on the theme. First, one of the outstanding body suits that were the key to Donna Karan's first on-her-own collection. This one in black wool crepe jersey with a narrow wool jersey tube skirt that's worn rolled down at the waist, stops just above the ankle...in the longest, leanest line. This is what we mean about base dressing working beautifully on its own. Donna Karan New York. Worn by Paulina. Body suit (fabric by Sarti), about $170. Skirt (fabric by Jasco), about $110. Late Sept., Saks Fifth Avenue; Kaufmann's; Burdines; Tootsies, Houston; Maxfield, Los Angeles; I. Magnin.

Attractive Alternatives_

Second, Emanuel Ungaro's different but equally outstanding, equally this-minute version of "dressed" but not "dressed up." His short, slim leather dress, as soft, feminine, and body-revealing as silk, and just as appropriate for a low-key evening. Worn by Laetitia. About $1450. September at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Emanuel Ungaro Boutiques, Bal Harbor FL; Houston; Loretta Blum, Dallas; Creeds, Toronto. Details, more stores, see next to last pages this issue.

Arthur Elgort

ATTRACTIVE ALTERNATIVES...

The fabric words that mark the season: tapestry, paisley, brocade—conjure up images of texture, pattern, color; add an element of ornamentation wherever they're used. Ralph Lauren's trim, tailored, unaffected jacket takes on a whole new character and range in this warm floral tapestry, works almost any hour of the day or night. Worn by Paulina. Jacket, about $600. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Birmingham MI; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Indianapolis IN; Dayton's; Polo/Ralph Lauren, St. Louis MO.... *Beauty Note:* More pretty Ralph Lauren—his Pink Crystal lip color.

Arthur Elgort

And, in muted taupe-purple tones, Bill Blass's paisley wool suit—the single-button jacket, short and very shapely; the short skirt, slim and very straight. Underneath, a soft-falling, sleeveless wrap blouse of paisley chiffon. It's an irresistible juxtaposition, this impeccable tailoring with softness, with romantic fabrics. Worn by Laetitia. Suit, about $4250 (suit fabric, Clarence House). Sept. at Saks Fifth Avenue; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour. To order at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin; Liberty House of Hawaii. Details, see next to last pages.

Attractive Alternatives...

The ultimate in ''base dressing'': Saint Laurent Rive Gauche's easy leather wrap jacket over a turtleneck sweater, and a short, narrow leather skirt. Worn by Paulina. Jacket, about $1295. Skirt, about $550. Sweater, about $195. Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Washington DC; Coconut Grove FL; Oakbrook IL; San Francisco. ...*Beauty Note:* Yves Saint Laurent Beauté's low-key, pretty lipstick #34 in Coppered Gold. Details, more stores, next to last pages.

Arthur Elgort

ACTIVE LI

IN OUR DRIVE FOR BETTER, FULLER LIVES WE JUGGLE HEALTH THE PURSUIT OF GOALS, THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS, AND

TIME Our relationship to time makes sense —or mincemeat—of all aspects of our lives BY IRENE BORGER

I once flagged a NYC cab and said, "Penn Station, and step on it." The cabbie turned to me and slowly took his cigar from his mouth. "Lady, it will take as long as it takes." Tell that to a mogul with a call out to the Coast, or to a parent with a child in the backseat of a car. We're hooked on speed and the control of it—Balanchine dancers, Concorde jets, the flash of a sushi chef's knife. We hurtle through time, wondering how much we can cram into a day. There are a million stories in the Naked City, and each is being told at breakneck speed.

Once upon a time, there was a time for every purpose under heaven. Man saw day and night and changing seasons and gained control by marking the phases down. In the Bronze Age one had morning, afternoon, and night. By the Middle Ages monks were ringing church bells every hour. During the Renaissance mechanical clocks appeared, and regular ticking established time in the West. Life itself quickened.

Flash forward: the Industrial Age. The rhythm of machines created schedules; a monster was born with the face of a pocket watch. Time became objectified: empty containers, according to anthropologist Edward T. Hall, waiting to be filled on the conveyer belt of life. In the world of work, one's productivity became the measure of one's worth, and sweatshop owners booted the invisible world of the sacred out the door. "If you don't come in on Sunday, don't come in on Monday," nineteenth-century factory signs read.

In societies such as our own and other Northern European cultures, schedules are valued more than people. Life proceeds like clockwork, trains run on time, and we're asked to "prioritize," to focus sequentially on one thing at a time. We invest in time—"which can be saved, spent, wasted, lost, made up, crawling, killed, and running out," according to Hall—and expect interest to accrue. In Mediterranean and Arab societies, time unfolds as life emerges in it. Schedules are loose, people are tightly knit, relationships are more important than clocks, and stories go on for a thousand nights.

There's a reason why a little lady was once behind each man: it takes enormous time and energy to ride the track of success. In a fragmented life, we have too many roles to play. In a world without barn raisings and quilting bees, intimacy is rarely threaded into the day. Time is segmented: personal *or* professional. We do not see our cousins fetching water at the well. We schedule friends into our books.

Having a holistic life means that body, career, family, society-at-large, and friends all vie for time. But these multiple demands fracture life. If a meeting runs over, you'll never make yoga class. Lose an hour of concentration with three or four telephone calls. Meet someone special for dinner and someone important for drinks, take an extra degree, work a ten-hour day, and you're traveling at breakdance speed. Keep it up for too long, and you're out of control.

It's become a status symbol to be too busy to talk. The drug of the 'sixties was marijuana; no accident that the stuff of the 'eighties is cocaine.

Once I saw a man who'd written some of the best films around excuse himself from his dining table. We were eating outside. It was summer. The yard overlooked the sea. I watched his lanky frame move slowly down the hill until he reached his telescope with which he gazed at the moon. We need holes in time, daydreaming, train rides, lovers—or at least novels—in the middle of the night. Tillie Olsen arises before dawn to have time to write. Colette's mother stayed at home to watch a special flower grow. A lawyer friend of mine learned by the age of twenty to think aggressively, to focus only on problems that were at hand. He kept time reports in ten-minute increments, and rose right up the ladder of success. Now he's turning down offers so that he can have the freedom to manage his own time. He's paid a price for this in dollars, but he doesn't think about cases when he makes love with his wife.

Yes, we want the lover with the slow hands, but during the day we prize the person who can talk fast, make decisions on his feet. The culture that cries you're only as good as your last (fill in the blank) is like the bull in the china shop of time. We want jobs done *pronto:* we force bulbs of friendships to bloom regardless of how long this really might take. We rage, rage, rage against the dying of the light: youth cult, hollow men, no relationships-with-tenure, and all too much to do. How old can you be and still have a child? Wasn't Yoko already forty-three? And what about the clock of the nuclear age, the one that reads minutes to midnight? Careers may be rising, but the race now is against a much greater time.

We're already aware of the prices we pay. Heart attacks at forty, not ever cooking real meals for friends, turning on the phone machine to screen calls. Our pulses beat fast, it feels like a whirl, but it's two months before I hear of the death of my next door neighbor's child. Something is very wrong here. "Have any hobbies?" a kindly woman on the airplane asked me. Hobbies? Talking on the telephone was all that I could say. After all, in the age of network-

VES '85

AND WEALTH, TIME AND TEMPERS,
THE WISDOM TO KNOW THE DIFFERENCE...

ing, it's good to stay in touch.

From the diseases of the age, a picture of our culture emerges. Besides Type A "hurry sickness" and workaholism, there's the "Peter Pan Syndrome." The eternal youth can't stand to grow old: no commitments or limitations, only flying high, consuming all that's new. Some people fill themselves with too much food; others cram their time with events. The compulsions can only increase since neither food nor frenzy really fills loneliness.

The culture in which we live imbeds values in us. Zen monks and New York taxi drivers represent the poles of the human attitude toward time. When the door slammed to the sacred, we got stuck in a yellow medallion cab and lost the vehicle for moving out of time. But we take the journey as children and as lovers, still. Artists, poets, madmen venture back and forth. We try to move into other worlds on vacations, but rarely attempt to still the mind each day.

But we are not machines. The body has its cycles; creativity has its gestation time. Einstein came up with solutions while shaving. It's not imperative to go off to Tahiti; yet, it may be crucial to learn to close the door. Whether we're engaged in work or making love, when the natural rhythm is allowed to break through, that's when we fly, when we're most alive. Time is frozen, yet passes with brilliant speed. We must learn what it means to have the time of our lives.

Irene Borger *is a writer living in Los Angeles.*

CUTTING BACK

What women want now is breathing space

BY AMY GROSS

A TV documentary focused on an attractive investment banker. She was single, twenty-seven years old, making over a hundred thousand dollars a year, and, according to the narrator, "ninety-hour work weeks don't tax her at all." Then the banker said, "I'm not really working as hard as I would like to work...I'm looking forward to gearing up even more aggressively."

Feeling sorry for her, feeling in fact a kind of horror, I began to suspect that my idea of sanity may be changing. A few years ago, this woman burning up the fast track would have struck me as admirable; now she strikes me as loony. Instead of being motivated by success stories, I get tired.

What is inspiring now are a few subversive women who are cutting back on work, who are making room for things they've pressed to the side or eliminated entirely for the sake of greater productivity. Things, some might say, like life.

Donna Shalala, for instance, president of Hunter College, told me that she no longer works on weekends. I, who have my work sent home in cartons for the weekends, was awed. (I, writing this on a lovely Sunday afternoon in the country, am still awed.) Shalala came to Hunter five years ago from a job in the Carter Administration. "After fifteen years of working all the time, I was burned out and ready to reassess how I worked," she says. "I had made it, and realized it wouldn't make any difference now whether I worked weekends or not." She still lives under enormous pressure, she says, "but I take three to four weeks off in the summer and I absolutely wind down on weekends—play tennis, read novels, sometimes do nothing at all. I try to slow myself down. Yes, it's a function of age [she's forty-four], but also of a certain self-confidence. I'm no longer anxious."

She's also no longer driving herself onward and upward. "I saw that it's so narrow at the top, that to make it any farther just meant killing myself for the next ten years."

Designer Eileen Rosenthal had been killing herself for only a year when, at age twenty-eight, she quit a high-pressure job that promised money and fame for a job with a lower salary that simply made her "happy." I am suspicious of the word "happy" and wonder if fear of success has not had its way with her. She argues that fear of success manifests itself as an inability to work, and that *(Continued on page 378)*

TIME PROFILES

How five women—from the U.S., Russia, Italy, Japan—map out their full days

BY SHIRLEY LORD

Who can be counted among today's heroines? Those who plan and use their time so effectively, effortlessly, that they achieve more in a day than most of us achieve in a week.

But is there a trait, a common denominator, a special set of circumstances which can "explain" these successful super-busy twelve- to fourteen-hour-a-day movers and shakers? Can they explain *themselves* how they appear to "eat their cake and have it, too?"

Exploring the lives of five women from different parts of the world, all of whom epitomize boundless energy and enthusiasm for life, gave some clues and—perhaps without any of them realizing how many—some important pointers as to how they combine astonishing productivity with a joyous private life.

"I treat life like...like chewing gum, seeking and finding 'time stretchers,' always reminding myself if I can find time for myself, I will always have the time, the energy for others." It is 7:30 A.M. in Milan, and Dr. Federica Olivares is beginning her working day with our telephone interview. As partner in one of the major management consulting companies in Italy, the only female columnist on *Capital*, a national professional management magazine, associate professor of organizational behavior at Bocconi University, cofounder and vice president *(Continued)*

(Continued) of the European Woman's Development Network, and recently founder of Prima Donna, a research resource to help companies reach working women, Federica Olivares obviously uses her "time stretchers" well. Last year, she remarried, to forty-year-old bachelor Mario Carlo Ferrario, a lawyer with a D.B.A. from Harvard. "This meant more reorganization—to find an apartment big enough for two people who had lived separate lives for many years. We found a huge three-hundred-square-meters apartment so that we could each have our own bathroom, gym corners, studies. I like to say my life is 'time unlimited,' and simple things help: organizing my wardrobe into three areas, formal, informal, and evening; things such as spending a long time searching for office space I could walk to in five minutes from home, a big problem of professional life, so time is never lost commuting."

"No time lost." It's a phrase that crops up again talking in New York to Mary Ellen Brademas, M.D., assistant professor of dermatology at NYU Medical Center Skin and Cancer Unit, director of the Sexually Transmitted Disease Clinic at Bellevue Hospital, attending physician at the New York Infirmary Beekman Downtown Hospital, with a private practice of dermatology in the city, mother of four, wife of John Brademas, president of New York University. "I waited a year before I found the right location for my own office. It was essential that it be only five minutes' walking distance from home. From my office, I walk to Bellevue Hospital—on East Twenty-eighth and First Avenue—then from Bellevue to NYU. I force myself to walk at a fast clip so I'm never without my jogging shoes. Walking offers many bonuses, taking care of aerobic exercise, and my mind is busy too—planning a lecture (I like to make mine as entertaining and interesting as possible)...composing a letter to one of my children or to my mother who lives in Michigan... *(Continued on page 298)*

Dr. Federica Olivares, Milan

Mary Ellen Brademas, M.D., New York City

INTERNATIONAL TIMETABLES

WEEKDAY A.M. 7:30, my "built-in" alarm clock goes off. I shower, prepare breakfast, take one tray with the newspaper to my husband in bed, another to my own study for twenty minutes of yoga and reflection. 8:30, I spend twenty/thirty minutes with my housekeeper going over household chores. I walk to the office, whatever the weather, to work on projects for industrial companies, to improve productivity/enter foreign markets/help women improve their management positions. At 1:30 P.M., perhaps a business lunch or quick sandwich and half-hour bike ride for fresh air.

WEEKDAY P.M. 5:00, I deliberately stop for thirty minutes' free time, to phone friends, go out for cappuccino, reflect, recharge. My working day ends about 8:00. Because my husband constantly travels we say "no" more often than "yes" to social engagements. I am a creative person, so even setting a table gives me artistic pleasure. After about 9:00, we are "not at home" to outside calls.

ESSENTIAL To reach out and be empathic with people. Once a month, a full weekday of miscellaneous chores for husband/house/self.

FASHION/BEAUTY What I wear depends on my mood. Every three months, a professional makeup studio reassesses my "looks." On their advice, I'll cut my hair, make subtle changes in makeup. So every day, "computerized," I know *exactly* what to do, in ten minutes maximum. Because I deal with important men, I wear light or "masculine" scents.

REST AND RELAXATION With two working weekends a month, the other two are sacrosanct—often in our country place where the best therapy is to plant, weed, garden. In the city, workouts in our "gym corners," massage, walk, cycle. Sunday morning: breakfast in bed—read, talk, watch TV. Sunday evening, more "therapy": I try difficult recipes. In August, mountain climbing in the Tyrol.

PRIORITIES My husband is my first priority . . . but wherever I go, I will always work to help other women achieve their professional goals.

PUBLIC GOALS My company's "fringe benefit"—eighty days a year to concentrate on my main objective: to further women in careers, remove their fear of business and finance.

FRUSTRATIONS I'd like to see faster action on the part of big companies to give—not "just in memo"—*real* opportunities for feminine leadership. I would have liked to have had children but I feel my life is now too "structured."

PHILOSOPHY My parents brought me up with a great sense of responsibility toward the community and—unusual in Italy—to have the same expectations as my brothers. At fourteen, I was self-reliant—learned with a great deal of love. Sharing knowledge, caring about people, and constantly interpreting and dealing with my weaknesses govern my life.

WEEKDAY A.M. 6:30 alarm. John gets up, I usually fall back for fifteen more minutes, then fifteen minutes of exercise—about all I can stand. Breakfast is hasty—8:30 walk to see my private patients. After that, each day is different. Tuesdays I leave my practice by 10:00 to go to New York Infirmary Beekman Downtown Hospital to teach residents. One or two days a week I attend the daily 11:30 NYU Skin and Cancer conference. "Breathing space"—always—between 11:30 and 1:30 to take care of *all* my personal chores. Lunch on the run, if I get to it.

WEEKDAY P.M. Often my working day doesn't end until 8:00, so it's understood I'll be late for a dinner I have to attend with John—even one we're giving if it's on a day when I see patients late. Every weekend we go over the schedule to work things out. Whoever's home first runs the bath for the other. Rarely do we have an evening alone at home.

ESSENTIAL Because there's no "free time" in the week, on weekends, I try not to do anything I can't do in my bathrobe, or make sure John and I do something in contrast to our professional lives—for the sheer joy of it.

FASHION/BEAUTY I "impulse" buy. I never wear white, because I wear a white coat all day long. Black is great. I wear a hat every day to keep my long hair under control, easier to manage at night. I was a model, so I believe it's important to be photographed at least once every five years to see what you *really* look like: make changes if necessary.

REST AND RELAXATION Weekend movies—and theater. Catch-up time on the phone with my mother, children, grandchild.

PRIORITIES Mine have changed a lot. Obviously, while they were growing up my children came first, now my medicine comes before social activity. My husband supports this—his work has been his priority all his life.

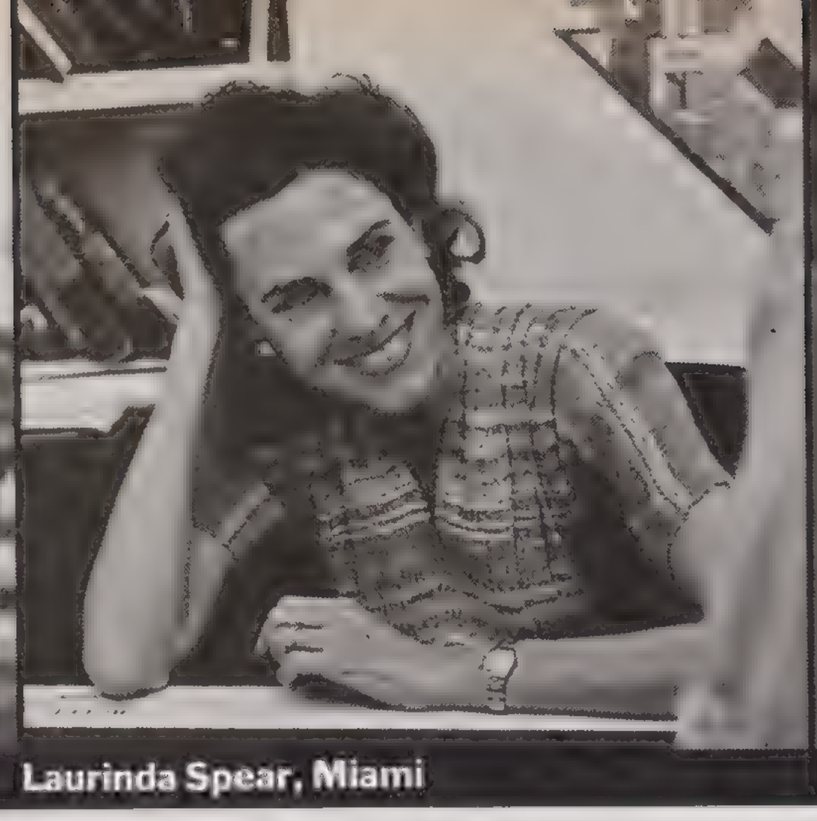
PUBLIC GOALS I'd like to write a newspaper health-care column—I feel doctors should donate more of their free time/money to something they comprehend so well. One night a month I donate to a community health center.

FRUSTRATIONS Wish I had more time to develop friendships with other women—an important support system lacking in my life. I try, but it's difficult with such a demanding professional/social life.

PHILOSOPHY Sometimes, I feel like Wang Lung in *The Good Earth* who shouts out to the gods how miserable and ugly is his child because he's so afraid if he reveals his true feelings the gods will take away his cherished son. I also am slightly afraid to let on how blessed I feel—wonderful husband, mother, children, friends, career. However, over the years, I've learned accomplishment means discipline, even if you look on work as love—as I do.

Bertrand Marignac; Dominique Nabokov

Violeta Dzhaparidze, U.S.S.R.



Laurinda Spear, Miami

Miyoko Goto, Japan

WEEKDAY A.M. I'm up first—7:30—to wake my fifteen- and sixteen-year-old daughters, who with my mother help with housework, breakfast. My husband joins us after his exercise program. One daughter, studying to be a concert pianist, leaves home first. I drop the other at school before 9:00 in an office car on my way to work, where I deal with varied city problems. I eat a substantial lunch in the office canteen: to give me energy for a busy day.
WEEKDAY P.M. My workday ends about 6:00, when often my husband picks me up. Three times a week, dinner with friends. I love to make pastry, bake—it relaxes me. Otherwise, my daughters and mother take turns preparing dinner. I try to concentrate on my family's needs, but people know they can come to my home if the problem's a big one!
ESSENTIAL After work, twice a week at least, I like to be alone to listen to music, read poetry (my passion). This helps me create harmony between work and family. Thirty, forty minutes make all the difference to my tranquility. Weekends, I "make" time to discuss different subjects, world events, with my daughters.
FASHION/BEAUTY I often find clothes when I'm traveling on my way home from the U.S. I'll spend two days in Moscow and shop for my winter wardrobe. I wear a lot of black and clothes that work as well out of the office as in it. To emphasize my femininity, lacy silk shirts. Don't like clothes that are "uniforms." My weaknesses: French perfume, makeup made in Poland.
REST AND RELAXATION Music, poetry, weekends in our country dacha (thirty minutes from town). An annual vacation—this year on the Volga. My daughters try to get me to follow Jane Fonda's Workout tape, but I have to admit I'm usually too tired.
PRIORITIES Time to myself—to increase inner, outer tranquility, which makes it easier to help people with their problems at work.
PUBLIC GOALS In my country, there's no position a woman cannot attain if she works for it. There are, for instance, many women mayors—but I'm not ambitious for higher office. I feel honored to represent my city and country abroad. I study psychology to help me contribute to the welfare of the society I live in—and to world peace.
FRUSTRATIONS I'm trying to overcome fear of making speeches—and I'd also love to lose weight. I'd like to take a microwave oven back to Russia—and some American shrimp!
PHILOSOPHY With mandatory retirement at fifty-five, in ten years' time I hope I'll be able to look back and know I've helped those less fortunate than myself—particularly women. Every age has a plus, a minus, so I don't believe in cosmetic surgery to look younger. *Feeling* younger should be the goal, the result of achievements in your life.

WEEKDAY A.M. No need for alarm clocks. My three- and four-year-olds wake us about 6:30. Drive the children to their respective schools and get to my office by 9:00. There's a neat division of labor—Bernardo takes care of business meetings, traveling; I work strictly on design. For example, a prototype for three hundred jewelry stores around the country, a New Jersey commercial complex. By 11:45, on the road again to collect the children for lunch—most days out-of-doors.
WEEKDAY P.M. Most afternoons with the children, taking my daughter to ballet class, my son to swimming lessons, fetching, carrying. Bernardo's hours are erratic—often not home till 9:30/10:00, when we might work together on one of our business projects. There's always extra work to be done—and the children never seem to want to go to bed!
ESSENTIAL Collaboration between my husband and me—at home as well as in the office—which means it's just as important he helps me coax the children to bed, as it is we think alike on our architectural purposes, procedures. The initial schematic design and development are fast for us because we do seem to agree.
FASHION/BEAUTY I like to design my own clothes. Miami is filled with seamstresses, so it's easy to get things done. I buy "in bulk"—shoes for instance—twice a year. Rarely go to a beauty salon, keep my makeup to a minimum, although with Florida's climate I remember to wear a moisturized sunscreen.
REST AND RELAXATION Weekends are special—we go to the beach—and I catch up on my exercise. My father, a thoracic surgeon, cares about physical fitness, vitamins, staying in shape; so, since I was about ten, exercise has been a taken-for-granted part of my life.
PRIORITIES My children are my priority now and for the next few years. Along with that natural decision comes an effort to participate as much as possible in a professional life, which makes my time with the children more joyous because everything I'm doing has validity.
PUBLIC GOALS You could say I've put some of my goals "on hold" for the time being. Although I'm as committed as I ever was both to preservation and innovation.
FRUSTRATIONS I guess losing the time to do things strictly for myself . . . such as painting, reading, or just messing around. But I'm never resentful. I appreciate too much what I have.
PHILOSOPHY My mother helped me become a professional, because initially I just wanted to be an artist or an actress. She felt I should be trained professionally, knowing I could always turn to my art but *needed* a profession I could count on. This is why I became an architect. Being trained is certainly part of my philosophy for life.

WEEKDAY A.M. I am unmarried, live alone. The radio alarm starts my day at 7:30. I make my bed, bathe, exercise, breakfast, and watch TV news before leaving for the subway. It takes thirty minutes to get to work by 9:00, where—in a spontaneous way—I deal with whatever comes first. Fukuoka City Government employs ten thousand people, but my role deals specifically with encouraging working women. All day I see women's groups (and individuals to show them how to *become* a group), distribute pamphlets, and generally think of ways to elevate women's position in society.
WEEKDAY P.M. I am allotted forty-five minutes for lunch—a typical Japanese meal, soup, rice, meat or fish, vegetables with hot tea. My day ends at 7:00 or 8:00, but I rarely go home. I eat quickly, then follow one of three other interests: flower arranging, chorus singing, meeting with other professional women at a club.
ESSENTIAL I go to church Sunday mornings—I'm a Christian. Sunday afternoons I meditate, thinking how I can improve myself. This time alone is very important to me.
FASHION/BEAUTY I work a half day Saturday, then spend time clothes shopping, haircuts, medical and dental checkups. I like bright colors "off duty" but wear suits to the office—conservative—nothing to draw attention to myself.
REST AND RELAXATION The only time I rest is during my annual visit to a hot spring for three or four days. I like to walk and mountain climb, but Japanese women are not as interested in exercise as American women. Meeting friends is also relaxing—I try to do that on Saturdays.
PRIORITIES My work first and last, which requires *in-depth* understanding of women's problems peculiar to Japan and considerable private study.
PUBLIC GOALS To promote women's status in their social and professional lives. For women to assume more decision-making, self-awareness must be built—individuality. My city established a women's department only last year, but there is much support. Now it's becoming easier—but we have a long way to go.
FRUSTRATIONS I am an impatient person, and I want progress faster than it is coming. I have to learn that while progress may be slow, it is progress. This frustrates me, but I am learning to live with it.
PHILOSOPHY Japan's society is much more structured, with many more peer pressures than those found in the United States. It has been good for me to take home as a "souvenir" the understanding that more time for "self" is not "selfish" but can develop self-awareness to make one become more self-reliant. —SHIRLEY LORD

Dominique Nabokov; Duane Michals; Dominique Nabokov. Details, last pages

(Continued from page 296)
working out a schedule problem. I'm lucky there—John's calendar is planned almost a year in advance as far as big events, so I can fit in my professional commitments without conflict.

"I've had lots of experience and appreciate that to accomplish anything one has to be very disciplined. I went back to college at thirty-five, when I first decided I was going to be a doctor. It all came about in a funny way. One night, one of my daughters told me she wanted to become a physician, and I thought, 'Why didn't I think of that?' My father was a physician, all of his family were physicians, but I had one year of college, hadn't even graduated.

"I'd been modeling successfully since I was about twenty-six. I was thirty-eight when I finally got my B.A. Degree from Oakland University in Rochester, Michigan. It was difficult getting into medical school—I wanted to go to Georgetown, Washington, DC, so when I went for my interview I took along my modeling portfolio, my composite, everything, and I'm sure it helped! I was different—a thirty-eight-year-old ex-model—and for some reason I think medical schools love it if you're different...if you've published a book, climbed the Himalayas, or play the trumpet. Looking back, I'm sure I had a better chance of getting in because I *was* thirty-eight than if I'd been ten years younger. I was lucky."

Luck. It's another word one hears constantly from this kind of committed, dedicated woman. Luck and love. Violeta Dzhaparidze is one of four women on the twenty-one-strong Executive Committee of the City Council of Tbilisi, a city in the center of a farming textile community in the Soviet Republic of Georgia, about twelve hundred miles south of Moscow. In the U.S., as guest of The Friendship Force (a private Atlanta-based group that sponsors thousands of citizen exchanges in forty countries), Violeta *(Continued on page 382)*

EATING BETTER

Ideas from places and people whose business it is to encourage more healthful, more pleasurable eating... BY KAREN ANDEREGG

What does eat "better" mean? Eating to stay well? To have more stamina? To maintain weight? To lose weight? Different things to different women, obviously, but certain guidelines point to the most important; and that, without a doubt, is eating for wellness. Those guidelines are—again and in brief: Eat less fat, fewer salt/nitrite-cured foods, adequate calcium and fiber, balanced and sufficient calories, more cruciferous vegetables (broccoli/cabbage types), more foods rich in vitamins C and A (dark green/yellow vegs, carrots, citrus fruit). Do not eat to the point of overweight; and if you drink alcohol, do so in moderation.

After the broad strokes, some mixed-bag specifics, starting with advice *from the director of The Phoenix Spa in Houston, Chris Silkwood:*

—You owe it to yourself, if you're going to make a commitment to eating better, to become more educated about nutrition. Go to someone qualified, a registered dietitian or nutritionist.

—Calorie counting is tedious and makes you feel cheated. Think in terms of portion-size instead. Learn to recognize portion size—for example, a fistful equals four ounces.

—Stop calling it a diet; consider it a food plan.

—Cook for the week on the weekends. Once, this was routine. Now that so many women work, it's worth relearning.

—Chef salads appear to be ideal diet food but have enough meat and cheese for twenty! When I order a chef salad, I ask for turkey only as it's lowest in fat.

—Can't resist pizza? Blot the top with a napkin to remove oil. (Works for burgers, too.)

From nutritionist Christine Hart, R.D., who works with New York University Medical Center physicians:

—Breakfast is essential to energy. Your blood sugar is somewhat low from sleep, but you don't want the quick burst/then letdown of high-sugar food. Go for complex carbohydrate/fruit/dairy (skim). Beware the giant bran muffin—some are 800 calories, breakfast should *total* 250!

—Ideal diet lunch: plain yogurt with cinnamon or almond extract (keep these in your desk), a piece of fruit, several wholewheat crackers or rice cakes.

—Pasta is great because you're much more satisfied if you eat several ounces of pasta than of meat—much lower in calories, fats (depending on sauce).

—Energy foods? We tend to think of chocolate, but a dairy product plus a complex carbohydrate provides *lasting* energy, released over time.

SLEEPING WELL

is the best revenge

BY KAREN ANDEREGG

As a baby, I napped. At four, a wild child, I was still put down for an hour every afternoon, and the minutes crawled. Soon, however, the crawling minutes had taught me to tell time, and my mother figured anybody old enough to tell time was too old to be taking naps.

Now, most afternoons, as my blood deprives my brain by going off somewhere to digest another lunch at my desk, I'd give anything for an hour's nap. But it won't be until I'm old—and sleeping more lightly, perhaps less—that regular napping will, in fact, again make sense.

If we miss out on a considerable part of a night's sleep, a "make-up" nap may feel better than dragging around until bedtime, but the now-and-then napper usually awakens cranky rather than refreshed—and is likely to disrupt her night's sleep. Not intended to compensate for lost sleep, the ten-minute catnap, however, really does seem to freshen one up for the stretch until bedtime.

Regular nappers should be just that—regular. They are likely to find a half-hour nap as restorative as two hours, that the best nap time is indeed that postprandial siesta—about 2:00 P.M.

Nappers who are trying to make up for not sleeping "enough" at night may not realize that "enough" varies from person to person. While the average adult's night's sleep is seven and one-half hours, statistically an hour or so on either side is within the normal range. Sleepers who average seven to eight hours live longer than those sleeping six or less *or* nine or more, but researchers reassure us that while this doesn't mean our sleeping more or less will prolong longevity, sleep *is* an important indicator of health.

It's the "less" that frets most of us: insomnia bothers one in eight Americans. Regular sleep habits are what make for the best sleep. Even the Monday morning blues can be traced straight to irregular habits: Staying up until 4:00 A.M. on Friday night means you won't be alert on Monday morning—body systems can take weeks to readjust. Best way to anchor regular sleep: getting up at the same time no matter when you go to bed.

Most sleep loss, while irritat-

—Brain food? Complex carbohydrates: their constant release of glucose into the blood keeps concentration going.
—Don't skip protein altogether in the mistaken notion that it helps you to lose weight. If you do, chances are you'll be hungry in an hour, overeat....
—Get a source of potassium every day. The choice is not just bananas/oranges but a baked potato, whole tomato, apricots.
—At least every other day eat high-fiber cereal (5-plus grams per serving; read the label).
—If you get irritable, moody from swings of blood sugar, try eating three smaller versions of standard meals plus three mini-meals (helpful if you often have to eat dinner late). Snacking's not necessarily "bad" if you cut back at meals.
—Perfect snack to stave off hunger/mood swings: whole-wheat crackers or rice cakes and skim-milk cheese (ricotta with a dash of herbs; or goat cheese, has 50 percent less lactose than most cheeses—good calcium source for women with lactose intolerance).
—Popcorn (no salt, no butter) is a healthful, low-calorie, low-fat, high-fiber snack.
—Don't snack on nuts. Six cashews are equal in fat to 4 pats of butter, have 110 calories; 10 peanuts have 180 calories.
—As women now eat so little beef, liver, and eggs, we're seeing more and more anemia—one symptom, loss of energy. To assure nutritional adequacy, many women need a daily multivitamin (just 100 percent of RDA, not more) with iron.
—If you smoke, you lose 5 mg. vitamin C with each cigarette. Take a supplement, but not more than 1000 mg. daily, split up into two 500 mg. tablets.
—Alcohol: wasted calories, depressant, appetite stimulant. Who needs it?
—Have a "treat" twice a week, not alcohol but a small serving of a favorite food.
—If you bake, cutting back sugar by one-third won't affect the taste, will improve the nutritional balance.
—Don't be fooled because something is labeled "diet." Read the fine print on the label; some "diet" breadsticks have as many or more calories than regular breadsticks, taste less good, are less satisfying!
—Seek out restaurants that participate in the American Heart Association's dietary guidelines.
—Shellfish "feels" like you're eating a luxury food but is relatively low in fat, easy to digest, and has high satiety value.
—Sushi is great, but hold the soy/teriyaki sauces; they're loaded with salt. Instead, rice vinegar, ginger, horseradish.
—On a plane: order a fruit plate (specify *fresh*) ahead of time. (If you'll be going out to eat later, resist the temptation to eat mindlessly on the plane.)
—When you travel, don't deny yourself but make simple adjustments. Have dessert for dinner only twice during a one-week trip; you'll probably appreciate it more, find it easier to resume a diet when you're home. Otherwise you sabotage months worth of dieting.
—Food in foreign countries is frequently heavily salted. "Taste-test" for salt, or you may gain 4-5 pounds from water retention.
—It's common, when traveling, to become constipated from stress or lack of activity. Bring along individually wrapped fiber supplements.

Nutritionist Judith Stern, Sc.D., adds:
—Plan the timing of what you eat. Not all busy people need to eat *(Continued on page 385)*

ing, isn't dangerous. "The price of lost sleep is sleepiness, that's all," said Charles Pollak, M.D., assistant professor of neurology and psychiatry, the Westchester division of The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, acting director of its Institute of Chronobiology. "Chronic insomnia always has a cause," said Dr. Pollak. "It takes identifying, then frequently it's easy to treat. Most common is situational insomnia, when anticipation or a rehash of events habitually disrupts sleep." Almost as common: chronic anxiety and depression—35 percent of insomniacs fall into these categories.

Sleeping pills are not the answer: after a short time, they stop working, but by then you've developed a dependency...with sleeplessness one of the withdrawal symptoms. There is one instance when physicians often do prescribe drugs—tranquilizers—and that is for chronic situational insomnia. "There may be some side effects, but they will be tolerable for people whose lives are plagued by recurrent insomnia," said Dr. Pollak.

"Tryptophan? It is effective, but you need a fair amount. It's usually very well tolerated, but it is not an FDA-approved drug, and healthy people shouldn't be taking pills in general," Dr. Pollak said. "Our emphasis ought to be on teaching people to avoid those things that interfere with sleep rather than trying to 'promote' sleep."

The best way to sleep better seems to be the simplest: not to worry about it. "One of the concerns of people with situational insomnia is how they are going to function the next day," said Dr. Pollak, "when in fact, missing a part of a night's or even several nights' sleep won't affect their performance the next day very much if at all.

"I believe that occasional sleep disturbances should not be treated. Over a period of time, there's no doubt that sleep comes back to normal if the person is physically normal."

"I'm not saying you don't pay a price for getting less sleep," continued Dr. Pollak. "One of the most common sleep disturbances in our society is a pattern of not getting enough sleep during work nights. Some of the busiest, most ambitious, successful people may be sleep deprived from a self-imposed restriction—it's not a rational tradeoff."

David Spiegel, M.D., associate professor of psychiatry and behavioral sciences at Stanford University, points out that if anxiety is keeping you awake, telling yourself to relax actually increases *(Continued on page 384)*

DAYDREAMING is a radical act

BY DEBORAH MASON

It takes chutzpah to slip off into a realm that quietly subverts the idols of the 'eighties, productivity and control. You feel like an anarchist planting a bomb under Western civilization, the Puritan ethic—or at least your morning routine. But daydreaming, aside from the rest it provides, also sets the stage for some of our most enlightened thinking.

"Daydreaming can be immediately useful because it is useless," says Ann Ulanov, M. Div., Ph.D., psychoanalyst and professor of psychiatry and religion at NYC's Union Theological Seminary. "If you are working on a project, whether it is cutting out a dress, writing a book, or planning an assault on a lover, you chew on it and you chew on it. And then you consign it to this borderline place. Then, sometimes, answers arrive that you couldn't get at when you were stuck to the grindstone."

Loosed from logic, time, causality, and the effort to dress an idea in words, daydreaming takes its primary cues from the unconscious. Images, feelings, and ideas that are segregated in our everyday life are released to free-fall, buzz among themselves. "You help to shape your fantasy—in a way," says Ulanov. "But it also has this autonomous quality to it. You are not in control."

In daydreaming, it is just this delicious abandon that allows your ideas to tumble into exotic new couplings and, in the process, reveal yearnings you were not ready to own up to, links that had been invisible to you—signposts to a fresh new take on reality. One step away from rationality, the air is balmy with possibility.

TRAVEL EXERCISE Keeping up with our active lives: the hotel-spa... BY DOROTHY SCHEFER

The majority of active Americans say that, for them, exercise has become a habit: whether at work, traveling for business, or on vacation, they want—and expect—to exercise. Result: corporations and now hotels are catering to the growing number of active Americans who now seek "purposeful leisure."

People committed to exercise are committed wherever they are, whatever they're doing—corporate Americans who travel on business even more so. "Rather than have a drink at the bar, Americans like to relax by working out for twenty minutes," says Edward Safdie, who is one of many now specializing in helping improve the well-being of Americans. In the past eight years, he has opened what has become the "hottest" fitness trend: the new hotel-spa . . . from his first, California's Sonoma Mission Inn, to his newest, the California Terrace in Monaco. The next one he's proposed: NYC's Waldorf Astoria. (See *Where to Go*, page 88.)

For spa-going there's the feeling of "I need to get away" . . . an approach that has its limitations: most of us can't afford the time/luxury of a week at a spa. The new hotel-spas, which Safdie refers to as "the second tier," are the *maintainers* of fitness, offering expert staff personnel, supervised exercise programs, plus nutritional diet programs—in a *real-life* setting. That, he claims, is the test: "to eat prudently, to maintain discipline while the person next to you has a sundae." Hotel-spas are not health clubs, says Safdie, who defines the latter as a place offering exercise but not diet counseling or personal service.

"Travel can't be the excuse for letting go," says Elizabeth Arden's fitness director Barbara Pearlman. "*Continuity* is important." Pearlman has a point. Disruptions *are* anathema to exercise, and exercise too often becomes the first priority a woman feels she can skip. On the road, other factors intervene: body clock . . . altitude . . . climate . . . jet lag—all affect the staunchest of exercisers and exercise regimens (see *right*).

"Travel puts a certain amount of stress and tension on your schedule," says Toni Beck, executive director of The Crescent Spa in Dallas, and consistency is further frustrated when you can't find a good place to exercise. "Exercise is a means to help women gain equilibrium," adds Pearlman.

"IDEAL" TRAVEL-EXERCISE

Experts agree that what is good for one person may not work for someone else . . . "stretch for fifteen to twenty minutes," says Pearlman, "incorporating all your body's muscles." Pearlman advocates tub toners (water acts as a resistance); and, always, some form of aerobics.

Toni Beck says the ideal travel program for women includes: pelvic tilts, modified sit-ups and

Eugene Mihaesco

TRAVEL FACTORS

...that will make any woman anywhere who exercises exercise *better*

BY SHARI MILLER SIMS

In taking her fitness program "on the road," a woman must allow for the changes—in climate, altitude, time zone, food, facilities, even safety—that travel entails. Most important: discussing individual exercise plans with a physician who can help to adapt travel goals to a woman's personal health profile. Here, what experts agree are the most important considerations in successfully combining travel and exercise...

JET LAG

Crossing several time zones can have a dramatic impact not only on a woman's sleep/wake schedule but on her physical and mental performance.

● **Allow roughly one day per each time zone crossed to adjust to the new environment.** For the first few days, reduce both intensity and duration of exercise, as you're likely to reach a point of exhaustion much sooner than you do at home.

● **Be aware that travel-induced "lags" in mental alertness can impair physical performance.** "When your mind is a little fuzzy or simply relaxed, as it often is on vacation, paying attention to exercise technique is crucial to avoiding injuries caused by a simple lack of concentration," said Charles Ehret, Ph.D., of the division of biology and medical research, Argonne National Laboratory, and coauthor of *Overcoming Jet Lag* (Berkley). "Watch out, also, for the amnesia-like impact of jet lag; if you're out for a run in an unfamiliar city soon after arrival, take it slow, and go along with an exercise 'buddy.'"

● **Use physical activity to help your body adjust to the new environment.** Irving Dardik, M.D., *(Continued on page 383)*

push-ups, leg lifts, and waist exercises. Total time: fifteen minutes. Do exercise that offers *you* results with economy of time. Thirty minutes (including fifteen of aerobics) is all you need.

Fitness consultant Lisa Dobloug suggests exercise be done daily, but that it be *shorter* than a regular workout. Aerobics, she agrees, comes first; after that, stretching. Her reasoning: When you sit in meetings or on planes, your body gets stiff, muscles shorten. Running and other aerobics are important (they help dispel the water and blood pooling that results from sitting too long); but muscle balance comes from stretching—long static stretches for at least ten minutes. Dobloug agrees strongly with Beck: women *must* do abdominal work.

Walking is great—particularly if you've been sitting and if more vigorous aerobic activity becomes too much of a strain owing to travel fatigue. In that case, opt for "passive" exercise such as massage—a great way to relax, says Toni Beck. (Apparently, most travelers agree: massage is the number-one hotel-spa service.)

"If you do nothing else," says Dan Isaacson, a California trainer, "stretch at the beginning and end of the day for about eight to ten minutes, and walk—morning and night."

Unless you're gone for more than ten days, don't push it, says Isaacson. Do your entire workout at a *modified pace* (more reps at moderate speed)...if you do aerobics, cut down intensity, increase time...or you risk injury. If you can't duplicate your program on the road, do something familiar...or walk.

Video, of course, is the future of *(Continued on page 384)*

CRANK CASES

Our high-pressure lives have created an epidemic of irritability. But the disease is not incurable. The snappish can be saved

BY CAROL TAVRIS

Most people handle the stress of major, life-disrupting events better than the nuisances of everyday routine. Among the most common irritants, according to studies by Richard Lazarus, Ph.D., and his colleagues at the University of California at Berkeley, are worries about weight, misplacing or losing things, having too much to do, having too many responsibilities, having to wait, traffic jams, troublesome people, and—note this!—home maintenance and yard work. Notice, too, that one woman's irritant may be another's pleasure. Some people are irritated by interruptions at work; others thrive on them. Fixing dinner is a trial for many women, and a source of deep relaxation for others.

Although everyone (excepting, perhaps, a few hermits and saints) feels occasionally cranky and pressured, frequent irritability has long-term disadvantages. The more nuisances people report, the more psychological symptoms and emotional distress they show. Irritability feels unpleasant, is debilitating, and makes one hard to live with. It is bad for one's physical health because it pumps up the blood pressure and adds more fuel to existing stress.

Yet irritability is not simply the spontaneous explosion that it seems to be. It does not, for example, ever flow *up* the power lines. People know perfectly well with whom they may be irritable and with whom they must bite their tongues. They rarely snarl at their employers. They rarely snap at clients they wish to seduce professionally or at new lovers they wish to seduce personally. This fact means that people *can* control their surly outbursts when they need to or if they want to. But the second fact about irritability is that many people don't *want* to control it. Irritability has some short-term benefits. Subordinates take snarls seriously. They often do what the snarler wants. If irritability produces these results for a person in power, it feeds on itself, becoming a habitual response to tension and pressure.

Irritability can also represent a failure of power—a failure to get others to do one's bidding. G.R. Patterson, Ph.D., of the Oregon Social Learning Center, has been studying "irritability chains" in families. By closely observing patterns between mothers and children and between husbands and wives, Patterson finds that irritability escalates. A's irritability annoys B, who becomes less likely to comply with A's wishes, which increases A's irritability. The two partners "train" each other to irritability; and the longer the sequence lasts, the more intense and assaultive it becomes.

People can break out of the pattern in several ways. Psychologists who work with people who are chronically angry or irritated help their clients demystify the emotion. It doesn't randomly appear from nowhere; it occurs under particular conditions. A client might be asked to keep a diary for a week, noting how often she feels *(Continued on page 380)*

JOANNA PACULA

chanel

the style and the spirit

On these eight pages, Chanel—the designer, and the idea of dressing-in-Chanel. An idea that has taken hold in our collective fashion consciousness, and refuses to let go. With good reason. It stands for a certain ease and attractiveness, a femininity of dressing (of suit dressing, especially). Mention Chanel and everyone instantly conjures up familiar images. What's easy to forget: the fact that Chanel-as-an-idea has evolved. The style concept may be the same; but the clothes themselves are very different. What follows: the best of Chanel today, clothes designed by Karl Lagerfeld, and worn by actress Joanna Pacula (**more about her, *next page*)...**

On Joanna Pacula, *left*, classic elements of Chanel: the cashmere sweaters, the tweed jacket, the jewelry ....And the legendary Chanel suit, *this page*. Now, with a modern ease, proportion: the jacket, softer, rounder through the shoulder, with a narrow, side-slit skirt. Here, in chartreuse wool bouclé, edged in velvet, with a silk charmeuse blouse. Suit, about $1400. Late Sept. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Garfinckel's; Jacobson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Details, more stores, last pages. Hair, John Sahag, John Sahag Salon, NYC. Makeup, left, Margaret Avery; right, Andrea Paoletti for Puccio & Franco....*Beauty Note:* Inviting Chanel makeup—Sea Rose lips, Dawn/Dusk shadows.

Denis Piel

chanel

the story of a style

BY JOAN JULIET BUCK

The sun has never set on Coco Chanel. She went into business in 1912, retired in 1939, made a comeback in 1954, died in 1971, and at a hundred and two is still alive today. The period when she was least alive is probably the fifteen years of her comeback, when she was an old lady who created a tweed suit that was the ultimate prim status symbol. High-class hookers and movie stars wore her suits in the 'fifties and 'sixties, to prove and deny respectability at the same time. The copies went across the world, and were—and still are—worn by presidents' wives and female politicians because her suit is the most feminine way to look serious. In the recent period when women tried to look efficient and asexual, the Chanel style was out of favor. What Amazon would tie a bow in her hair?

1. Then. The Coco Chanel of living memory is the tough, didactic, overbearing doyenne of fashion, who lived in a tiny room at the Paris Ritz and received in an apartment full of Coromandel screens above her couture house. She had created clothes to be a lady in and a perfume called Chanel Number 5, and when Marilyn Monroe said she slept in Chanel Number 5, it sounded like an actress trying to be grand.

The truth about Chanel is that she was born to itinerant peddlers; when her mother died, she and her sister were abandoned by their father in an orphanage. She worked in a shop in Moulins, a garrison town, where she sang in a cheap concert hall; she only knew two songs, "Ko Ko Ri Ko," and "Qui Qu'A Vu Coco," which is how her name, Gabrielle, became Coco.

In Moulins, Coco met Etienne Balsan, a young playboy who took her off to his large house at Royallieu, where he already had a mistress in residence, the courtesan Emilienne d'Alençon. Chanel pretended that she was only sixteen when she went off with Balsan, but in 1905 she was twenty-two. She also said she was miserable there, but photographs (in Edmonde Charles-Roux's *Le Temps Chanel*) showed her laughing, knocking around in a terry-cloth robe, and got up in fancy dress, like any silly girl in a playboy's mansion. And she stayed there for ten years, until Boy Capel, a British millionaire and friend of Balsan's, took her with him to Paris.

Capel set Chanel up in an apartment, and when she wanted to make hats, gave her a shop in Deauville and then one in Biarritz. The courtesans and mistresses who were her friends bought her hats; and when the First World War stranded the *beau monde* in Deauville, she sold them tunics made of fisherman's jersey.

Capel set Chanel up in the Rue Cambon, too; and she was able to pay him back within four years. Their affair continued even when he married another woman, and Capel died in a car crash on his way to join Chanel for New Year's Eve in 1919.

By the following year, Chanel was with the Russian Grand Duke Dimitri; he gave her emeralds. This does not mean that she was fickle, merely alive to possibilities despite her grief. It was through Dimitri that she met Ernest Beaux, a perfumer whose father had worked for the Tsar. Beaux was mixing an essence for Coty; he let her sample it, and (according to Claude Delay, in *Chanel Solitaire*) it became Chanel Number 5.

Chanel commissioned embroideries from Dimitri's sister, the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia. In Marie's memoirs, Chanel is described thus; "I had never met anyone whose every word was obeyed and whose authority was self-created, out of nothing."

Next, Chanel was with the Duke of Westminster, the richest man in England. Chanel was over forty; she was the most successful couturier in France. She had gone from being a slightly *louche* character, a girl one does not take out in public, to being a dictator of taste. She was a girl who did what she wanted and got away with it, and got jewelry too. The Duke of Westminster was not embarrassed to be seen with her at the Grand National.

She was, in sum, a little more like a Judith Krantz heroine than we people of taste would have liked her to be.

And she was a great deal more than a safe tweed suit for state visits.

Her story is the triumph of a cat woman, wily and independent. Her way with fashion was that of a stylist, of a collector of ideas unafraid to transmit the usages of one section of society into another, of one gender into another. *(Continued on page 306)*

JOANNA PACULA

Very much in the spirit on these eight pages, actress Joanna Pacula. Her first acquaintance with Chanel: in Joanna's native Poland—where the Chanel name was recognized everywhere, the clothes sought after.

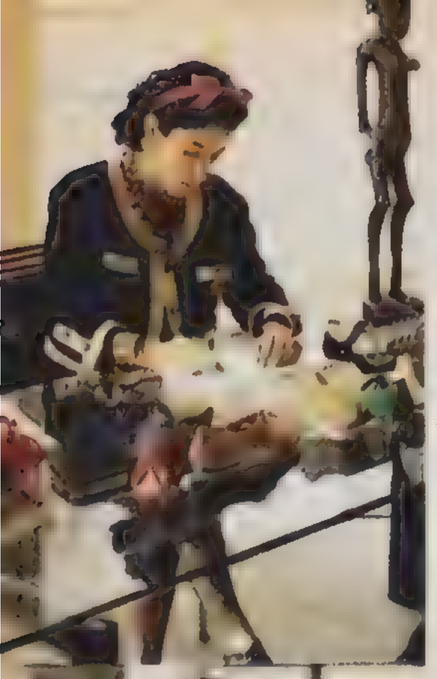
In Joanna's case, recognition in the West—she's been here less than three years—came with her first movie, *Gorky Park*. The second, *Not Quite Jerusalem*, an offbeat comedy "ran for all of two weeks in New York." This month, she starts a new film, *The Tigress*, "a 1920's story of decadence," co-starring Keith Carradine.

At home now in California, Joanna has adapted to its more informal way of life...to "tennis, swimming, and driving a car—the big exercise." California living has also influenced her style of dressing—"You need things that are casual, light, easy."

On any list of future plans: a return to the stage and the television screen (she starred on both in Poland). And travel-as-pleasure. "A dream is a photographic safari to Kenya. And the Far East—Japan, Indonesia. Places far away, exotic."

Denis Piel

Pure Chanel: a certain ease and freedom, an uncomplicated sense of style. One of the best expressions: classic Chanel sweater-and-pants dressing. Here, on Joanna Pacula, the modern way—a new cashmere sweater set, in taupe—with a sleeveless turtleneck top, cut in on the shoulder; a bigger, looser cardigan; and the best new trousers—in grey wool/cashmere, cuffed, narrower, tapering on the ankle. A wonderful easygoing way to dress anywhere, almost anytime—and a wonderful, bar none, way to travell Cardigan, about $1130; top, about $550; pants, about $480. Late September at Bloomingdale's; Chanel Boutique, Beverly Hills. Hair, these six pages, John Sahag, John Sahag Salon, NYC; makeup, Margaret Avery. Details, last pages this issue.



Bertrand Marignac

(Continued from page 304) Chanel never drew. She adapted the accessories of her lovers' lives to her style. Charles-Roux's *Le Temps Chanel* shows her looking absolutely contemporary seventy years ago in the clothes she wore then, which we still wear now: in jodhpurs and a tie in 1912, a knit tunic in 1913, a pleated skirt and a cardigan in 1918, a striped T-shirt under a jacket in 1924. She is shown in 1928, wearing hiking boots, pants, a sweater, and a checked tweed jacket belonging to the Duke of Westminster.

"Scheherezade is easy," she said, "what's difficult is a little black dress." In 1926 Chanel brought out black dresses, formerly the uniform of shopgirls. She complained that society women were dirty. There was some revenge, no doubt, in her insistence on simplicity. One night at the Opera, the story goes, Chanel was disgusted by the cacophony of colored ballgowns and decided to put all her clients in black. By the time Edmonde Charles-Roux's diplomat parents came to Paris in the late 'twenties, her mother was told by protocol officials, "Sequins are out of the question at receptions. We have Chanel here, and you have to underdress."

She showed tweed suits in 1928; hired Etienne de Beaumont and Fulco di Verdura to make her costume jewelry in 1934. By 1935 she had four thousand employees and sold twenty-eight thousand outfits a year. She turned down the Duke of Westminster, saying, "There are many Duchesses of Westminster, there is only one Coco Chanel." She financed Stravinsky, helped Diaghilev, and pulled apart the real jewels her lovers gave her to remake them.

Her attitude was playful, inventive, iconoclastic. If you look carefully at the Horst portrait of Chanel, reclining languidly on a chaise longue, a bow in her hair and a dreamy look in her eye, you notice that she's holding a cigarette and pulling some skin off the cuticle of her thumb. She was greedy, domineering, and rather mean. But the beauty and the energy of the young woman masks all of that. It was after her comeback, when she set the style for respectability with a vengeance, that she sometimes let out the cynicism of the old courtesan: "Look at them," she said about her models, "they're beautiful and they're poor, which shows how dumb they are."

She died alone in her hotel room at the age of eighty-seven, a good age. Philippe Grumbach, who accompanied his wife Lilou to the deathbed, says there was one suit hanging in the closet, and one fresh blouse.

"She had soul and generosity" says her friend Hervé Mille, 'but no heart."

2. Today. It began a few years ago, and from two different directions. The House of Chanel is part of a corporation owned by the Wertheimer family. The Wertheimer brothers, Pierre and Paul, formed Parfums Chanel with Chanel in 1924. Pierre's grandson Alain took over the company in 1974, at the age of twenty-six. The following year he launched a cosmetics line, and in 1978 started Chanel ready-to-wear. Chanel by then was just perfume, Numbers 5, 22, and 19. The Chanel style was popular only with dowdy matrons and heads of state. However. . . .

In the streets and lofts of Paris, the raging avant-garde fashion addicts were looking for something new. They began to find secondhand Chanel clothes at the shop of Didier Ludot, a young man specializing in old crocodile bags and galuchat cigarette cases in the Palais Royal. Some wore their secondhand Chanels two suits at a time, to mock the conformity that a single one would represent. Others wore the jackets over jeans, to get across the same message. But as current fashion became bulky, Japanese, shroudlike, they started to wear the old suits seriously. Still with a referential wink, by going too far with a bow in the hair and a ton and a half of pearls, and flesh-colored stockings and high heels, as a joke, of course, on matrons and heads of state, and . . . men liked it.

. . . On the streets of New York, women who carried their entire lives in totes and briefcases wanted a little bag to take to lunch. . . the Chanel bag, which had in the earnest years been definitely too complicated, too expensive, and too small for use, suddenly seemed a pretty and very desirable object.

. . . In California, actresses who had to walk onstage to talk shows were told by kind friends that their legs would look longer, slimmer, better in those Chanel shoes with the black tips like horses' hooves.

. . . In London, *(Continued on page 383)*

How women wear Chanel today—with a certain charming irreverence. From the top: Muriel Jurman, shoe/accessory designer for Charles Kammer, Sacha, Parcours—black jacket, from Lagerfeld's first Chanel collection; Chanel jewelry, bag, scarf; non-Chanel capri pants. . . . Inès de la Fressange—Lagerfeld's Chanel "focus." Her look—navy Chanel jacket mixed with a striped T-shirt, red Chanel bag, bracelet. . . . Marie-Hélène Orban, works with husband, publisher Olivier Orban; edits furniture for her company, Sopha Industry—black velvet Chanel jacket, with Agnes B. long-johns, lace T-shirt . . . . Vintage Chanel—wool bouclé suit, c. 1960 from Didier Ludot, whose second-hand Chanels inspired young Parisians. . . . Bénédicte Siroux, vice president of Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC—a favorite Chanel jacket, red, with a black skirt.

Roxanne Lowitt

chanel

JOANNA PACULA

Very Chanel, very charming: the whole idea—"schoolgirl" in character—of a crisp white shirt/dark tie under a dark jersey suit and coat, with a soft beret. That idea, updated: Lagerfeld's black alpaca coat with big, rounded shoulders, big, rounded lapels. Underneath, a small-fitting suit in black wool jersey with a gold-buttoned, double-breasted jacket, narrow slit skirt, and the classic gold-buttoned white silk crepe de Chine shirt, black leather tie. Familiar, yet different...and enormously appealing. Coat, about $2200. Suit, about $1200; blouse, about $350. Turnout late September at Bloomingdale's; Chanel Boutique, Beverly Hills. Suit and blouse at Rich's; Martha, Bal Harbour; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Details, more stores, last pages.

Denis Piel

chanel

JOANNA PACULA

The perfect definition of a Chanel dinner dress, *left*, in black wool jersey. Only now, narrower, sleeveless, with the classic chains/belts in un-classic trompe l'oeil embroidery . . . and long black suede gloves with trompe l'oeil "jewels." Dress, about $4400. Late September at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; Chanel Boutique, Beverly Hills. . . . Evenings at Chanel: the ease, the low-key style of day translated to another degree of dressing. *Right*, a wonderful on-the-body black dress—the gold-buttoned halter top, small as a maillot, in jersey; the skirt, silk chiffon. And—the distinctive twist—the way Chanel cashmeres come into the picture at night: a brilliant yellow cardigan over the dress, a black cardigan slipped over that. Dress, about $2370. Yellow cardigan about $1130. Black cardigan, about $850. Turnout October at Chanel Boutique, Beverly Hills. Dress and yellow cardigan at Bloomingdale's; Martha, Bal Harbour. Dress at Saks-Jandel. Details, last pages this issue.

Denis Piel

THE WONDER OF HANDS

Let us consider,
for a moment,
those unsung appendages at the ends
of our arms: the messages they're able to send
and receive,
their nimbleness
and skills, their beauty
and strength...

There was once a couple who broke up over a wooden hand. The wife had, as a young girl, collected hands of different materials: female hands lying on their backs ready to receive pins and rings, male hands grasping things, balls, scrolls, sticks, branches. Neuter hands, pointing left or right, neither receiving nor holding, just indicating. Her turn of mind was to see symbols everywhere, disconnected from reality. Hands, to her, were not living digits attached to arms designed to do things: they were "safety," "grace," "protection."

Her husband thought he saw life as it was, and preferred common sense to symbolism. This slight mistrust for poetry did not prevent him from being of a generally artistic bent, but he embraced popular culture without snobbery. He believed feet were meant for walking, hands were meant to touch and to work and to hold. They were living things.

For his birthday she gave him a wooden dummy of a man's hand, with articulated fingers. To her, it was a pleasing and familiar object.

In the empty space between her perceptions and his, the space that might be occupied by a narrator, or an overly acute observer, the hand was a powerless token of power, a blank statement.

To the husband, the hand was an alarming, ghoulish effigy, the result of an accident. He wondered about the rest of the wooden body. It was the classic disembodied hand of horror fiction. It was a will severed from a mind. He screamed. She cried. They separated for symbolic differences.

The hand gives and takes away; so does The Lord. The hand is holy, and wholly human. Without thumbs, we'd all be gibbering in low trees still. The hand was action when it held spears, knives, muskets, guns, bayonets. The hand in our universe of compressed action is even more important: the finger on the button could annihilate all life. There is no need to mobilize, make uniforms, feed men. On the other hand, or, worse, with the same hand, the fingers on the telephone dial connect with life. There is no need to write a message, use the feet and body of a courier, wait for an answer—stretch communication through ink and paper and flesh and time—it can all be done with one finger and electric impulses.

BY JOAN JULIET BUCK/PHOTOGRAPHIC

The hand gives and takes away: it is interesting only when it is turned toward us. Dürer's praying hands I have always found unattractive, not because of knots or fervor, but because they are engaged in a dialogue beyond the human. Michelangelo's hand of God grazing Adam on the Vatican ceiling is love because it reaches. The hand can be that of God, creating, blessing. It can be that of a wicked thing reaching out of a box, the undead, the vampire. In Classical terms, the right hand is good and the left hand bad; in China, the right hand was action, the left hand the refusal of action, or acceptance of what is. Whatever the hand symbolizes in painting, sculpture, or worship, it is always within the principles of exchange and communication. Power, domination, and ownership are held, and held onto; grace, loyalty, justice, and permission are given. The hand is the other; the other can be human or transcendent, but it is always outside.

The hands are not an effective means of communication with oneself. It takes a strong spirit to prevent absorption in the self from taking on the proportions of self-worship or self-loathing, neither of which should engage the hands. Blindness and dementia, said the Victorians, would result. The contemplation of the self leads at best to mysticism—a last attempt to get beyond the self, when other humans have failed to engage one's interest—or at worst to schizophrenia. To a lesser degree, clutching, grasping, wringing, and caressing of one's own hands are all evidence of distress unless there is an outside purpose such as tennis or hand cream. It is difficult to walk around with a pair of powerful symbols at the ends of one's arms without occasionally getting riveted by the wonder of it all. Our hands, however, are not there for us. They are for others.

There are morbid examples of what happens when the hands relate only to the body they are on: the horror-movie hand tries to strangle its owner or (as in *Dr. Strangelove*) keeps manifesting embarrassing political leanings. In Jean Cocteau's 1930 film *Le Sang d'un Poète,* the hero kisses the palm of his own hand, leaving the imprint of his mouth there. *(Continued on page 382)*

ESSAY BY HIRO

ACTIVE, DOING, HEALTHY HANDS

By Janice Kaplan

Hands, like eyes, are mirrors of the soul. They give us away in myriad ways: a calm voice betrayed by hands twisting a handkerchief; vanity revealed by overly long, painted fingernails; aggression announced through clenched fists. A hand that is damaged or injured causes distress far beyond the physical pain.

"Hands are physical servants of the brain," said Robert W. Beasley, M.D., professor of surgery and director of The Hand Surgical Service at New York University Medical Center. "And they're exceeded only by the face in displaying personality."

Though we may coat our hands with creams and our nails with polish, we rarely think of how our hands *feel* until something goes wrong. Surprising statistic: One-third of all treated injuries involve the hands. And since the hand is one of the more complicated parts in the human body, it can malfunction.

Medical disorders of the hands range from arthritis, which disables some twelve million Americans, to Dupuytren's contracture, a genetically determined disease which causes the fingers to contract into the palm.

Recent advances in hand surgery are startling. "Joint replacements are common these days for all types of arthritis," said Dr. Beasley. "Perhaps the greatest success comes in replacing the joint at the base of the thumb." Most joints in the hand work like simple hinges; but the thumb has a rotary joint, responsible for extreme motion. When it's crippled by arthritis, the joint is stiff and painful and hinders even such simple activities as turning a car's ignition key.

The tendons and other connective tissue in the hands can also become inflamed, causing a variety of problems. One of the most common: tenosynovitis—or "trigger finger"—in which the tendon rubs against the surrounding tissue, causing swelling and pain. Cortisone injections often ease the problem. In some cases, surgery may be necessary.

A further complication of tenosynovitis is carpal-tunnel syndrome. "There are nine muscle and tendon units that pass from the forearm through the rigid tunnel in the wrist," said Dr. Beasley, "and the same path serves the median nerve to the involved fingers." Because the tunnel is formed of wrist (or carpal) bones, there is no room for expansion. Any swelling of the muscles or tendons causes pressure on the median nerve. The result: tingling and numbness in the fingers.

"If swelling in the carpal tunnel is caused by a temporary condition, like pregnancy, we may try steroid injections," said Dr. Beasley. "Otherwise we surgically expand the carpal tunnel, creating space for future swelling." Best news: The surgery generally can be done on an outpatient basis, with a local anesthetic.

Cold hands are usually a sign that your body is diverting blood from the extremities to more needy parts of the body—such as muscles that are working hard or the digestive system; but irregularities in the nervous system may cause blood vessels to constrict for no apparent reason. An example: Raynaud's phenomenon, in which the hands turn cold and blue. First step in controlling the problem is to avoid cigarettes—which exacerbate vascular disturbances. Medication and surgery may be necessary in severe cases.

In addition to being subjects of disease, hands can sometimes be a diagnostic tool, reflect- *(Continued on page 381)*

TOUCH...answers the first hunger,
opens the first communication. In infancy, to touch
another helps
to differentiate self...
much later,
to lose it for a moment

The hand *at left* needs no explanation. *Above:* A mock-up of a robot hand—or end effector—that, soon, will help us to produce (computer chips), to protect (handle toxic waste), to aid (the handicapped, the elderly). Says Jerome Hamlin of ComRo, who built the prototype here: "But even a great simulation probably functions at only 50 percent of the capacity of the human hand."

Hiro

Details, last pages.

REACH...

him an element. *Iffy.* The glove, above, belongs to a NASA EMU (extravehicular mobility unit), is seven layers strong, weighs twenty-odd pounds earthbound. When occupied by a human hand, it can move heaven or earth —and push up skirts.

SKILL... Hands can fix, fight, speak, read.
Sensitive antennae, they help us
feel our way, sending information
and following orders faster than, well,
a snap of the fingers

Different hands adept at openings. The surgeon's precise entry, *above,* to treat, to heal. *Right:* Again, precision—to win. Olympic gold medalist diver Greg Louganis' flat-handed rip entry breaks a neat hole in the water for the body to follow.

Hiro

A special attraction...
the attraction of uncommon pleasures;
of things, clearly out of the ordinary.
A look at a different world...
filled with unexpected discoveries,
intriguing surprises, unique expressions
of luxury. A world of dazzling
possibilities...to consider.
Or to simply enjoy for their splendor,
and glorious style...

A jewel of a jacket

...ew "fall 1985" ...ister than ... ...-shouldered, above ... ...acket. It's a key element of the new day and night. The ultimate version ... "jeweled" jacket—beaded, braided, embroidered, sequined—ornamental enough to be a knockout accessory at night, all the ornamental on you'd need over one of the ... spare, simple, narrow bases. Here, four terrific examples. ... ground is the Jean Dunand exhibit at the Delorenzo Gallery in NYC. *This page:* Oscar de la Renta's straight, very short silk jacket has a stained-glass pattern of brilliant beads over his black velvet dress. Jacket and dress, about $5400. October at Saks Fifth Avenue; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Loretta Blum, Dallas. To order at Montaldo's. . . . In a very romantic mood, *opposite*, Jacqueline de Ribes' gem-colored jacket of silk satin, edged with jet embroidery and black beads, over her silk chiffon and sequin blouse. Jacket, about $3400. Blouse, about $2700. To order at Saks Fifth Avenue; Colitti, Millburn NJ; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; D.H. Holmes, New Orleans; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. . . . *Beauty Note:* More gem-like color, Estée Lauder's Re-Nutriv Plum Velvet lipstick. These pages: hair, Gerard Bollet at The Gallena, NYC; makeup, Linda Mason. Makeup, *opposite page*, Kevyn Aucoin. Details, last pages.

Sheila Metzner

A jewel of a jacket

You might not wear one of these jackets every time you dressed for evening, but you'd wear it for years, and every time you wore it, it would turn heads. Dazzling: Bill Blass's sleeveless silk jacket, *opposite*, completely covered with black sequins with a dramatic design of white sequins and beads in the season's prevailing paisley pattern. Completing the look, black above-the-elbow gloves. (Gloves of all lengths, colors, decorativeness, are one of the season's key accessories, an integral part of dressing day and night.) More dazzle: Judith Leiber's jet-and-rhinestone evening purse. Jacket, about $2000. October at Martha; Lou Lattimore, Dallas. To order at Montaldo's, Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH and Indianapolis IN; I. Magnin . . . *Beauty Note:* More drama, Borghese's deep Diva Red lipstick. Another exciting look, *this page*, Oscar de la Renta's quilted silk jacket lavished with gold paisley-pattern embroidery and worn with gold-fringed gloves. Jacket, about $3100. October at Altman's; Lillie Rubin—South & West; Balliet's; Frost Bros. Details, next to last pages of this issue.

Sheila Metzner

Marcia Tucker and Dean McNeil play with their daughter, Ruby

Denis Piel

MARCIA TUCKER: THE ART OF MOTHERING

BY KAY LARSON

"Everyone is concerned about disruptions of routine, but there are times when reorganizing your life is a good thing," remarks Marcia Tucker, founder and director of the eight-year-old New Museum of Contemporary Art in New York City. Even so, her strategy is not likely to become a classic in business school textbooks: at age forty-three, well into a fast-paced career filled with achievement, controversy, and giddy reversals, she had a baby.

Ruby, banging the keys of a purring electric typewriter in her mother's office, is now a fiercely independent and inquisitive one-year-old. Tucker had her during one of the most active periods of a very active life. In month five of the pregnancy, she wrote the essay for The New Museum's show of Texas artist Earl Staley, and the catalogue essay for the American section of the 1984 Venice Biennale, the meeting ground of the international art world. During this period, she was also supervising The New Museum's move to its first permanent home in a renovated cast-iron building on what was then the fringe of SoHo.

Tucker's strategy—as it has been all along—was to assume that her staff, curators, and board members could handle their shares of responsibility. "I couldn't have been pregnant without them," she observes, in curious, characteristically unorthodox locution. Toward her staff she is a warm and unpretentious, if somewhat frazzled, administrator. She traded on such personal loyalties in 1977, when she started The ***(Continued on page 386)***

baby fever

Suddenly women who've spent years building careers, claiming to have no interest in motherhood, are obsessed with having children. Are they driven by biological imperative? Psychological need? The quest for a new status symbol? What is this raging infatuation, this baby fever?

By Leslie Bennetts

"I thought either you were a mother or you were important, and I wanted to be important," a network television executive says. "I felt kids were an enormous trap that didn't have any kind of payoff, and that would make it impossible to do anything else with my life."

In her mid-twenties, this woman was so sure she would never want children that she asked her doctor to perform a tubal ligation. Because she was so young, he demurred; she was furious. But by the time she turned thirty, she had undergone a metamorphosis: she talked about babies constantly; she read the latest research on pregnancy and childbirth; she fought with her husband over his reluctance to start a family; she adopted pets at an alarming rate. Finally, her husband relented; his wife was clearly in the grip of an obsession.

She was not alone. Women who have spent ten, fifteen, and even twenty years building careers and claiming to have no interest in motherhood are suddenly mooning over every passing baby carriage and wistfully fingering frilly dresses in the infantwear department. For years such women pursued making partner, finishing their residencies, or earning their first millions with a single-minded ferocity; now they're directing that same energy toward the most traditional female role of all.

"Suddenly there was an hilarious shift," says a political organizer for a labor union. "We all went from never thinking about having children to thinking only about having children."

A journalist observes, "When I first came to Washington, everyone was talking about real estate. Now all they talk about is babies. They act like nobody ever had a baby before."

Baby fever can strike with utter disregard for circumstances or appropriateness, afflicting the single along with the married, the gay as well as the straight. Among the already married, an imbalance of enthusiasm can disrupt a harmonious relationship. For the single, baby fever can provide the final push into matrimony; and for those still trying to find the "right" partner, it may inspire panic. In order to have a baby with a mate, some women make compromises they would never have considered earlier, while others decide to have a baby alone. For gay men and women, the choices are even more complicated, with options ranging from artificial insemination for lesbians to surrogate mothers for homosexuals.

And finally, when all other considerations have been resolved, there is the infinitely simple and infinitely complex question of conception. Women who have delayed childbearing are finding that getting pregnant can be difficult, even impossible.

"I think about babies and children constantly," says Abigail Henry,* a thirty-nine-year-old entrepreneur who has been trying to conceive for nearly two years. "I have conversations with my baby in my head. I imagine how my baby would live in this house; I imagine feeding it. It's what I want more than anything else. I want it even more than I want my business to succeed."

What's going on here? Why did Ms. Henry—who evinced no interest in motherhood until she *(Continued on page 326)*

* *In this article, all names and identities, other than those of public figures, have been changed.*

Hair and makeup by James Theadford Weis

(Continued) neared forty—develop baby mania? One reason is that she, like many of her contemporaries, feared that if she waited any longer to start a family, she would forever lose her chance. "For me, a lot of finding a husband and getting ready to have children has to do with running out of time," says Ms. Henry. "This is really it, and it puts me in a panic."

Some women believe that the obsession with childbearing is a function of biological imperative. "I wasn't even thinking about having a child, and suddenly, when I was about thirty-four, it gripped me like a claw," says Lucy Rivera, a newspaper editor. "It was as if I had nothing to do with it, and these raging hormones were saying, 'Do what you're supposed to do, which is reproduce.' It was a physical feeling more than a mental feeling; it was my biggest sexual fantasy. Making a baby was the ultimate turn-on."

Of course, the generation now scrambling to have last-minute babies was equally tardy about settling into wedlock. "The fundamental reason a lot of us didn't have children earlier was that we weren't married," says forty-two-year-old Jacqueline Mason. She and her husband have just adopted a child because she has not yet conceived, though they are still trying. "Every time people say we were putting career over childbearing, I just laugh. I was thirty-nine when I got married: I just didn't find anybody I wanted to marry until then.

"My mother would say, 'You're too picky; who do you think you are?' But I wanted somebody very special. I thought well of myself, and I knew I had a lot to offer somebody. Just to get some *schmo* in order to start a family wasn't right."

The specters of their mothers' lives have haunted many women. "I felt like having a baby was the one way you would really be stuck," says Cecilia Hampton, a forty-one-year-old writer who recently had her first child. "If you just got married, you could say, 'I'm leaving,' but if you had kids you couldn't do that. My mother had no autonomy or independence, no way to make a living, and she was forced to put up with a lot. I think a whole generation of women was reacting to some very real things about our mothers' way of life that were terrible."

And as Ms. Henry recalls, in the wake of the women's movement, not to mention the sexual revolution, "the idea of putting off your career even for a minute was intolerable. Women were getting good jobs for the first time, and there was no way I was going to jeopardize that."

But once they had established secure professional identities, many women discovered new priorities. "After I published my book, after I accomplished something, I felt I would be less likely to vanish into the ether as a person if I had a child," Ms. Hampton muses. "Having got that far, I could also see what professional accomplishment did for me, and what it didn't do." For her, as for many women, achievement allowed desire to nurture to assert itself—with a totally unfamiliar urgency.

"The thing about a mid-life crisis is that you want to integrate all the parts of yourself you neglected," explains Lydia Madden, a psychologist who never even considered motherhood until she was forty. "I suddenly realized, holy mackerel, I really want to have a baby. I had been concentrating on developing my professional skills, and what I hadn't developed was a family life—and I really wanted to."

Baby fever can strike with utter disregard for circumstances or appropriateness, afflicting the single and the married, the gay and the straight. "There was an hilarious shift," says a political organizer. "We all went from never thinking about having children to thinking only about having children."

Some analysts interpret the current baby boom among older mothers as a rejection of previous goals. "In part it reflects a certain disillusionment with the work world," says Barbara Ehrenreich, Ph.D., a fellow at the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington. "The promise of feminism was that you would find not only economic independence but self-fulfillment in work. It was supposed to be boring to be in the kitchen, and we weren't questioning whether it was meaningful to spend all day talking about the bottom line. I think there was something uncritical about the rush into the corporate workplace. And a lot of women in their late thirties are looking at what's on their desks and saying, 'Is this all there is?'"

Of course, career burn-out is a familiar phenomenon among men as well. "What's going on among upper-middle-class women is somewhat akin to white-collar alienation among men in the 1950s," comments Dr. Ehrenreich, the author of *Hearts of Men* (Doubleday), an analysis of changing masculine roles over the last three decades. "A lot of jobs are meaningless and unrewarding, but I don't think the solution is a baby. We should be talking about why these jobs are meaningless and unrewarding. It doesn't surprise me that women want to have children, but when I see this kind of single-minded desperation about having children among women who are successful and accomplished, it's distressing."

Others bridle at the suggestion that baby fever represents a retreat from professionalism. "The next stage of feminism is to say, 'I don't want to have to make these lousy choices,'" Ms. Madden declares. "I want a great career, and I also want a loving little kid. Men have both families and careers; why shouldn't I?" At forty-four, she finally had her baby, a healthy son.

Betty Friedan, whom many credit with launching the women's movement with *The Feminine Mystique* (1963), called for a redefinition of feminism that allowed for "the choice to have babies" in *The Second Stage* (Summit, 1982). She now says, "The desire of women to have a child is real. The feminine mystique, which defined you only in those terms, was confining and obsolete, but you don't throw the baby out with the bath water. Part of the personhood of women is not just what you do in the man's world of work, but the part that is nurturing. Not that every woman has to have a child—it's a matter of choice now—but it's still a prime value of women's identity."

Nevertheless, some observers fear that misguided choices are being made in the rush to squeeze motherhood onto the résumé. "Some women are having babies not because they really want children, but because the deadline is approaching," says Alexandra Symonds, M.D., a New York City psychiatrist. "It's a big step for women to say, 'I don't want children,' and there are a lot of women who feel that part of femininity is to have a child. Some of these women, especially those deeply involved in their work, are doing this not because they really want to go through raising a child, but because they need to reaffirm this as part of their identity."

One thirty-seven-year-old with a history of fertility problems was amazed at her own reaction when she became pregnant. "I was elated," she reports. "It made me feel like a woman. I think there had been a certain amount of guilt about being sexually active all those years, about having had sex-related diseases and complications from I.U.D.s, and I felt *(Continued on page 387)*

the legal angle

New birth technologies—from artificial insemination to surrogate mothers—have spawned a host of complicated moral and legal issues

By Marion Asnes

When Mario and Elsa Rios died in a plane crash in 1983, they left behind one son in his thirties, two embryos on ice in an Australian *in vitro* clinic—and a legal mess. Could the embryos inherit a portion of the Rioses' estate, worth about a million dollars? Could their stepbrother inherit *them* as part of his estate? Would destroying the embryos best resolve, if not unravel, the moral tangle? Local lawmakers eventually ruled that though a surrogate mother could bear the embryos, these "orphans" could neither inherit nor be inherited. Now, as a result of this case, more clinics are asking parents to assign a future to any unused embryos left on deposit.

Medical advances in the treatment of infertility have brought legal confusion along with them. Some questions are simply grafted onto new technology; others are as new as the practices that engender them. Does anyone have the right to forbid fertile but busy women from hiring surrogate mothers to bear their children? If we give embryos civil rights to protect them from high-risk procedures that some have found dehumanizing, are we limiting women's rights to control their pregnancies?

Because the law does not usually anticipate ethical morasses but instead reacts to them, most of the legal issues surrounding new methods of baby-making still await clarification. Even parenthood has now become unclear. "Parenthood ordinarily has a rather unified definition: those persons who give birth to a child and who raise it," according to Nancy K. Rhoden, J.D., a bioethicist at the Ohio State University School of Law. "In the past, adoption was the only situation in which those functions were separate. Now, a woman who donates an egg is the genetic mother. The gestational mother may do nothing more than bear the fetus: it may be someone else's fertilized embryo. Either of these two parties or, for that matter, a third party could be the social or nurturing mother.

"As far as fathers go," Rhoden continued, "things are a tiny bit simpler. The father who is going to raise the child, the social father, need not be the one who fertilizes the egg, but legally it's always been presumed that the husband of a married woman who became pregnant was the child's father." When artificial insemination with donor sperm (AID) first became widespread in the 'fifties, divorcing husbands who didn't want to support "other men's" children questioned this presumption. One Illinois case in 1954 held that AID was adulterous, even when the husband consented to the procedure. Since that low point in legal history, twenty-eight states have enacted laws that make explicit the legitimacy of AID children. (Since the *(Continued on page 386)*

Herb Ritts

FARRAH FAWCETT'S BABY LOVE

Motherhood is consuming Farrah Fawcett. All she wants to talk about is breastfeeding; her son Redmond James Fawcett O'Neal's birth ("right away, it was full-tilt boogie. We're talking serious contractions"); about the pros of motherhood. "There are no cons," she says.

This is the actress who moved to New York to redirect her career, and who starred in the Off-Broadway production of *Extremities*, a violent, sometimes physically dangerous play about rape. And just last year, she received critical acclaim for her portrayal, in the TV movie *The Burning Bed*, of an abused wife who killed her husband. She equates those more demanding acting roles with a raw emotional energy undercut by anger, a passion that now seems terribly foreign to her. Returning to work is not something she looks forward to; her projects in development seem "overpowering," distant. "I'm so blissful and happy and appreciative to have a healthy baby—what do I have to be angry about?" she asks.

"Before I had Redmond, I thought you lose the child within yourself when you become a parent. But being with a baby, you become more like a child. I wish somebody had told me that a long time ago." —Joy Horowitz

Makeup by Francesca Tolot for Cloutier

heavy petal: women in rock

Rock & roll used to be all-man, but the ubiquitous MTV has put a new face on it: Cyndi Lauper's screwball charm, Joan Jett's biker stance, Tina Weymouth's debutante practicality, and Madonna's studied lust—she bares everything but her soul. These tongue-in-chic originals tease our notions of naughtiness...they've made the word "girl" acceptable again—as in "Girls Just Want To Have Fun." But they live, like us, in the material world. And their hard-sold images are another way of stating their terms

JOAN JETT

Above: Hair by Julian For Is, Paris; makeup by Rose Bonomo.
Far right: Hair and makeup by Rick Gillette

Steven Meisel

TINA WEYMOUTH

heavy petal: women in rock

by Holly Brubach

At the conclusion of David Lee Roth's "California Girls," one of the most popular music videos of the year, Roth is seen cavorting on a beach, making his way along a road that stretches from the horizon to the camera, flanked on either side by beautiful, impassive women wearing bikinis. The world, as it is depicted in this particular video, is pleasant enough—the climate looks sunny, the beach is clean and not too crowded, and effervescent music, an old Beach Boys' tune, fills the air. Still, it's not a place that I would pack up and move to, given the chance. It seems that there might be a shortage of reading material, for one thing. For another, not a single woman in this lineup looks to me like someone who knows how to come to the rescue of a friend, or crack a joke, or have an opinion.

Given the choice, I would much prefer to live in the world Cyndi Lauper inhabits in "Girls Just Want To Have Fun." Granted, the houses are prefabricated and too close together, the street (somewhere in Queens) narrow and, alas, rather dingy, but these considerations seem incidental in light of the chance to join the conga line that wends its way through the neighborhood and comes to a rollicking halt at a party in Lauper's room. The women in this video are slaphappy and unaffected, fully clothed in outfits they've pieced together on expeditions to thrift shops. I don't know that this crowd would prove to be any more intellectual than the women in "California Girls," but I'm fairly confident that whoever you are, it would be okay by them. They would help you decide what to wear on Saturday night; they would loan you ten dollars until payday; when some gum-chewing floozy comes along and steals your boyfriend, they would gang up on her in your defense and drive her out of town. Really, you couldn't ask for better company.

Most rock stars, once they've attained a certain celebrity, live in a world of their own devising, and in their videos they envision those worlds for us. Music videos are vehicles for dreams and fantasies and so come somewhat closer to the truth about human nature than a lot of movies and TV shows that purport to give us an authentic slice of life. But the truth, as it's couched in music videos, is often hard to take, especially for a woman trying to figure out where she stands. There is plenty of call for women like the ones David Lee Roth surrounds himself with: the Scorpions, Iron Maiden, and other heavy-metal bands feature them prominently, often in a cage; in "Lick It Up," by Kiss, they grovel at the band members' feet; in "Naughty, Naughty," they vie with one another for the privilege of fondling John Parr.

In music videos, one takes the measure of a man's greatness—still, apparently—by sizing up his woman and his car. Z.Z. Top videos build to a final, exultant scene in which one bimbo after another emerges from a Rolls-Royce (these men must be truly great). Not surprisingly, I suppose, there are occasional strains of the desire to be dominated by women, as in Daryl Hall and John Oates' "Maneater" ("Watch out, boy, she'll chew you up"), and recurrent visions of women as Nazi troopers (Corey Hart's "Sunglasses at Night") and sadistic prison wardens (Jer-

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Holly Brubach *is a staff writer for "The Atlantic."*

William Coupon

maine Jackson's "Dynamite"). These artists are as different from one another musically as can be, each with his own distinctive sound and style, and yet they all share a common notion of what's desirable in a woman—a notion that, for men who have proven the range of their imaginations elsewhere, is disappointingly unoriginal. Hoping to cast herself in one or another of these male fantasies, the reasonably attractive, reasonably educated, reasonably fit woman soon gives up.

Against this chorus of standardized beauties drifting in and out of the videos made by and about men, Cyndi Lauper's screwball comic-strip waif, Joan Jett's ferocious tomboy, wide-eyed and fine-boned, with a snarl on her face, and Tina Weymouth's modest, down-to-business ingenue stand out in stark relief. Bananarama, Aimee Mann (of 'Til Tuesday), Madonna—these are women seen in their own right, on their own terms, and their presence on MTV is welcome.

In "Robert De Niro's Waiting," the members of Bananarama—three women—huddle together in front of a TV set, watching movies, hungering for romance, ordering out for pizza. In "Cruel Summer," they ricochet around New York City during the relentless heat of an August day and at night take to the roof, where they dance by the light of the Chrysler Building. In "Shy Boy," they adopt a nondescript, bookish young man and reform him, confiscating his horn-rimmed glasses, launching him on an exercise program, and dressing him in jeans and a T-shirt, only to watch him run off after the first pretty stranger to come along. The women in Bananarama are beautiful but not in the beauty-pageant sense of the word. They wear flat shoes and clothes that are comfortable, however fashionable, including baggy pants and, in one video, overalls that do nothing to accentuate their bodies. Their hair is immaculately cut but mussed; they wear purple lipstick. They seem, in short, like regular women, sharing secrets, swapping clothes and makeup, seeing one another through lonely nights and hot summers.

Tina Weymouth, of the Talking Heads, strikes you as regular, too. She and her husband Chris Frantz, the band's clean-cut drummer who in the movie *Stop Making Sense* wears a Lacoste shirt, look startlingly wholesome, as if they have stumbled into an art-rock band by mistake. Part of the Talking Heads' appeal is that it seems to be a collection of thinking adults, and Weymouth bears out that impression. On stage, she takes a demure stance, feet together, intent on playing her bass, modest (possibly shy), alert, and watchful. Every so often, the camera catches her sidelong glance and wry expression that lends an air of mischief to the proceedings. Weymouth is one of those performers, rare in any field, who seem as if they aren't seeking our approval, as if they don't need our applause—they're just doing their jobs, and doing them because they take enormous pride in them. This is a slightly subversive approach because it exposes our vanity as an audience. Other artists flatter us into believing that our response is crucial to their performance. Weymouth refuses to ingratiate herself, and there is something noble and poignant in that refusal.

Madonna, on the other hand, is singing and dancing for you personally, an audience of one. A flirt and a tease, better on tape and in the movies than onstage, Madonna projects an intimacy that is legible only at close range. Watching her, you are persuaded—if you are a man, that is—that you, Arnie Evans or Jack Sullivan or whatever your name is, are at that moment the most important person in the world. *(Continued on page 381)*

Herb Ritts Hair and makeup by Colin Booker

NICOLAS ROEG AT HOME IN LONDON WITH PHOTOMONTAGE OF HIS LEADING LADY, THERESA RUSSELL, BY DAVID HOCKNEY. FAR RIGHT, RUSSELL AS THE MARILYN MONROE-ALIKE IN ROEG'S INCENDIARY NEW FILM, "INSIGNIFICANCE."

Nicolas Roeg dazzles us

A rare conversation with England's most visionary director, whose latest film plays fast and loose with those aristocrats of celebrity—Marilyn Monroe, Joe DiMaggio, Albert Einstein, and Senator Joseph McCarthy. By John Lahr

Nic Roeg pulled up on a bike outside his house on a quiet side street in Notting Hill Gate. "I like taking my life in my hands with the London traffic," he said, tugging the cuffs of his blue jeans out from his socks. It was an apt introduction to the fifty-seven-year-old English film director who has won an international reputation as one of the industry's most daring craftsmen. Roeg never plays safe. At least three of his seven films (the latest, *Insignificance*, opens this month) are now considered classics of post-war British cinema: *Performance* (1970, co-directed with Donald Cammell), *Walkabout* (1971), *Don't Look Now* (1973). Roeg pushes his actors and his stories into dangerous, intimate areas. And his films exude the thrill of a medium confidently exploring the whole range of its expressiveness. "I want to write on the front of the cinema, 'Abandon all preconceptions, ye who enter here,'" he says of his work. "Let it get to you, let it happen. Then it will be exciting."

On the mantelpiece of Roeg's living room, between the Art Deco dancing girls and the snapshots of the woman with whom he lives, the superb American actress Theresa Russell, is an unexpected postcard image of Clifford Odets, another innovator. "I'm fascinated by that period when sound had just come in. The playwrights could have perhaps helped film make the transition to sound," he says, decrying the stranglehold a literary culture has had on a visual medium. "Sound either came in too late or too early. The public was just learning to read the visual grammar of the silent film. With sound, the studios turned immediately to newspapermen and novelists whose grounding was in literature. They could not deal with visual storytelling. But we're entering a nonliterary time. We're fed information in a nonliterary way. Young people read things visually, swiftly. The grammar of the visual world shouldn't necessarily be formed on the grammar of the literary one."

Roeg's films make their visual points with sensational impact. In *Walkabout*, the clash of cultures—the aboriginal's sense of the sacredness of the land challenged by the white man's calculation of its utility—is conveyed by a simple hesitation. The two children lost in the Australian wilderness pause for a split second as they step from the red earth of the outback onto the asphalt road leading to "civilization." In *Eureka* (1982), a story of one man's lust for gold and the price paid for a dream of avarice come true, the camera introduces the audience to the tyrannical will of the prospector Jack McCann by swooping across the Alaskan wastes to discover him in long shot brawling in the snowfields. In *Don't Look Now*, Roeg brings the sense of preordination in his supernatural tale of a husband and wife haunted by the death of their daughter to a spine-tingling end as the murdered husband lies bleeding to death amid a brilliant montage of portents, themes, and clues from the movie. And in *Insignificance*, an intellectual comedy adapted from the play by Terry Johnson, Roeg stages a gruesome nuclear holocaust at the finale; then bowing to comedy's requirement of harmony, he runs the apocalypse backwards until the world is blessedly intact.

Roeg began his film education at nineteen in 1947 as an M-G-M clapper boy. He went on to become a successful cinematographer whose credits include Richard Lester's *Petulia*, John Schlesinger's *Far from the Madding Crowd*, and François Truffaut's *Fahrenheit 451*. He shot as well as directed *Walkabout*. "I am concerned with breaking barriers, challenging assumptions, and moving the possibilities of film on a bit," says Roeg, whose movies increasingly play with the complex juxtapositions of time and space. "Part of my job is to show that the cinema is the art of our time and can break through previous terms of reference. That doesn't mean ignoring them so much as expanding them as far as possible. Usually producers read scripts, and they want something rooted in the reality they know. I'm more anxious to look for what we don't know."

An unsolicited script lies on Roeg's desk in his study. It's a book-lined room with a Staffordshire bust of Shakespeare sharing

Dacotah © 1984

space on the cluttered mantelpiece with mementos of his four adult sons by his previous marriage and with a framed austere photograph of Theresa Russell with whom he has a fifth son, the two-year-old Statten. Roeg taps the script. "A lot of stories are just pastiche: one incident works with another. The movie hasn't begun from a debate within yourself." However extraordinary the stories in Roeg's films, they revolve around the issues of domination, isolation, sexuality, and nostalgia that are central to his life. "I think of plot as the shell *(Continued on page 380)*

John Lahr's *most recent book is "Automatic Vaudeville: Essays on Star Turns" (Knopf). He is working on his third novel.*

Dudley Reed

Renoir's voluptuous ideal—Was Renoir a
or a great innovator? A new museum show raises hard

Musée d'Orsay, Paris (Galerie du Jeu de Paume), gift of the artist's sons, 1923. Scala/Art Resource.

mindless appreciator of female bodies questions. By Barbara Rose

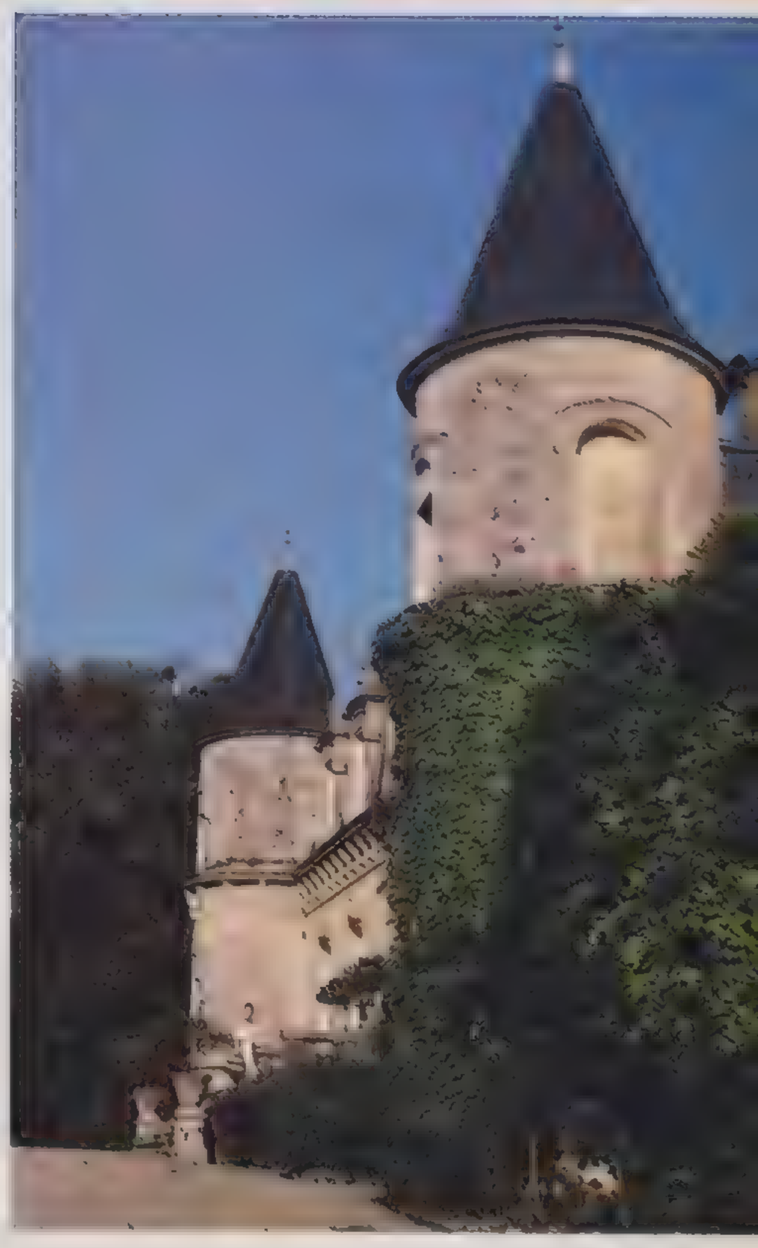
Shortly before his death in 1919 at the age of seventy-eight, Pierre-Auguste Renoir admitted to his son Jean that "perhaps I've been painting the same three or four paintings throughout my life!" Surveying the richness and plenitude of Renoir's works, on view in a major retrospective at the Grand Palais in Paris (through September 2 and coming to Boston in October), one is struck by the repetitiveness of his themes. For although Renoir painted some of the greatest Impressionist scenes of contemporary life, he was essentially an intimate artist who focused on things around him: fruits, flowers, children, and above all, women, especially nude women.

The sensuality of Renoir's art—his brush seems literally to caress the canvas—has made him much admired. But the sugary sweetness of his subjects and palette, which sometimes turned acid and late in life reddened to an unnaturally burnished glow, make Renoir's paintings difficult to appreciate today. Despite the mass interest in Impressionism, Renoir is a painter as out of fashion in sophisticated circles as his passive maternal nudes are the contrary of today's active boyish ideal. Now the current retrospective and accompanying catalogue demand a reevaluation of Renoir as an artistic innovator whose need to experiment contradicted an otherwise reactionary personality.

Nowhere is Renoir's attempt to stop the clock of modern progress more evident than in his treatment of the female nude. Throughout his life, Renoir painted sensuous bathers and luxurious odalisques. Even during the late 1880s when he abandoned Impressionism for a hard-contoured style, in an unsuccessful attempt to synthesize the Romantic and the neo-classical styles, it was with the traditional *(Continued on page 379)*

Renoir's late nudes are his most difficult and least appreciated paintings; but he intended "The Bathers" (left), c. 1918–19, to be his final pictorial statement, the recapitulation of his most important theme, the plump, sensuous female nude in landscape.

a well-cultivated life



Château Lagarosse has a typical Bordelais facade (right), with twin turrets flanking the main entrance. Inside the airy, marble-floored foyer (left), the two children of the mansion, Nicholas and Pauline Rochas, enthrone themselves under a matching pair of marble-and-bronze console tables by Edgar Brandt. A pair of Italian terra-cotta lions frames the doorway with its spectacular view of the fertile countryside.

Carole and François Rochas are Parisians whose country getaway is Château Lagarosse in the Bordeaux region of France. A gifted chef and decorator, she has breathed new life into the historic mansion, infusing it with the charm of a flower-filled garden. He, an ardent gourmand and vintner, is the son of fragrance magnate Hélène Rochas. Now François has a heady scent of his own to savor—the bouquet of his homegrown, full-bodied cabernet sauvignon.

David Massey

a well-cultivated life

BY G.Y. DRYANSKY

Everybody in Paris knows who François Rochas, the perfume heir, and his pretty blond wife Carole are; but finding them when they drop out to Château Lagarosse is no easy business. It's on almost no map, and the region, on the far southwest banks of the Gironde below the city of Bordeaux, is way off-circuit for the grand wine tours.

Recently, the chauffeur of the Indian Ambassador to France took a long time understanding the back roads, but when His Excellency Narendra Singh and his wife, Safali, at last arrived, a dinner awaited them that Michelin would have praised.

"Will there be partridge?" asked a fellow guest, Anthony Barton, "I've had partridge for lunch." Said with resignation. Barton is an Irishman whose family has owned Chateau Léoville Barton, an eminent Saint-Julien vineyard, since 1821, so he is reconciled to Bordeaux's peculiar tradition of conformist menus.

But tonight it is pink *foie gras* and a delicate *sauté de veau* with fresh pasta sauced with *cèpes*. And there is an intense chocolate cake. No *nouvelle* tidbits. And all of these substantial wonders, except for the cake, the housekeeper's specialty, are the work of Carole Rochas. François and Carole are in heaven in a kitchen, and one of the reasons they get away to Lagarosse is to concentrate on cooking up a storm.

"We met in Paris around a kitchen stove," Carole explains. "We had a friend in common, Thierry Nicolas"—the Nicolases are France's best-known wine merchants—"who invited us to dinner on the condition that we'd each cook a dish. François did a partridge stuffed with *foie gras* and I did the entrée, a sea-urchin soufflé. François had never laid eyes on me before, but after he took a look at my *soufflé aux oursins*, he began to gaze at me intensely."

Thirteen years later, their eyes still glimmer in sympathy across the candlelight in the dining room of Lagarosse, while Anthony Barton, delighted to be among people of the sort that will not foist still another bird on him, allows that the Lagarosse served with the veal goes down well indeed. *(Continued on page 378)*

Because Château Lagarosse was rebuilt in the mid-nineteenth century, following a devastating fire in 1848, the Rochases decided to decorate the place in the ornate, comfortably plush style of the Second Empire (1852-1870), when Napoléon III ruled France. The salon features a novel Napoléon III sofa—a "borne," or three-seater. Luxuriant flowers are ubiquitous—on carpet, fabrics, ceramics, and painted-wood furniture. Flower-bordered draperies, in damask by Boussac, are crowned with valances emblazoned with eighteenth-century medallions in petit point tapestry.

David Massey

Dinner chez Rochas is always a main event. Carole Rochas (near right), who likes to dress up for the occasion, pauses in the doorway between the salon and the dining room. The dining room doors and walls are hand-painted to simulate marble. Dramatic nineteenth-century French faience jardinieres flank the doorway. Silk curtains (far right) are bracketed with antique tapestry borders. On the table: nineteenth-century goblets and a silver-trimmed decanter.

David Massey

a well-cultivated life

"I knew nothing about being an oenologist and had to learn a whole new field, but I am now able to get the best out of my vineyards," said François Rochas (near left), who pours his wife a glass of the "house red" as the whole family gathers for an alfresco lunch near the swimming pool. The outdoor dining area is Orientalist in spirit, with Syrian-made mirror, shelves, and chairs, all inlaid with mother-of-pearl, complementing the sinuous floral motif of the tablecloth and banquette. The mistletoe-decorated plates are by Edmond Lachenal, the French Art Nouveau ceramist. In the master bedroom (above), the garden-like serenity of a predominantly green color scheme is accented by exuberant flower gravures by nineteenth-century Viennese artist Joseph Nigg. Even the mantelpiece's twin candelabra are aswarm with flowers. Both the floral Aubusson rug and the wine-red chaise longue were found by Carole Rochas at Drouot, the Paris auction house. Below: François Rochas takes the children for a ride in the vineyard.

the prevailing fur jacket this fall: a short jacket—very short—and very luxurious ...especially in the prevailing fur—sable!

THE NEW DIMENSIONS...IN FUR

On these four pages, a first look at the news in fur. The key shapes, key lengths to keep your eye on. A difference at every length: the new proportion, with a strong, square shoulder, and often with the added interest of big collars, big lapels, big cuffs. And everywhere, a high level of luxury that comes from the use of sable, sable, and more sable—along with fisher, natural-color mink. . . it's an "all-out" kind of season. . . . Perfect example of the new short jacket in fur, *opposite:* from Galanos, in softest natural Baraguzin Russian sable with square shoulder, big revers, big cuff. . . big impact! For Yarmuth-Dion. About $25,000. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. . . . When a fur is long this year, it's very long—and very luxurious—i.e., Bill Blass's above-the-ankle polo coat, *this page*—double-breasted, wide-shouldered, generously cut. . . in the glossiest sheared black beaver; contrasting brown collar and cuffs. For Mohl Furs. Of dyed Canadian beaver. About $8000. Lazarus, Columbus OH; Swansons on the Plaza; Colbert's, Amarillo TX; Bullocks Wilshire; I. Magnin. To order, Marshall Field's. These two pages: hair, Ezel for Bumble & Bumble; makeup, Kevyn Aucoin. Details, last pages.

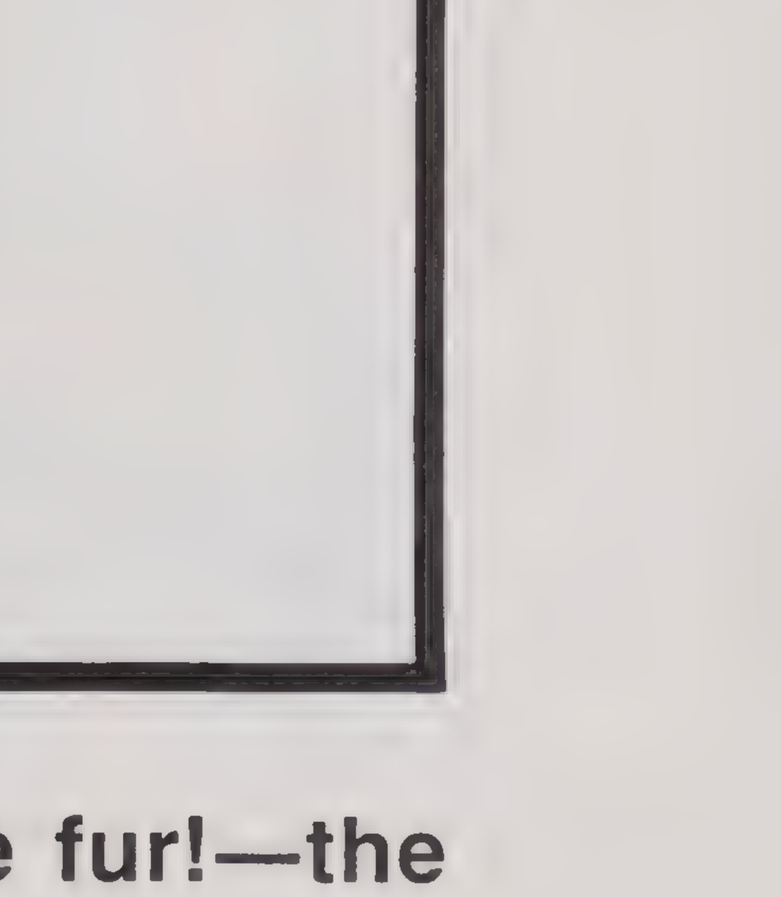
Bert Stern

symbol: of a new scale, a new length in fur—the biggest-ever, longest-ever polo coat to just above the ankle

the 7/8-length coat—the length that does it all—a dashing new fur that works with narrow skirts, pants, dresses, day and night

Defining a new shape, a new proportion, *above*: the 7/8-length coat in natural Russian Crown sable—square-shouldered, straight-falling, perfectly simple, totally versatile. Bill Blass for Mohl Furs. About $50,000. Swansons on the Plaza; Colbert's, Amarillo TX; Bullocks Wilshire; I. Magnin. To order at Lazarus, Columbus OH; Marshall Field's. . . . One-of-a-kind fur, *opposite*: the all-out luxury of a very big, very long, very full-in-back coat of rare bleached ivory Russian sable. Bisang Fourrures for the Tepper Collection. About $100,000. Neiman-Marcus. Hair, Ric Pipino for Pipino-Buccheri Salon, NYC; makeup, Richard Adams for Beauty Bookings. Details, see next to last pages of this issue.

the ultimate fur!—the longest, roomiest big coat...in the rarest sable—a unique combination



THE NEW DIMENSIONS...IN FUR

Bert Stern

What counts this season: underpinnings that give you an entirely new sense of hold, under this season's more fitted, more shaped clothing...Maximum-impact accessories that add charm and a necessary flash of burnished gold to this season's darker-toned clothing...On these twelve pages, symbols of the season that make a difference—inside and out...Something totally different, *left*—a lightweight Antron/Lycra teddy, a "body enhancer" that adds a smooth, clean line, a bit of top control. By Vassarette. About $26. Late Aug. at Saks Fifth Avenue; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Hudson's; Dayton's; McRae's, Jackson MS; Sanger-Harris, Dallas. Sheets, Martex.

ACCESSORIES THIS FALL

Perfect complements, inside...and out

In a season of dark "surfaces," what you want most: the contrast of strong, decorative accessories in gold. Perfect examples, *right*, at Donna Karan—body-conscious dressing set off by high-impact "gold" jewelry, designed by Robert Lee Morris. Here, his strands of "pearls." And at the wrist, large chunky links; or a bracelet cut like a lobster tail. For Donna Karan. Necklace, about $900. Earrings, about $120. Bracelets, wrist to cuff, about $650, $400. Artwear, NYC; Body Sculpture, Boston; Twigs, Birmingham MI; Jere Scott at Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Makeup, Linda Cantello. . . . *Beauty Note:* Another perfect complement —Dior's golden lipgloss, #299. Details, stores, last pages.

Steven Meisel

inside

One of the most streamlined body suits yet, *below*, and one of the prettiest new lingerie ideas—stretch lace, in black with bronze flowers. It really firms, smooths, from shoulder to toe—works perfectly under anything fitted. By Guy Laroche. About $38. September at Lord & Taylor; Jacobson's, Michigan and Ohio; Neiman-Marcus; Nordstrom, Washington and Oregon. Sheets by Martex. Hair, Sam McKnight; Makeup, these two pages, Linda Cantello.

PERFECT COMPLEMENTS...

outside

In keeping with the season's strong emphasis on shape...handbags are small, geometric, precisely cut, and often open and close just like real boxes. One that's totally charming, ornamental, shaped, *above*, Fendi's— in silver leather with a black embossed pattern that looks like lace. Handbag, about $220. Bergdorf Goodman; Hirshleifer's, Forest Hills and Manhasset NY; Fendi Boutiques, Short Hills NJ; and, Beverly Hills. Unitard, Stevi Brooks...
Beauty Note: More discreet ornamentation—Maybelline's Misty Mocha Long Wearing Lipstick. Details, last pages.

Steven Meisel

inside

Lace and more lace! This time in a teddy with a real difference—with stretch nylon for control, and extra-high-cut legs, like those on a maillot, *left*. What that allows for: freedom of movement, a focus of shape and holding at the waist. By Natori. About $45. Mid-Sept. at Saks Fifth Avenue; Marshall Field's; Neiman-Marcus; Lisa Norman Lingerie, Santa Monica CA; I. Magnin. Sheets, Martex. Hair, Garren for Garren, NYC; makeup, Rumiko.

Steven Meisel

outside

What the best gold accessories bring to clothes this season: a sense of opulence, of ornamentation. And an impact that comes from the careful way each piece is detailed and from the way pieces are worn—often in multiple, strand over strand, chain over chain. The most charming example, *left*—Stephen Dweck's new take on the "charm bracelet" with jade and tourmaline beads, gold vermeil baskets. Added appeal in the way it's used to decorate a completely covered arm—the glove "continues" the green velvet sleeve...an idea you'll see more of on the following pages. Gloves by Aris. About $38. Lord & Taylor. Bracelet, from a "one-of-a-kind" collection. About $3000. John Wanamaker; Jere Scott at Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Frost Bros.; Stella Volo, San Francisco. To order at Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus. Details, last pages.

PERFECT COMPLEMENTS...

outside

Outstanding impact, outstanding ornamentation, and a new way of "dressing" the arm. It starts, *below*, with two highly decorative cuffs—extra wide, worked in "gold" filigree, and set with startling, square stones of green leather. And the addition of provocative new gloves in dark-green leather (an accessory color you see everywhere) splashed with gold. The effect—prevalent this season—almost trompe l'oeil —you often don't know where the sleeve ends, where the glove begins! Cuffs, by Wendy Gell Jewelry. Each, about $565. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Camille, Coconut Grove FL; Ultimo, Chicago; La T Da, Dallas; Tucan, Houston; I. Magnin. Gloves, Daniel Silver. About $95. Bloomingdale's; Terri D. Ltd., Chicago; Your Choice/Bliss, Ontario Canada. Hair, Gabriele Vigorelli.

PERFECT COMPLEMENTS...

inside

The sleekest underpinnings ever!
A teddy that adds control without sacrificing ease—
or attractiveness, *right*, in black nylon/Lycra
stretch lace with a built-in bra for a seamless surface.
By Olga's Christina. About $28. Bloomingdale's;
Marshall Field's; L.S. Ayres, Indianapolis IN;
Dayton's; Robinson's, California; Frederick & Nelson.
Sheets, Martex. Hair, Sam McKnight; makeup,
Linda Cantello. Details, more stores, last pages.

Steven Meisel

PERFECT COMPLEMENTS...

outside

What you want in a handbag for day: something discreetly decorative to wear against neutrals, black, grey. Something like. . . Prada's camera-bag-sized bag covered with gold studs, *left*—suddenly, it's much more than "just a handbag!". . . More gold, and more of the excitement in gloves—almost elbow-length gold leather. Handbag, about $260. Bergdorf Goodman. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia, about $68. Henri Bendel; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Fini, Seattle WA. Rolex watch. Makeup, Linda Mason.

Steven Meisel

inside

ough the torso, more

e by Loré Lingerie of

page, has all of the

above and—it's silk charme

tulip-shaped top; string

a, about $56; bikini, ab

outside

A star accessory
in every designer collection: the glove.
And the strongest message:
the look, the feel, the heightened
sense of finish that comes from a glove-covered
arm—even when you're wearing
a sleeveless dress. Clearly, gloves have
never been more amusing, more appealing,
or more indispensable. For nonstop
dazzle—Gianfranco Ferre's remarkable
rainbow-colored, bugle-beaded, satin-and-suede
elbow-length glove, *left;* and an
equally dazzling beaded drawstring bag
by Fendi. All the ornamentation
you'll ever need at night! (Making the point
of ornamentation another way
—the purple satin and gold evening
pump, from Maud Frizon.) Gloves, about $485.
Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Femina, Scottsdale
AZ and La Jolla CA. Bag, about $1000.
Bergdorf Goodman; Hirshleifer's,
Forest Hills and Manhasset NY;
Fendi Boutiques, Short Hills NJ
and Beverly Hills.

Steven Meisel

outside

Black leather gloves—with more! With, *left*, diamond shaped glass beads as "fringe" and a longer, over-the-elbow length. By Sachiko for La Crasia. And a black suede scarf with gold studs in X-and-O design. By Judyth Van Amringe. Gloves, about $220. Altman's; Ganto's, Grand Rapids MI; Fini, Seattle WA. Scarf, about $675. Therapy, NYC; Weinstein's, New Orleans; Hattie; Ultimo, Chicago; Cattlebone, Pasadena CA; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Hair, Odile for Bruno Dessange Salon, NYC; makeup, Linda Cantello. Details, last pages.

PERFECT COMPLEMENTS...

NEWS

VIRUSES

In medical history, 1985 may be "The Year of the Virus." Scientists studying these sometimes invisible molecular proteins have come up with significant facts

BY ELLEN SWITZER

Viruses are tiny bits of molecular protein. Unlike bacteria, they are *not* living organisms; they do not propagate on their own. Oscar L. Laskin, M.D., assistant professor of medicine and pharmacology at The New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center and an outstanding expert on antiviral drugs, describes them: "Viruses are, in a way, like tiny biological computer chips. In order to affect the body, they have to get into a cell. Then they change the way the cell operates. Often that means instructing the cell to make proteins that it did not produce before the virus entered. Those proteins, rather than the viruses themselves, are usually what causes the patient to get sick."

Most viruses are infinitesimal, much smaller than the vast majority of bacteria. Often they cannot be seen even under the most powerful electronic microscopes and can slip through even the most dense of biological screens. Sometimes they can only be identified by the changes they make in cells or the proteins they help to create, and they are classified or identified by the antibodies they produce. This is true for the AIDS virus, for instance. No one has as yet seen it. . . but its antibodies have been identified, and it is those antibodies, not the virus itself, that can be spotted in the test now used by blood banks to eliminate potential AIDS carriers from contaminating the nation's blood supply.

Some viruses *can* be seen under a very powerful microscope. Among them is the herpes virus, which looks, quite inappropriately, like a diamond. The virus that causes many types of colds looks more like a snake.

There are hundreds of thousands of viruses to which all of us are exposed constantly. Most don't cause any real damage. Some cause trivial infections, with minimal effects. Others are deadly, and there are as yet no weapons that can prevent their activity or cure the effects.

Since viruses are not living organisms in the first place, it is, logically enough, impossible to kill them. This is, of course, why antibiotics don't work against them. Those drugs are designed either to kill bacteria or to prevent them from propagating. And that is why it is possible to cure pneumonia, if it is caused by bacteria, not viruses, even though we can't shorten the duration of the common cold. But there are a few antiviral agents, most very new on the market, that can prevent viruses from getting into cells or neutralize their activities once they have managed to invade a cell.

Each virus, no matter how small, basically is structured in the same way. It has a core consisting of nucleic acid, which is made up of either RNA or DNA, never both. Most viruses are surrounded by what scientists call a "capsid." Some viruses also have an envelope over the capsid.

Viruses need the capsid and/or the envelope in order to get into and attach themselves to cells. So antiviral drugs may work because they destroy or interfere with these coverings. This is true, for instance, of WIN 51,711, the newly developed experimental drug (see box). It blocks the virus from shedding its outer protein coat. The virus is then, apparently, unable to release its genetic material (in this case RNA) into the inert cell and, the drug's creators hope, will be unable to cause the diseases that this family of viruses produces, including the common cold.

THE RETROVIRUSES

There was a time, not so long ago, when scientists believed that all viruses basically acted in very similar ways; but within recent years, it has been found that a group of RNA viruses acts differently from their fellows. In fact, they proceed almost backwards. That is the reason for their name: retroviruses.

Instead of making RNA in the cell they have invaded, retroviruses make DNA. The DNA then makes more RNA. In other words, like irregular verbs, they simply don't do what should logically be expected of them. The retrovirus in order to do its special job uses an enzyme that is called "reverse transcriptase." Other viruses don't have this enzyme.

Unfortunately, retroviruses have among their group the most dangerous infecting agents scientists have found so far. They are the ones associated with AIDS. They also seem to cause various kinds of lymphatic cancers and some leukemias. Another retrovirus, Epstein-Barr, causes mononucleosis, and a recurrent flu-like illness that was identified last winter.

MORE VIRAL PROBLEMS

There is yet another difficulty about viruses: they can change from relatively benign to deadly with no apparent cause. AIDS researchers suspect that the AIDS virus may be a mutation of some other, probably fairly harmless, virus that has been in circulation for centuries. No one knows what happened to that virus, or why it has within a few years turned into an international plague.

What worries researchers most about this specimen is that, although now the AIDS virus seems to be confined almost exclusively to certain population groups (male homosexuals, in-

travenous drug abusers, Haitians, and patients like hemophiliacs who receive a great deal of donated blood), it could undergo another change and appear in the general population. At a meeting in Atlanta, scientists from the Centers for Disease Control warned that AIDS research must become a top international research priority, since its nature might change again, and that eventually millions of people could be at risk.

Although AIDS is not classified as a slow virus, it seems to have the ability to remain silently in the body for years. What worries public health experts most is that the AIDS virus may persist without causing symptoms in the infected person for four years or more, and still be

We have fresh insights into the workings of herpes, flu, colds, the "slow viruses," and even AIDS

transmissable through blood transfusions, for instance.

In a report published in May, the authors, all physicians from the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta, Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago, and various city and county health departments in the United States, traced back the donors of blood given to patients who developed AIDS after transfusions. It was found that the blood came from apparently symptomless individuals who were, on further study, found to harbor the AIDS virus. Experts now suspect that such symptomless individuals might also be able to transmit the disease through other means, such as sexual contact, or the use of needles used in intravenous drug abuse.

Also, some recent AIDS patients have shown some of the other symptoms of known slow viruses: plaque-like formations in the *(Continued on page 379)*

RESEARCH UPDATE

● Researchers are finally convinced that they have isolated the virus that causes the dreaded AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome). A test kit has been developed that allows blood banks to recognize AIDS antibodies in the blood of potential donors, and thus to eliminate blood that might be contaminated. The test does not prove who has, and who does not, have AIDS; and it is considered controversial by some experts.

● After several years of negotiations with the Centers for Disease Control, the federal Food and Drug Administration, and other governmental and scientific organizations, manufacturers of aspirin have agreed to add, in the fall, to package labels a warning that tells parents to consult a physician before giving the drug to children who show signs of a flu-like illness or of chicken pox. Many researchers have long maintained that aspirin might be the agent which causes a relatively benign virus to turn into the deadly Reye's Syndrome, which can cause brain damage and even death in children who seem to be recovering from chicken pox or flu.

● Children born with forms of congenital herpes have caused a panic that sometimes bordered on hysteria among some parents and teachers in school systems throughout the United States. For instance, in Council Bluffs, Iowa, parents threatened to overturn a school bus if a three-year-old girl with herpes climbed aboard. In Sacramento, California, parents picketed an elementary school protesting the attendance of a four-year-old boy with CMV, a herpes-related virus. Only assurances from a united scientific community that almost all children have been exposed to some herpes-related viruses by the time they enter nursery school calmed what might have become a crusade aimed at small children.

Meanwhile, a new antiviral agent, which does not cure herpes but shortens the periodic flare-ups and makes them less painful, has come on the market.

● A special type of virus that seems to stay harmlessly in the human body for decades can apparently turn ferocious. It creates proteins in the brain that, in turn, cause paralysis, dementia, and eventually death. These viruses have been identified as the cause of the relatively rare Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease, which was the cause of the seemingly mysterious decline and death of choreographer George Balanchine. Some scientists now believe that a form of this virus (which is called "slow virus" because of its long incubation period) may also be associated with Alzheimer's disease and other forms of brain degeneration.

● Those of us who, during the past winter and spring, suffered from recurrent bouts of flu-like symptoms may be able to stop blaming our life styles or our emotional problems for our persistent ill health. The cause might well have been a newly discovered virus of the Epstein-Barr family (which also causes mononucleosis).

● There have been several apparently successful skirmishes against our persistent enemy, the common cold. At the University of Virginia, Jack Gwaltney, Jr., M.D. and his associates, have been using a nasal spray containing the drug interferon to prevent colds in persons who have been thoroughly exposed. The spray has been administered under controlled conditions to volunteers who were first deliberately infected with rhinoviruses (the ones that cause colds). According to Dr. Gwaltney, the results have been "very encouraging."

In May, some highly enthusiastic reports about a potential cure for the common cold surfaced in the broadcast media. It turned out that the joy was premature; no cure had been found. However, at a meeting of the American Chemical Society, researchers for the Sterling-Winthrop Research Institute reported that a new drug, called WIN 51,711, had been used on the picornavirus, one of the most common viral infections in man. This family consists of two types of viruses: the enterovirus (which can cause any number of nasty diseases, including polio, meningitis, and hepatitis A), and the common cold culprit, the rhinovirus.

In the test tube, the new drug seemed to be effective against both types of viruses. It also proved effective against enteroviruses in mice. Unfortunately, it is impossible to give laboratory animals the common cold. So the effect on the one hundred twenty or more types of rhinoviruses could only be tested in vitro . . . i.e., in glass tubes. However, the researchers feel that WIN 51,711 might be ready for human testing before long.

In a season that emphasizes texture and design—coats with a decorative edge, an "animal appeal"... Coats made of just-for-the-fun-of-it "fur" that becomes a charming addition to this season's sleek, shapely underpinnings... On these six pages, fun "fur" in the most attractive easygoing coat shapes, in the new coat lengths from 7/8 to above-the-ankle. (The only real fur coat here belongs to Iris, the Shar-Pei.)... New hot spots to watch, *left*: a great 7/8-length coat that goes all day, all night, from Diane Pernet. It's light enough to slip on over great base pieces—yet provides all the warmth you want. Coat, about $1070. Late August at Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Bill Loya, Salt Lake City UT; Cattlebone, Pasadena CA.... A coat with substance—with the scale, the weight, the presence of a real fur coat, *right*—Sonia Rykiel's, with an oversized collar. And it's completely reversible!—from ivory "shearling" to studded, quilted black satin—an easy day-to-night switch. About $705. Barneys New York, Borocks, Wilshire, Clubissimo, Canada. These six pages: hair, Mitch Berg; makeup, Kevin [illegible]

acy, charming...a breed apart

...a breed apart

A romantic 7/8-length coat that moves over everything—in particular, over the skinniest pants, the most dashing mens-wear shirt—in a warm, soft-to-the-touch sheared-beaver look-alike, *opposite*, with hood, black velvet lining. By one of London's newest fast-track designers, Rifat Ozbek. Coat, about $800. Late August at Linda Dresner, NYC and Troy Mi; Hutzlers, Baltimore MD; I Magnin. . . The essence of shape—the essence of rich black "broadtail"—and one of the newest takes on the dinner suit, *right*: OMO Norma Kamali's very small and fitted coat, over a narrow skirt, sleeveless turtleneck. Coat, about $550 OMO Norma Kamali, NYC *Beauty Note* The essence of a new skin-care system for active women—Guerlain's Ultra Sport, a five-step approach to cleansing, toning, moisturizing, stimulating, and protecting. Details, more stores, see next to last pages this issue

Andrea Blanch

VOGUE PATTERNS

Vogue Pattern #1611

versatile plus, "furs" you can sew yourself! — terrific day coats that reverse to cozy-lined evening coats! Best examples — a coat with swagger, *above*, with the kind of wrap around you warmth and luxury that comes from its extra long ankle length, and the fact that it's actually made of alpaca Vogue Pattern #1614, fabric, Calwer Decken for Strachman Associates. One of the most beautiful stripes of the season — tigers — in a coat that's as plushy as it is roomy and easygoing, *opposite*. The streamlined cut lets the stripes stand out. Vogue Pattern #9088; fabric, Eybl Artlur for Strachman Associates. Polyester lining for both coats. Faille "Karat," John Kaldor Fabric Maker [illegible]. *Beauty Note:* Another plus — a deeper, warmer lip. Germaine Monteil's Creme Luxe Lipstick in Cognac. Sewing tips, details, last pages.

Andrea Blanch

...a breed apart

VOGUE'S

Last Word

ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

What works and what doesn't: when you're dressing by day in a city suit, a simple top, in the season's star coat length; by night, the set-up for new jacket looks, a new ornamentation

What works? Let's start with some givens. In a fall season—in an issue—of sportswear notions, it's "sportswear," often brought to new heights—and that might be something as pared-down—as linear-looking—as a black wool-jersey turtleneck and narrow trousers. Those pieces, in newly streamlined versions, can provide a polished dressing base; accessories and makeup are the "finishers." They pull together a look, add adornment.

When you're dressing in deep, dark colorings—when "color" often means black—decorated gloves provide an effective break: This fall, that might be gloves in buttery deep-wine leather, quilted-cuff red suedes, something as remarkable, by day, as (1) hand-painted gold on gloves of green leather. In the same way, this fall, that a velvet quilted jacket serves to soften the look of a short black leather skirt and sweater, tying on a gold muffler at the neck can immediately brighten winter dressing in dark tweeds. New colorings of gold jewelry—rich golds with new texture-y matte finishes—are some of the finds of the season.

In terms of adding jewelry pieces—extra adornment—there's almost nothing a black jersey maillot like Donna Karan's (2) can't take: we layered on the season's new gold jewels in all their splendor. Fewer pieces, in truth, are the dressing reality: for day, reaching for big gold beads like Robert Lee Morris' (2), adding to one wrist a watch and gold chain . . . or going with nothing at the neck and a pair of big gold hoop earrings. **When it comes to jewels, this season, the easiest rule of thumb: adding bold jewelry pieces, a sense of bulk—in one place.** At night, a pair of standout bracelet cuffs in themselves can be more than sufficient.

One sign of the season? A coat—such as Bill Blass's (3) in a new—right-at-the-knee—length. This fall, you'll find that coat in everything from sable to tweed to cashmere, work it over slender trousers or a short leather skirt, like body-conscious dressing beneath. One key to the coat's newness is putting it over narrowness. With a short skirt, adding high-heeled pumps, new dark woven-texture stockings that are a bit heavier than opaque: toning the color of the coat to your shoes to your legs maintains an unbroken line, the attractive legginess inherent in short coats this season.

When does a high heel look good with pants? When you're dressing, it's easy to go off base. One sure solution is staying with pieces in the same color range, toning the color of pants to shoe and legs. With Karl Lagerfeld's gabardine knee coat and narrow trousers (4) we used black pumps with stacked heels, black stockings a bit heavier than opaque. The key? Shoes and stockings, as much as a suit, that are polished, refined, city-level dressing.

In this issue, evening jackets stand on their own as new nighttime jewels; and with a variety of bases beneath them, they offer different ways of working evening dressing. They're not evening ornaments to toss on as you run out the door: when a jacket comes as richly jeweled and decorated as Bill Blass's black beaded bolero (5), it requires a degree of dressing up to it: polished hair, nighttime makeup, well-plotted pieces beneath it to back up the jacket's glitter.

1

2

3

4

5

What you'll find: **this season's new bejeweled jackets work best over a pared-down base**—a long strapless black jersey dress, a flirty knee-length dress in black velvet, a sleek cashmere maillot and narrow trousers. To keep in mind with these new jackets: they stop, quite definitely, above waist and need somewhat high-waisted pants, a skirt with a raised waist. Another option is a plain self-buckle broad belt in velvet or suede. With some working out, that jacket will work for seasons to come: it also, quite effectively, sets up the narrowness of this season. ▽

IMPORTANT

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HEALTH style

Surprise "health" food ratings . . . getting the better of life's petty irritations . . . mind vitality . . . black health watch . . . latest from the teeth front

reason to smile

Teeth are meant to last a lifetime and, today, chances are that they will. Making the difference: new research in treating/preventing dental problems, and new evidence that proves, once again, that good daily oral hygiene is key . . .

● **Fluoride** Today, the teeth of one-third of all American children ages five to seventeen are cavities-free—and fluoride gets a lot of the credit. Leon M. Silverstone, D.D.Sc., Ph.D., associate dean for research, University of Colorado Health Sciences Center, noted that fluoride not only "toughens" tooth enamel but actually can help to rebuild a decaying tooth. "Fluoride, mixed with salivary minerals, can form crystals that become part of tooth enamel, acting as a healing agent when decay starts," said Dr. Silverstone.

● **Brushing and flossing** are still the basics of any tooth-care program. What's new: that in addition to removing acid-forming bacteria to prevent decay from starting, these simple measures can *reverse* the process of gum disease (gingivitis) in its early stages. As we age, our susceptibility to periodontal disease increases because tartar and calculus build below and above the gum line," said Erwin P. Barrington, D.D.S., Ph.D., professor of periodontics at the University of Illinois. "Scrupulous brushing and flossing to remove bacteria can return gums to a healthy state, if gum disease has not progressed too far."

● **Bi-yearly checkups** should include a gum examination with a periodontal probe; and periodontal X-rays should be taken every two years, said Dr. Barrington. But *getting* patients to the dentist can be a major first step. Only 40 percent of Americans regularly visit dentists, and "dental phobia" is a major reason. Doctors are using relaxation training, distractors such as audio headphones to allay patients' fears.

Widespread dental "access programs" now offer "discounted" dental care for those eligible; mobile dental units make "house calls" to homebound patients. Check your local Dental Society.

● **The future** Predicted: within ten years an oral anti-caries vaccine to prevent decay-causing bacteria from sticking to teeth; stronger anti-plaque ingredients to be incorporated into toothpastes and mouthwashes. "The ultimate goal of any medical profession is to put itself out of business," said one dental expert, "and we're getting there."

IN FASHION: A WINNING EDGE

Latest spillover from the gym to clothing design: the second-skin fit and meant-for-movement ease of the triathlon suit. A cross between tank suit and biking shorts, triathletes' attire was designed to cut wind- and water-resistance in competitions combining long-distance running, biking, and swimming. Now, more stylized one- and two-piece versions can solve the question of weekend wear for any woman whose body is "fit" for the line-hugging exposure.

Making lists—favorite ploy of busy women—not only helps with organization but grants a feeling of control

A GOOD WORD FOR ELECTROLYSIS

A recent article in the *Journal of the American Academy of Dermatology* not only reconfirms that electrolysis is the only proven permanent method of hair removal but reemphasizes that, in skilled hands, it should leave no telltale scars. To reduce chances of less-than-favorable results, the article's authors suggest expansion of state regulation (almost half the U.S. states have no training requirements) and the avoidance of at-home electrolysis machines and electronic tweezers (the latter classified as "no better than non-electrified household tweezers" by the FDA).

FROM THE LATEST RESEARCH, HEALTH-PROMOTING ADVICE FOR EVERY BLACK WOMAN: *KEEP YOUR WEIGHT IN A NEAR-IDEAL RANGE.* LOSING WEIGHT CAN DRAMATICALLY IMPROVE THE HEALTH OUTLOOK OF THE 60 PERCENT OF BLACK WOMEN AGE FORTY-FIVE TO SEVENTY-FIVE WHO ARE OVERWEIGHT, GREATLY LOWERING THEIR RISK OF HYPERTENSION, DIABETES, ENDOMETRIAL CANCER . . . *DON'T SMOKE CIGARETTES.* NEW NATIONAL CANCER INSTITUTE (NCI) STATISTICS SHOW BLACK AMERICANS OF BOTH SEXES SUFFER HIGHER-THAN-AVERAGE RATES OF SMOKING-ASSOCIATED DISEASES (MORE INFO, HELPFUL BOOKLETS: PHONE NCI'S HOTLINE—800/4-CANCER) . . . *EXERCISE REGULARLY AND EAT CALCIUM-RICH FOODS.* EXPERTS AT NYC'S MT. SINAI MEDICAL CENTER ARE STUDYING THE POSSIBILITY THAT SLIM BLACK WOMEN MAY BE AS MUCH AT RISK FOR THE BONE-THINNING DANGERS OF OSTEOPOROSIS AS THEIR WHITE COUNTERPARTS AND URGE PROTECTIVE MEASURES. IF LACTOSE INTOLERANCE—COMMON IN BLACK WOMEN—MAKES DAIRY FOODS A PROBLEM, DISCUSS HIGH-CALCIUM ALTERNATIVES WITH AN M.D.

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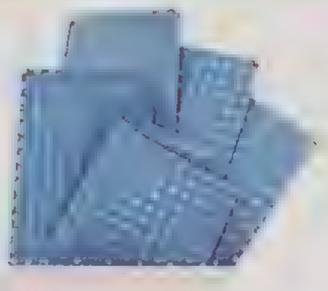

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Belief that our best days are behind us is the greatest killer of intelligence at any age. If we accept that myth, it becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy.

The myth of the moody menopause is a good example. Many women (and their husbands) fearfully anticipate that the hormonal changes of menopause will make them unstable, short-tempered, and depressed. In fact, says Anne M. Seiden, M.D., chairperson of the department of psychiatry at Cook County Hospital, Chicago, and representative for women to the assembly of the American Psychiatric Association, it is our culture's depreciation of the post-menopausal woman—not declining estrogen levels—that can make the transition a traumatic one. "If a woman views it as a retirement, then she's likely to have all the same symptoms that many men have with retirement, including irritability and moroseness," says Dr. Seiden. Preadolescent girls, who also have lower estrogen levels, are not particularly cranky or depressed—nor are menopausal women in traditional cultures where the older woman is honored. In our society, women's ongoing involvement in meaningful work may make the biological transition of menopause much less jarring.

Another damaging myth is that as people age, they become increasingly rigid and unable to change. "I have seen more rigidity, and less creativity, in some people in their twenties than in many people in their eighties," protests Kenneth R. Pelletier, M.D., author of *Longevity: Fulfilling Our Biological Potential* (Dell) and assistant clinical professor in the departments of medicine and psychiatry, University of California School of Medicine, San Francisco. "Those older people who want to change can change. But you'll find that most of those who are open and flexible and lively at an advanced age have been that way their whole lives."

Dr. Pelletier recommends that people of all ages cultivate "a flexible and open attitude" as the first of six traits that, he says, are not only characteristic of all lucid, lively older people but "strikingly characteristic of successful young people as well." The other five:

- *A sense of humor.* "It's extremely important to take things a little less seriously, especially later in life, as people may become limited by chronic physical conditions and perhaps less able to make things happen the way they would like."
- *A sense of challenge.* "This means to see the changes in life, the changes in your own body and mind as a challenge rather than a threat. You just have to use more creativity to adapt."
- *A sense of commitment.* "Stay committed to other people, to your family, and to larger social goals and programs that give you something to strive for. And as you grow older, there's another dimension of commitment which is more subtle—a commitment to an inner sense of ideals: honesty, integrity, compassion. We don't give a lot of attention to these intangible, internal commitments in the early years; we're too busy, but later in life, there's time."
- *A sense of control.* "This doesn't mean manipulating other people, it means the feeling that you can influence the course of your own life."
- *A social support system.* "It could be your family, friends, an animal, even a plant but keep in touch with other living beings in your life."

By building these resources into your life today, "not only do you not age as quickly," says Dr. Pelletier, "but the quality of life that you experience now and at advanced age is enhanced. And that's really the name of the game."

—ANNIE GOTTLIEB

riding: what's in it for you?

Riding is the only sport that combines the anti-anxiety effects of aerobics with talking and touching, the basic tools of communication. Another psychological benefit: you have to "slow down" and enjoy the ride—sudden, hasty actions increase a rider's risk of injury and can spoil the horse's temperament.

The physical benefits of riding can be dramatic. George Nelson, M.D., director of cardiac rehabilitation at Norwalk Hospital, Connecticut, points out that riding is an excellent cardiovascular exercise, even for certain heart patients under medical supervision, because "the level of cardiac stress is easily adjustable from mild to highly vigorous." As a calorie-consuming activity, one hour at a trot burns 350 calories. Riding has been used as a radical therapy for many orthopedic problems and may benefit sufferers of lower back pain by strengthening extensor muscles, keeping the back flexible.

For women ready for a "faster track," there's polo; more women are joining men's teams or competing in the relatively new all-women's tournaments. The Los Angeles Equestrian Center at Griffith Park offers lessons to every level player at reasonable rates and holds matches—with such team members as Stefanie Powers and Pamela Sue Martin—to standing-room-only crowds.

Best of all the good reasons to walk for exercise? You'll stick to it. Walking has the lowest dropout rate of any form of regular workout

VITAMINS: THEIR CARE AND FEEDING

"Many women store their vitamins in the bathroom medicine cabinet so they can conveniently take them in the morning. This is by far the worst place for vitamins because heat and moisture from the basin and shower accelerate decomposition," says Joseph L. Kanig, Ph.D., former dean of the College of Pharmaceutical Sciences at Columbia University and scientific adviser to Pharmavite Corporation. Other ill-advised places to store opened vitamins: on windowsills or on the breakfast table where they are exposed to sunlight, above the kitchen sink where moisture and heat from both sink and stove can hasten the breakdown of potency, and in the refrigerator. Explains Dr. Kanig: "Most vitamins don't require so cold a temperature, but more importantly, a cold bottle suddenly exposed to room temperature attracts moisture like a magnet."

When purchasing vitamins, look for containers that effectively block sunlight and provide an adequate barrier against heat and moisture. Opaque or brown bottles made of plastic or glass are good choices; green containers inadequately block sunlight. Once you've broken the original seal, take out the cotton filler and throw it away, advises Dr. Kanig, or it can act as a wick drawing moisture into the bottle. Some vitamins are subject to bacterial contamination: take out one tablet at a time as needed, rather than spilling several out into the palm of your hand. Before putting bottles away, seal the caps tightly to preserve freshness.

How long can you keep vitamins? According to Dr. Kanig, high-quality vitamins handled properly should have a shelf-life of about three to five years. "Even if a first-rate supplement has passed its expiration date, it won't do you any harm," he adds.

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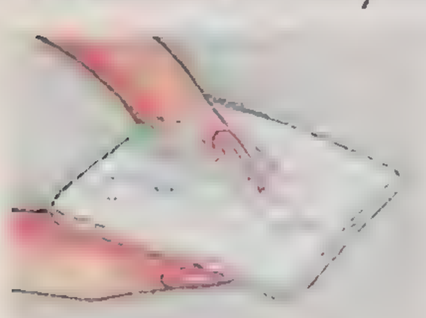

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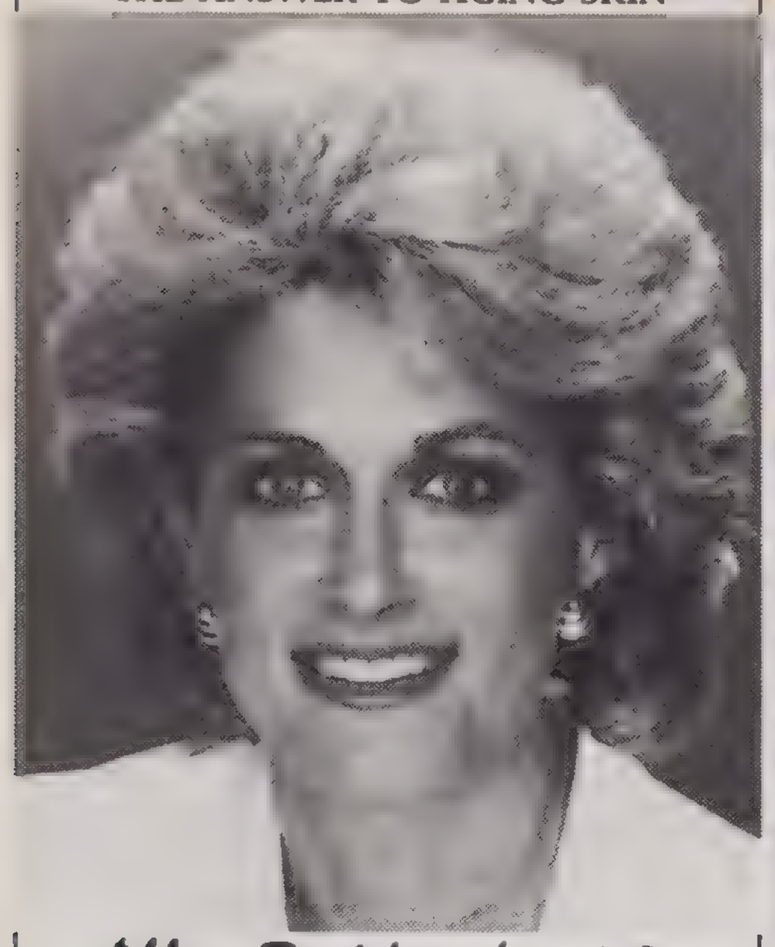

Allyn Beth Landau, M.D.

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Your Well-Being

Conquering small irritations: ways to cope when someone you love has habits you hate

BY BARBARA LANG STERN

"Slurp." The man you love makes a noise you hate as he eats soup.

When a seemingly minor habit bothers you, it's usually because someone has invaded your time or space and, most important, destroyed your expectation of how things should be. The affront can come from a total stranger who sits next to you on the bus and whistles, hums, or pops gum. Your aural space is invaded by unwanted sound. In contrast, the much louder noise of the bus's engine probably doesn't affront you because you anticipated it.

The more you can view an annoyance as temporary (your stop is coming), escapable (you could move), or expectable (it's a *public* bus), the more you can tolerate it. But what can you do in an ongoing personal relationship, where you expect "good" things of the other person.

"Sometimes, where there's trust and friendship between people, a simple, gentle request for change may be enough," says Amy Bjork Harris, coauthor with Thomas A. Harris, M.D., of *Staying O.K.* (Harper & Row), the sequel to the classic *I'm O.K.-You're O.K.* "Humor helps. If you can't explain your feelings, just say that this minor habit drives you crazy. You might ask whether you have an annoying habit the other person would like you to change.

"Consider how tolerant you are; and if you're easily annoyed, whether you have enough interesting, pleasing things coming into your own life. When you're busy and productive, incidents that otherwise might annoy don't seem as troublesome," says Ms. Harris.

Discovering *why* a habit bothers you often reduces your sensitivity and/or motivates the other person to change. Look for the underlying message. For instance, picking up after a messy husband not only is extra work for you but also may make you feel like a maid. If you can recognize this and are sure your husband doesn't think of you that way, your resentment may lessen; you may choose to indulge this quirk of his, as he indulges some of yours. Or, you might describe your feelings, and he may modify his habit. If not, you both need to find out what the habit means to *him*. Your picking up after him may make him feel cared for and loved (his mother always did it after all!). If you both realize this, can you change? Compromise?

"Some habits touch off especially strong feelings because they were taught when you were young and getting a lot of parental input about right and wrong," says Ms. Harris, an early developer of transactional analysis, which teaches that all individuals are three people in one: a Parent, an Adult, and a Child. "The Parent part of you, which indelibly recorded what you saw and heard your mother and father do and say, usually has strong values about habits such as table manners: wait for the hostess to begin, don't talk with your mouth full, don't chew with your mouth open," observes Ms. Harris. "On top of that, the logical, evaluative Adult part of you recognizes these rules as being socially accepted. So you experience *double* potency to your feeling of 'rightness' and the sense that the person slurping soup, for example, is definitely wrong."

Chances are you don't consider that someone sometimes may have the right to be "wrong." The closer you feel to, or identify with, a person, the more the "wrongness" troubles you, or even seems to reflect badly on you: "Am I involved with someone vulgar? Or is this just laziness and sloppiness, in front of me? If so, doesn't that add insult to injury?"

Stop! Don't assume you know why someone behaves in a certain way. Ask. The explanation might surprise you, increase or reduce your annoyance. The person may feel relaxed with you and trusting enough of your indulgence to let the Child part take charge and eat in this noisily gratifying way. He or she even may be oblivious to the situation and willing to change.

Sometimes the reasons behind habits are obscure. Look for displaced hostility: someone may be mad at you for something else and doing this to bug you. You need to make peace. Look for conflict over power, control: "You're always criticizing; *this* I'm going to do my way." Look for a "marking" of territory: "It's my bathroom, too; I'll leave the toilet seat up if I want." Or you might go Freudian: analysts speculate that women squeeze toothpaste in the middle while men prefer to roll up the tube, keep it erect! Fortunately, you each can have your own toothpaste—and replace or leave off the cap! ▽

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YOUR DIET: *"health" foods?*

By Judith S. Stern, Sc.D.

Have you ever eaten a food just because you thought it was good for your health or avoided a food because you thought that it was unhealthful? If so, the following sampler may surprise you...

FOODS THAT SOUND MORE NUTRITIOUS THAN THEY ARE

Some Asian dishes (sweet and sour pork, tempura, twice-cooked pork, butterfly prawns, Dim Sum, sizzling rice soup, fried rice): relatively high in calories, fat, and sodium and not as high in fiber or vitamins and minerals as you think. For calorie and sodium control, choose dishes that are steamed, have lots of veggies, and go easy on the soy sauce.

Bran muffins: despite the fiber content, compared to wheat bread, commerical bran muffins are relatively high in calories (approximately 150 in a small muffin), fat (24 percent of calories from fat which is often saturated vegetable fat), sugar, sodium (180 mg), and have less protein.

Granola bars: relatively high in calories (120-200/bar); fat (5-10 grams, typically over 40 percent of the calories), much of which is saturated (partially hydrogenated palm kernel oil, cocoa butter, semi-sweet chocolate chips); sugar; moderately high in sodium; moderate to low in protein and fiber, with less than 6 percent of the RDA of major vitamins and minerals (especially iron). Bars with lowest nutritional value are chocolate or caramel covered or have chocolate chips added.

Herb teas or herbal supplements: check your teas and other herbal supplements. Some herbs/plants are documented to have undesirable side effects; examples: *aloe leaves* (severe diarrhea), *buchu* (mild diuretic), *buckthorn bark* (severe diarrhea), *burdock root and seeds* (effects on nervous system—with possible anxiety, delirium, disorientation, seizures), *chamomile* (allergic rhinitis or anaphylactic shock in people allergic to ragweed, asters, chrysanthemums), *comfrey* (several substances that are potentially toxic to the liver—side effects take several years to show up), *guarana* (contains a significant amount of caffeine), *licorice root* (large amounts may cause edema, drop in blood potassium, elevated blood pressure, heart failure), *pokewood* (entire plant is poisonous), *senna* (severe diarrhea), *sassafras root bark* (contains a high percent of safrole which causes tumors in rats).

"Low-calorie plate": A large hamburger platter, regular cottage cheese, pineapple ring (canned in heavy syrup), one tomato slice, and a little lettuce makes a meal that is relatively high in calories (about 540), fat (about half the calories—much in the form of saturated fat), moderately high in sodium, and ex-

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cept for protein and some of the B vitamins low in fiber and overall nutrients, relatively low in vitamins A and C.

Natural fruit juices/sodas: make no real contribution to daily nutrition except some vitamin C. Compared to fruit, they're higher in calories and sugar and lower in fiber.

Sizzlelean "bacon"/Lean Supreme Meats (franks, cold cuts): although somewhat leaner than regular, still high in calories, saturated fat, nitrites, and sodium. (You can buy bacon with approximately one-third less sodium, but it's still high at 140 mg/slice).

Tofutti: like ice cream, relatively high in calories (180-260 calories/cup), fat (corn oil is used so fat is unsaturated), and sugar.

FOODS THAT ARE MORE NUTRITIOUS THAN THEY SOUND

Bread (whole grain): Low in fat and calories and a good source of fiber. Relative to calories, a good source of iron, zinc, and some B vitamins.

Burritos (steamed/warmed flour tortilla, beans/rice, salsa, small amount of chicken/lean beef or cheese): relatively low in fat, high in fiber, protein, zinc, iron, and some B vitamins. With a salad and low-fat or skim milk, a burrito makes a complete meal.

Buttermilk: despite its name, usually low in fat and a good source of protein, calcium, vitamins A and D, zinc, B vitamins. (Note: Contains more sodium than regular milk.)

Hamburger on a whole-grain bun: a 3-oz. burger made from lean beef, no mayo or special sauce, with lettuce, tomato, and onion is a good source of a number of nutrients including protein, B vitamins, iron, and fiber; may be high in sodium if salted.

Pasta: relatively low in calories, fat, and sodium (don't salt the water). Moderately high in fiber (if whole wheat or vegetable types) and B vitamins.

Pizza (plain cheese pizza with lots of veggies—sliced tomatoes, mushrooms, onion, green pepper, and whole-grain crust): relatively low in fat, high in calcium, B vitamins, fiber. (Usually high in sodium.) Have a salad for vitamin C.

Popcorn (air popped, no butter): low in calories (23/cup), fat, sodium. Relative to calories, popcorn is high in fiber, and a good source of zinc and iron.

Potatoes: relatively low in calories, fat (when served without butter or cream), sodium. Good source of fiber (with the skin), potassium, vitamin C, and B vitamins.

Frozen vegetables: usually unsalted and can be comparable in nutrient content to fresh vegetables—especially if the fresh vegetables sit in the market or fridge for several days before they're used.

Judith S. Stern, *Sc.D., is professor of nutrition at the University of California at Davis.*

bottoms up?

Drink	Ounces	Calories
Beer	12	140–160
Beer (light)	12	90–100
Champagne	4	100
Margarita	4	230
Martini	3	220
Sherry, cream	4	185
Sherry, dry	4	145
Wine, dry	4	85–95
Wine, sweet Sauterne	4	105–130
Vermouth, dry	4	135
Vermouth, sweet	4	170
Vodka, 80 proof	1½	97
Scotch, 80 proof	1½	97
Brandy, 80 proof	1½	105

Correction: *Regrettably, in June* Your Diet *titled "Alcohol: mixed blessing," Robitussin cough syrup was listed as 50 proof. In fact, Robitussin's cough syrups range from 1½ to 4¾ percent alcohol, and are safe for children. It's Robitussin Night Relief that is "Adult Strength" or 50 proof (25 percent alcohol).*

cutting back

(Continued from page 295)

she is producing. "I can do it; I just like to do it in the quiet." Her only problem with the fast-track job was that it devoured her whole life. "It's more satisfying to have time to be able to do something beautiful or pleasant, like painting. And I'm not that ambitious. I think success gives you headaches. I don't think any of the things that make me calm and day-to-day happy have to do with being famous or successful."

"She's given up the possibility of success," a woman I know comments. I don't agree: Rosenthal has given up only the mass-market vision of success as a place in the spotlight that rains money. Another definition of success is the power to do what you want to do. The price of success for Rosenthal and her husband, a freelance artist, was small. "We made some financial readjustments; we don't need much money to live on."

A few of the women in their thirties and early forties expected to return to work on a full-time basis within minutes of giving birth, as millions of superwomen before them had done. Instead, surprised by their exhaustion, they invented part-time jobs for themselves. In some quarters, a part-time job is an embarrassing thing to have. It's a sign of incomplete commitment to the career; it's feminine. Lynn Povich, a senior editor at *Newsweek* who's worked three days a week since the first of her two children was born five years ago, is asked frequently when she's going back to full-time. "I answer, 'Maybe never,' " she says in a cheerfully defiant tone of voice. "This is the perfect solution for me. I don't feel guilty about not raising my children, and I don't feel guilty about not getting ahead in my career. I have enough experience so I will always be able to get a job at this level. The question for me is, what's the next step up? I've been offered the editorship of magazines before, and I'm convinced that offer will come again."

Hers is the kind of attitude that drives certain people crazy—the people who swear you can't have it all, or at least hope you can't. It's also an attitude that's evolved from the early 'seventies when a woman had only the choice between monomaniacal mothering and working like a fiend to break into the big time.

Two women, Sarah Lazin, thirty-nine, and Patty Romanowski, twenty-nine, work together in a book-packaging company Lazin started when she left Rolling Stone Press: she had been director; Romanowski, editor. After sprinting for years at the Press, they restrict themselves to three days a week in their office and the equivalent of two days at home. "I'm still working very hard, but there are no meetings, no memos—I don't have to support the bureaucracy," Lazin says. "The bureaucracy *c'est moi*."

She now lives half the week with her husband in the country and wants a family. Romanowski, who was so busy at the Press she postponed getting married for a year, now speaks intensely about making time for friends, reading books unrelated to work, and getting to her exercise class regularly (the indicator today that a woman is taking care of herself). They both sneer at live-for-success values. "The fast-track life is very circular and tedious," Lazin says. "Cocktail parties, the whole social thing—it's all just business. Why do business morning, noon, and night?"

All these women are taking liberties with the prevailing work ethic, a form of fanaticism that demands even mothers of small children place career first if they want to be accepted as serious adults—as men, in other words. Anything that reminds the hierarchy that the worker is in fact a woman—a style of dress, a PTA meeting—is in bad taste. The most shocking stories heard lately concern the woman who left work to have her baby—and never came back! The woman who married, quit work, and now—just paints!

This drift away from identifying oneself totally through work may well be yet another privileged reactionary trend, but the women I've talked to don't sound like reactionaries. You hear about other women, stuck in corporate middle-management, who've been killing themselves for years and are now realizing they've gone as far as they can go. They want to go home. This is giving in, and who can blame them? The women who are cutting back, on the other hand, are suffering not from limitations on their success but from an excess of success. They're recuperating from success. No one regrets the time consumed by work. "It got me where I wanted to be," one said. And another: "It was thrilling." But they all say, I made it—now what?

The romance of the career has lost its zing. Patty Romanowski now distinguishes between "the sacrifice you make because you know where you want to go with it and the sacrifice that gets squeezed out of you." What comes to mind are all the grown-up good girls in the office who can't say no: they feel so flattered to be asked to do more that they cancel their lives.

"But that's not what's really rewarded," Romanowski discovered. "You're more respected for drawing lines. Ultimately, for all this talk about women and career, it doesn't matter who you are: you're always replaceable. I don't think I'll ever be as important to any boss as I am to my husband. All this Yuppie crap is as crippling as just being a housewife was in the 'fifties."

Psychologist Sandra Samaniego, Ph.D., thinks that women are the ones cutting back not because they're regressing but because "men aren't given much freedom. A man's identity is more tied up with work. Women are given more options." She hears both men and women complaining of being controlled by work rather than being in control. "A lot of people feel the distress of success," she says. "There are divorces, problems with kids, a high degree of alcoholism, but if people are unhappy, they just work harder. They don't think about what they want."

It could be that people are beginning to think about what they want. A few men have been spotted rearranging their schedules so they don't miss their children's growing up. Cottage industries are popping up. Corporations are not generally creative, but individuals can be. "There's a myth that work can only be done while chained to your desk," Lynn Povich says. "My issue is to force institutions to be more flexible."

Meanwhile, people can think about drawing lines, reserving space in their lives against the encroachment of work. Work expands to fill the time available, and given the way many of us live now, the time available is potentially limitless. It's easy, it's tempting to create a vacuum in which there is nothing but work. Then you can avoid what may in fact be more difficult than work—choosing how to fill your empty time; answering the question, now what?

Difficult as that is, I hear that some Yuppies are making dates with friends so they won't work through dinner. Revolutions may follow from such drastic measures. I even imagine sitting in a taxi and taking the ten minutes' traveling time as a breather, instead of as an opportunity to read another file or make yet another damn list of things to do. ▽

château lagarosse

(Continued from page 339)

Lagarosse, classed as a Premières Côtes de Bordeaux, doesn't have the cachet of the *grands crus* the down-river nabobs such as Barton produce. But after ten years' devotion to the vineyard, François can say pretty confidently that he has realized his ambition for the property: to make a nice little red Bordeaux for the money—a wine of the new, lean, fruity style, able to age but good to drink young.

The house, when the Rochases bought it, was, as Carole describes, "a musty manor with an old piano and some faded draperies"—a challenge to their shared skill at decorating. François—whose mother, Hélène Rochas, is known for photogenic quarters—grew up encouraged to cultivate his eye and to see to his own living space. Carole has been a relentless explorer of auction rooms, antiques fairs, and the back rooms of curiosity shops since she was a child. "We wouldn't dream of hiring someone to do the place for us," she makes clear.

Carole and François Rochas acquired the knack for turning little nothings into objects fit to cohabit with the precious. At Lagarosse, the "nineteenth-century bronze" dog that sits before the dining-room fireplace is a plaster cast from the Ateliers du Louvre, finished with stove black and wax to look exactly like bronze. The folding chair in the living room is not the eighty-five-hundred-franc Napoléon Trois item the insurance company took it to be; it's something Carole threw together, putting fabric, padding, and some black and gold paint onto a two-hundred-franc frame.

At Lagarosse, Napoléon Trois and Orientalism coreign compatibly over a very eclectic environment. From guests, the last word is that the place is cozy.

Friends seemingly arrive and leave all the time, and Carole and François Rochas themselves and their young son and daughter are almost always on the go. They maintain a penthouse in Paris and they travel a lot. But wherever they have been, the couple inevitably returns to Château Lagarosse—to the comfortable rooms they have reinvented, the thriving vineyards they have cultivated—with a gratifying sensation of joyous homecoming, a feeling that they are indeed leading charmed lives. ▽

renoir

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theme of the female bather that he tried to reconcile the dual traditions of art history. When in the 1890s he abandoned the cold tones and hard linear contours of his "classical" period, returning to a freer, more painterly style and an even warmer color range than previously, he regained his full capacity as a painter. What is interesting, however, is that Renoir was hardly the uncomplicated celebrator of the joy of life but a man of high intellectual purpose, whose goals were in actuality not far removed from those of his friend Cézanne.

Today, Cézanne is a hero of modernism, but Renoir looks like calendar art if one does not take the time to appraise his work carefully. Such a scrutiny of Renoir's art ultimately reveals that he was as unspontaneous and thoughtful in composing as Degas and Cézanne, and as daring an experimenter in style and technique as Monet, with whom he invented Impressionism. The reason Monet is seen as a pioneer may be that Monet's later works look more modern than Renoir's series of pearly river goddesses, who today appear unattractively corpulent, and represent an obviously reactionary attitude toward women.

Despite Renoir's friendship, support, and admiration for Impressionist painter Berthe Morisot, Renoir was outspoken in his disdain for professional women. "I consider women writers, lawyers and politicians . . . monsters," he wrote, "and nothing but five-legged calves." It is interesting that he used a bovine metaphor. His nudes do seem more closely related to complacent cows with bursting udders, at home in nature, than they do to the evolving concept of women as equals of men.

For years, the concept of Renoir as the pastoral painter of simple pleasures, a seemingly mindless appreciator of charming things, including female bodies, has dominated popular thinking. Now, the retrospective show and a splendid recent biography, *Renoir: His Life, Art, and Letters* (Abrams) by Barbara Ehrlich White, afford a fresh look at both the man and his work. Renoir was no hedonist; he suffered severe bouts of depression and was intensely self-critical as well as intellectually ambitious.

For Renoir, the bather resplendent in her sensuality, tenderness, and implicit connection with fecundity and maternity is nothing less than a metaphor for painting itself. In looking back to the lovers' paradises of Rubens and Watteau, Renoir also looked forward to the dream-like worlds of Matisse and Bonnard, in which women and art were a refuge from the hard, masculine world of the factory and tough urban life.

Renoir's nudes have the kind of monumentality and grandeur that Cézanne reserved for mountains. The most difficult and least appreciated of Renoir's paintings, his late nudes, so immense they seem deformed in their spreading and expansive flesh and unnatural in the copper-red glow of their skin, now look original and interesting. As for the fiery red glow of his late paintings, the artist's grandson, Paul Renoir, said recently that Renoir deliberately reddened his palette because he had observed the darkening of the flesh tones in the paintings of the Old Masters he admired and copied.

Renoir need not have feared that his glow would be dimmed; the late nudes still are as warm as a mother's embrace. In their departure from reality in proportion and color, however, they are as much an indication of the new liberties an artist could take with the nature of representation as the late works of Monet and Cézanne. Now that Renoir's late work can be appreciated, the essential trinity of Impressionism—Monet, Cézanne, and Renoir—is completed. For there is no question that Renoir was, despite his reactionary pretensions, one of the great innovators of modern art. ▽

virus news

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brain and the deterioration of brain function. All of this adds even one more element of mystery to the causes and effects of the AIDS virus. The disease at present is incurable and, so far, not even an effective treatment is in sight. But scientists feel that in the not so distant future a vaccine must be developed in order to avoid a tragic epidemic.

The virus that causes chicken pox and some flu-like illnesses in children is known to change into one that produces the potentially deadly Reye's Syndrome; and in this case many scientists think that they know the change agent: aspirin. The aspirin industry considers the proof not conclusive, and still other potential change agents are being investigated (see "Research Update" on page 361).

The hepatitis virus is another specimen that seems to be undergoing some dangerous changes. For some years, physicians talked about hepatitis A and hepatitis B. Then they found a third variety they called "Non A, Non B." A few years ago this virus caused the death of newscaster Frank Reynolds. Within the past year other strains of hepatitis virus have apparently made their appearance.

There is an effective vaccine against hepatitis B, the disease that, like AIDS, spreads through the bloodstream; but that vaccine does not protect against hepatitis A or any of the newcomers on the hepatitis scene. Why are we seeing new hepatitis viruses? Are they mutants? Is there a change agent somewhere which alters their behavior? Or were we just not able to diagnose those varieties of hepatitis previously? Nobody really knows, but experts in virology are working on the problem.

SLOW VIRUSES

We have known about one slow virus for a long time. In NYC, Philip E. Duffy, M.D., professor of pathology at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, described it at a meeting where much newer investigations of Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease were discussed. Two hundred years ago, shepherds in Iceland noticed a strange change in the behavior of their sheep. They would become irritable, stagger, and scrape themselves against trees and rocks before they died. That's how the disease got its name "scrapie." Since it was confined to sheep, nobody connected it with any human medical problems.

But, about a decade ago, natives of several African tribes were found to suffer from what seemed a slow degenerative disease of the brain. On autopsy it was found that the brain was not infected or inflamed; instead, something seemed to turn parts of the brain, especially the cells in the cerebellum, into a form of greyish mush. They called the syndrome "kuru." It took some medical detective work, but scientists finally figured out how this brain degeneration was transmitted. The tribes whose members got kuru engaged in funeral rites during which grieving members of the deceased family ingested small parts of the loved one's brain, perhaps in order to incorporate in their own minds some of his or her most admirable qualities. What happened instead is that they swallowed the kuru virus, and that virus stayed in the system for years, often for decades. Eventually, however, it created new proteins in brain cells, a form of plaque that took over more and more healthy brain cells. The patients lost their physical balance and their memories. Eventually paralysis and dementia set in, and, inevitably, death.

Kuru still seemed a long way from the cases discussed at Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital in New York City. But in several parts of the United States physicians doing brain autopsies on patients who had died of what was usually diagnosed as "senility" found the characteristic kuru plaque in the brain matter. Since cannibalistic funeral practices could not possibly be the source in European and American patients, how did those viruses get into the patient's body?

It was found that most of the patients had undergone some form of surgery within a decade or so before the first symptoms were noted. It was also found that the kuru-like virus was not destroyed by most sterilization techniques . . . it required a more determined effort, higher heat, and longer periods of exposure to the sterilization agents. Physicians speculated that perhaps the viruses had entered the body during surgery because instruments sterilized sufficiently for all normal purposes just had not been treated adequately to eliminate the kuru-like viruses with which they had somehow come in contact.

Even more recently, physicians have begun to look into the possibility that a similar slow-acting virus might be associated with the brain changes that occur in Alzheimer's disease and other forms of brain deterioration of the elderly. Some speculated that such viruses may be a part of a pattern of preconditions that might include certain genes, lack of certain enzymes in the brain, and other causes of brain deterioration. Perhaps the slow virus could be the agent that sets all the other potential brain destroyers in motion. So far, except for kuru in Africa and Creutzfeldt-Jakob, there are no definite examples; but neurologists are looking much more closely at those bits of molecular protein that they formerly thought were only a threat to the health of sheep in Iceland.

We have learned more in the past few years about viruses, slow and fast, retro and regular, than in the past five hundred. The more we learn, the faster we shall be able to eliminate the most harmful ones from our environment. ▽

nicolas roeg

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of a premise," Roeg says. "I try to find a premise that suits my mood. My films, in a way, chart my emotional journey through life. I can't see the point of doing something I don't feel matches an emotion I'm involved in."

Roeg's focus on his present is apparent even in his study, which is remarkable for the absence of film memorabilia. "I don't like to live in a film world, always comparing myself to what I've done," he says. David Hockney's photomontage of Theresa Russell from *Insignificance*, where she gives an extraordinary evocation of Marilyn Monroe, has been banished to a wall outside the study. The montage of Russell sprawled lasciviously in the nude is an homage both to Monroe's cheesecake calendar and to Picasso. It attempts, like Roeg's films, not just to reproduce an object but to show how the mind perceives it. "Theresa wanted it in the study; but I said, 'Keep it out of here.' I never keep any of my films. I've taken down all the posters of *Performance* and *Don't Look Now*. Who are you? The sum total of the past? If you have too many recollections, you won't have a future."

The sense of being overtaken by personal myth is the premise that caught Roeg's fancy in *Insignificance*, which imagines a night in the early 'fifties when the aristocracy of American celebrity comes together in a New York hotel. The paradigms of Albert Einstein, Marilyn Monroe, Joe DiMaggio, and Senator Joe McCarthy play out the drama of their various obsessions. (Even the elevator operator turns out to be a Cherokee mythomaniac who claims he is the center of the universe.) The film begins with a mythic image (Marilyn's skirt billowing up over the subway grate in *The Seven Year Itch*) and ends up considering the mythic qualities of the bomb.

All the characters are lumbered with the myths that draw the public to them but make them strangers to themselves. The Professor works on his mathematical equations, cut off from the world and haunted by the knowledge that his theory has resulted in the splitting of the atom and the death of thousands at Hiroshima. The others come to him for answers, but he can't explain anything. The Actress, a sex symbol who can demonstrate the theory of relativity, is trapped in her abused body, which can inspire a nation's lust but can't generate new life. The Ballplayer whose batting has made him a legend cannot connect with the Actress from whom he's estranged. And the Senator, who used force and fraud to get the Professor to endorse his view of the Communist menace, turns out to be impotent.

"The human being is a very secret being," says Roeg, who rarely gives interviews and hides his deep feelings behind a show of genial thoughtfulness. "We are the shells of people. We are who we are only by the twist of the old chromosomes. There's always another person trying to get out. On top of the shell of personality, we develop another shell of myth. I used *Insignificance* to show both things: on top of our personal secrets we have the mythic secret—a dimension largely imposed on us by the public."

In *Insignificance*, Roeg's theme is domination. The Ballplayer wants to control the Actress, the Senator wants power over the Professor, who abdicates his power by destroying his calculations. Over all of them, the bomb looms as the ultimate expression of Man's tyrannical will. As a director, Roeg is in the business of manipulation and his films brood over the nature of control, which he admits fascinates him.

Insignificance, *Eureka*, and *Bad Timing* explore the imbalance of relationships and the price paid for control. Roeg admits an autobiographical connection, but will say no more. "I'd rather let other people play out my roles for me," he says. "Art Garfunkel, who played the psychiatrist in *Bad Timing*, said to me: 'I can see that my character is really you.' 'Art,' I said, 'You'll never know in which scene I'm wearing the skirt and in which one I'm wearing the trousers.'"

In all these films, Roeg is scrutinizing the young, powerful, sexually brazen independence of Theresa Russell. They seem to treat her as a source of wonder and challenge, trying to fathom her complexity and how to relate to it. In *Eureka*, as the beloved daughter of the tyrannical McCann, she goes off with an older man and gives herself to his world: a gesture of surrender that ultimately loses his love. In *Bad Timing*, set in Vienna, she is Milena, the manic-depressive lost soul whose mysterious past and sexual prowess obsess an American psychiatrist. He wants to change the girl but is changed because of her. He degrades her, but he can't dominate her. *Bad Timing*—one of film's most harrowing looks at contemporary sexuality—culminates with Linden, the psychiatrist, ravishing Milena as she lies comatose from a drug overdose. "We don't change anybody's life," Roeg says, "unless they want it to be changed."

Roeg puts his characters into locales that make them jittery, where they don't quite fit: pampered English in the outback, Americans in wintry Venice, an extraterrestrial on planet Earth, a sex goddess in the hotel room of a great thinker.

"I like people in wrong surroundings," he says. "They stand out." So does their estrangement. "We're all watchers. We can only observe. We can't explain much to each other. The eternal lover's question is 'What are you thinking about?' " says Roeg, whose films document this sense of otherness. "Yes, I'm isolated. My sons are strangers. I don't know what's in their heads." In *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, Roeg imagines an alien (David Bowie) come to Earth on a mercy mission from another planet only to have his powers exploited on Earth for financial gain. In *Eureka*, Jack McCann lives a life of fulfilled desire. "Once I had a god," he says. "Now I just have everything." Roeg feels an affinity to McCann's restless emptiness. "He experiences the ecstasy of finding what he is searching for. But ecstasy is a dangerous emotion to reach. Where do you go after that? In a way his story is over, but his life is not. He has to live on to wonder what life means."

His characters' sense of solitude is nowhere more darkly visible than in *Walkabout*. The aboriginal boy who leads the posh teenage girl (Jenny Agutter) and her little brother (Roeg's then eight-year-old son Luke) out of the wilderness cannot communicate his feeling in the sexually charged atmosphere between them. "We are English. This is Australia, yes? Where is Adelaide?" are her first obtuse words to him; and she never understands the poetry of the landscape or the harmony of his relation to it. She also never feels his humanity. The aborigine hangs himself. When the girl inspects his body, she merely brushes a fly off his chest, then walks away toward the road to which he has led them.

In the gesture, Roeg captures a society's sense of separation from the world it has conquered. This is brilliantly recapitulated at the finale. The film jumps to years later with the girl now a wife chopping vegetables at the same sink, with the same bay view, in the same arid bourgeois Australian world as her mother. Her husband enters babbling about the possibility of promotion. As she embraces him, Roeg suggests her isolation by intercutting memories of the Australian idyll: the three swimming joyously in the nude.

All Roeg's films are distinguished by the subtlety of each shot's composition. He assumes the intelligence of his audience and makes demands on it. The challenge is made with craft and humor, but the ambitiousness has laid him open to the criticism of obscurity. "I don't believe my films are inaccessible," he says. "If they were, I would be inaccessible myself. What I am trying to do, like anyone who works in any form of art, is to express an emotion. The film audience is so curiously demanding in conservatism. People never say of dance or theater, 'I don't understand what is happening.' Yet film is the newest and should be the freest of all." Roeg's cinema tests that freedom and is a testament to it. ▽

crank cases

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snappish, where she feels snappish, what she did about it, with what results. She might learn that she is irritable only with certain people or only when faced with sudden decisions. If the irritability is situation-specific, the client learns how to restructure the situation to avoid or minimize provocations. One friend of mine was heartened to realize that her irritability occurred only at certain "times of the month" that had nothing to do with hormones but with editorial deadlines. Once she realized this, she reorganized her schedule to give her uninterrupted hours before the workday bustle.

Stressed people can also learn new ways to defuse irritability other than to blow up at innocent bystanders or guilty (that is, "legitimately" annoying) colleagues. The idea is to break the irritability chain. One way is to separate the annoyance at the forty-fifth interruption of the day from the impulse to respond; that is, to put space between feeling and speech. A deep breath or two is good. So (seriously) is counting to ten. To gain perspective, some people use role models: would Eleanor Roosevelt behave peevishly? The Queen Mother?

What we're talking about here, in the final analysis, is manners, the rules of enforced graciousness that try to make us attend to other people's feelings instead of our own. To the argument that irritability gets results, the only reply is that manners get better ones. ▽

women in rock

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Probably no performer in all of rock and roll today provokes more controversy or inspires so many people to scorn, and you don't need to look far to understand why. While I have as hard a time as the next person endorsing a woman who calls herself Madonna (I don't care if it *is* her real name), wears rosaries for jewelry and a white lace wedding dress for fun, and sings about virginity in lyrics loaded with double meanings ("Feels so good inside") while she writhes around, all steamed up, on the front of a gondola, I do think that she deserves a lot of credit: anybody else doing what Madonna carries off with such bravura would look like a fool. And it works. Lock up your men. Not since Marilyn Monroe has a performer seduced the camera so expertly. Indeed, at first glance you can't help but think to yourself, has nothing changed? Or is Madonna, as some of her detractors charge, single-handedly setting feminism back? I don't think so. There are certain similarities, most of them obvious, between Marilyn Monroe and Madonna, but there are also distinctions—some of which may be laid to their temperaments and others of which, it seems to me, have to do with the times.

Both exude a certain readiness for sex. But watching Marilyn's movies now, with the benefit of hindsight, it seems apparent that seduction was for her the easiest, the most natural means by which she always got what she wanted. Her sex appeal strikes us as second-nature, ingenuous, and untutored, whereas Madonna's seems self-taught, acquired along the way. Both Madonna and Marilyn put their sex appeal at the service of their ambition, but their ambitions differ: Marilyn was clearly out for love; Madonna is out for power and money, and she makes no bones about it. In "Material Girl," she is brazen enough to come right out and say so. Madonna isn't the first entertainer to be so monomaniacal, but she may be the first to make her ruthless ambition so socially accceptable. She plays it up, singing that "the boy with the hard cash is always Mr. Right." But this song, with its single-minded lyrics, is the soundtrack for the video of the same name, a fairy tale in which Keith Carradine, posing as a man too poor to give her anything but love, wins out over the guys who give her diamonds and furs. Love triumphs. Madonna may say that it's money she's after, but see? Her heart is in the right place, after all. And so she gets it both ways—she can have her diamonds and wear them, too. She telegraphs her message—"Come and get it"—loud and clear, then qualifies it by singing a song about virginity. Madonna's real achievement, it seems to me, lies in behaving in ways ordinarily considered reprehensible and making that behavior morally palatable, even endearing. She recites the rules as she's breaking them, before our eyes.

Rock and roll is essentially a Romantic form, and naughtiness is one of its supreme themes: the poet defies parents, church, and state, and sets off in search of true love, social justice, or a good time. Elvis, the Beatles, the Rolling Stones—all of them naughty in their day—helped us to leave home, emotionally if not logistically, and start making lives for ourselves.

For a number of reasons, for better or for worse, rock and roll has since become mainstream and cozy. It's harder to be naughty, now that the rules have been relaxed. Whatever naughtiness survives has become the province of two special-interest groups—heavy-metal and women. Heavy-metal music, as made by Twisted Sister, Ratt, and other packs of hellions, gives raucous voice to the hormonal restlessness of teenage boys. The songs and in particular the videos seem predictable; we've seen this sort of thing before. But with our first glimpse of Sheila E., we get the sense that a small but significant breakthrough is being made: women have been vocalists, they've played keyboards, guitar, and tambourine, but here finally is a woman—delicate and sultry—making a wild racket, tossing her neon drumsticks into the air, pounding out the tough beat that drives the song, kicking the cymbal.

Joan Jett is quick to insist that there is no such thing as women's rock and roll, that the music women make cannot be relegated to a single category, and of course she's right. Her music has no more in common with Sheila E.'s or Madonna's or Cyndi Lauper's than Mick Jagger's with Tom Petty's or Peter Wolf's. But what the women in rock and roll at the moment share is a certain defiant spirit, an unwillingness to be good girls any longer. Women have dared to go against the rules before. But what's so compelling about these women is that their daring takes such diverse and original forms. As artists like David Lee Roth and John Parr continue to sing the praises of fast women and fast cars—an outlook that now seems Neanderthal and consumerist, stuck in a rut—it's the women who, by refusing to accept the world as it stands, are forced to invent a new one and so, in the best tradition, carry on. ▽

...healthy hands

(Continued from page 311)

ing systemic disorders. For example, constantly cold hands may be one sign of a sluggish thyroid. Palm prints may or may not be valuable in predicting the future, but they can be useful in identifying diseases such as congenital heart disease or even schizophrenia.

Each part of the hand is specialized, distinct from areas just inches away: The skin on the back of the hand is thin, stretches easily to allow hands to flex without hindrance. The skin on the palms is thick, for gripping and tugging. Fingertips have a very high density of sensory nerve receptors. Said Dr. Beasley, "There's no way that you could read Braille with your forearm."

Curiously, hand strength is not a constant. Your ability to grasp a tennis racquet, for example, varies over the course of a day. Much of hands' power comes from the muscles in the forearm. "Any resistance exercise that uses the hand and arm will improve forearm strength," said Mike Marino, physical therapist, Institute of Sports Medicine at NYC's Lenox Hill Hospital. "The best exercise is with weights." Also valuable: putting a rubber band around fingertips, trying to open fingers against the band; kneading Silly Putty.

If, like many women, you have difficulty opening jars, hold the jar lower than you normally do. Dropping arms so that wrists (and jar) are below the waist, close to the center of gravity, works best.

The most common "cosmetic" problem: brown spots. "People call them age spots," said Robert Auerbach, M.D., clinical associate professor of dermatology at New York University College of Medicine, "but they're really sun spots. The best way to prevent them is to use sunscreen on hands all the time." Any brown spot that has irregular edges or shape, or keeps getting larger, should be examined by a doctor. A benign spot can be treated with electrodesiccation—sparked off with an electric needle.

Hands that chap easily need extra care, protection. A diagnosis of "primary irritant dermatitis" is simply soap and water damage. To prevent it: Wear large rubber gloves, preferably with a thin cotton liner underneath, for wet or dirty chores. Moisturizers also help. "Something really greasy—like petroleum jelly—is the best," said Dr. Auerbach. "If you use it regularly for a week, and the condition doesn't improve, you may have an underlying disease, such as eczema."

While moisturizers may temporarily plump out wrinkles, there is no successful long-term way to make hands look young. Cosmetic surgeons in Brazil have tried hand-lifts to tighten sagging skin. But "the skin on the hand is like a glove," pointed out one plastic surgeon. "If the glove is too tight, the hand can't move normally." Even if mobility weren't impaired, there would be the cosmetic problem of scars on the wrist.

Many women get a rash around rings, watches. It may be an allergy to nickel; a reaction to pure gold is very rare. Often the irritation has an even simpler explanation—soap trapped under the jewelry, resulting in a contact dermatitis that a mild cortisone cream usually can cure.

While dermatologists used to warn of the dangers of nail polish, most agree that nail polishes now are generally safe. Some polish removers and nail hardeners do contain ingredients that may cause reactions. The only live part of the nail is the matrix—which is under the cuticle. "The cuticle protects the nail," said Dr. Auerbach. "When you cut or push back your cuticles, you open a space that shouldn't be opened."

Bacterial infection under a fingernail may turn it black. (The longer nails are, the more likely they are to separate from the nail bed, allow infection.) A nail that turns black and falls off will usually grow back over a few months. A finger that is lost to accident or injury can sometimes be reattached, although function is often far from normal. "The art of microsurgery has advanced to the point where body parts can even be transferred," said Dr. Beasley. "For example, we sometimes use the second toe of the foot to lengthen a thumb." There are also prostheses almost indistinguishable from natural hands.

"The hand is amazing," said Dr. Beasley, "and serves us so automatically that we fail to appreciate it until something goes wrong." ▽

the wonder of hands

(Continued from page 311)

The mouth opens and begins to speak. Even if the film had sound, it would be impossible to hear what the hand has to say: these conversations are doomed to remain private. To look at one's own hand and see God or the future there is to go looking for transcendence in one's own flesh. The only talking hand one should pay attention to is Señor Wences', because he has no pretensions of being an oracle.

The handshake is the greeting that proves one is not carrying weapons; it is the first contact with the flesh of another. The degree of humanity of the other can be readily ascertained from the handshake, and assessments of the bone crusher and the wet fish are immediate. Yet to remain effective, the handshake has to be dull. One is not meant to get a deep personal charge from every strange hand. But in courtship (or mating or sex or love or dating, whatever it's called), the taking of the hand is the first sign of interest beyond the conversational. If anything is going to develop, the first touch of the hand signals it: you are touching electricity. If this is a sterile match, the hand is no more than anatomy; a bunch of fingers and a palm, wet or dry as the case may be, curiously fashioned. The hand either confirms that you want the whole person, or that the rest of him and the rest of you have nothing to say to each other.

The hand is the hardest part of the body to draw, and the easiest to represent. Palmistry books will tell you there are square hands and conical hands and triangular hands, but it is difficult to tell this at first glance. You have to catch the hand and lay it flat on a table and begin measuring it, like a dead thing. You can check for fleshiness under the thumb and double life lines, try to find the girdle of Venus and the line of fate: and none of it will really look the way it does in the book, and you won't be sure.

We women go for details, and hands are the easiest part of the body to scrutinize. They don't even need a magnifying mirror. The smell of hand cream by the bed, the collection of colors in the bathroom cabinet, the orange stick in the pencil jar are signs of our compulsion to anoint ourselves. I think the manicure set comes a year or two before makeup, a stern gift reminding us to keep our hands clean. And years are spent with the varnish and cuticle pushers and the sublimely tedious ritual of the chamois-covered buffer. We can perfect these little edges of ourselves. I sense that it's not entirely vanity but a profoundly female urge to groom what we can reach, to pull in activity from the outside, to concentrate energy back into ourselves. To cleanse and refine that part of us that most often touches the world. When we overdo it, we end up with useless oddly colored claws, bird women blind at their fingertips. When we neglect it, we carry slivers of dark moon and bloodied edges of torn flesh at the tips of our hands.

And we look at men's hands, notice clean nails, long fingers, calloused skin, rings. The definitions of male work and female work have long ago blurred: female hands no longer sift grain or jewelry, male hands no longer hold weapons and power. Both function in the neuter way, indicating, pointing. One can still talk of a surgeon's hands and a musician's hands, but how do you describe a lawyer's hand? The hand of a TV producer? The telephone is at the end of every working hand, and sex differences are evident in the form of the hand, not its function. So with a man's hand we look for a wide palm that can hold us tight; caress the fingers, judging weight and seeking constancy in the contact. There are shifty hands that look away even while holding yours, but you can tell that only with your hands, not with your eyes. And the hands we most willingly reach for are the hands that reach for us. ▽

time profiles

(Continued from page 298)

said in her first comment to Vogue, "I was born lucky."

Elected for a second term to the Council, she deals with all aspects of city life from sanitation to street signs but particularly cares about education, health care, kindergartens, and the arts. As she explained through an interpreter, "My mother has always been the most positive influence on my life, teaching me—as I now try to teach my two teenage daughters—the value of using time as an investment, not something to use idly. It's helped me to understand the necessity to create a balance between work and family life. A great love of music has helped unite our family and build harmony. We sing, play, and listen to music together in the evenings, something in direct contrast to the working life of both my husband and myself. He is an engineer and occasionally resentful of the amount of time I have to give to my job. When I get home, I make music part of the background and try hard to devote myself to him and our daughters. My mother lives with us, and we take turns making dinner and doing housework which also helps harmony—there's no sense of urgency or rush, in other words, when I 'change' roles in the evening. This also helps make my working day possible and highly productive."

Thousands of miles away in Miami, Florida, Laurinda Spear, one of the principals and founders of Arquitectonica—one of the most talked about, successful architectural firms in the country, concurs with Violeta Dzhaparidze about the importance of that "time for oneself. . .although I don't have it anymore." Married to her partner the Peruvian architect Bernardo Fort-Brescia for seven years and the mother of a three-year-old boy and four-year-old girl, Laurinda herself puts it this way, "I juggle my schedule to accommodate designing buildings and mothering toddlers."

As part of a firm with a staff working on projects around the country, she nevertheless is totally committed to looking after her children herself, taking them to school before arriving at the office around nine-thirty, picking them up again at noon to spend the afternoon together, working again in the evening when her husband returns home. "We just opened a store, too, Arquitectonica Products—ARQ for short—where eventually we hope to sell only things we have designed for the home, from a kettle to a chair.

"In one way you could say 'time out'—time for myself—is really the time I spend at the office where I am totally involved with design. To a certain extent, I have some solitude there although I also follow up on projects being carried out in the office where there is interaction with other people."

Time to oneself. . .breathing space. . .time out. . .time off. . . .All over the world, women who hold down important roles/jobs and enjoy the love and support of family and friends describe it differently, but it comes down to the same thing. Some privacy, some time in the day when they "get in touch with themselves" in order to achieve everything they want to achieve.

Miyoko Goto, chief of the Woman's Affairs Section of the Fukuoka City Government, seven hundred miles southwest of Tokyo, Japan, is no exception to believing in this crucial "safety valve." "I have had only two- or three-day vacations for years—but every weekend I set time aside for meditation as well as to follow pursuits that are in direct contrast to my work."

In the U.S. as a participant in the International Visitors' Program, sponsored by the U.S. Information Agency, Miyoko Goto has one of the two highest positions ever held by a woman in the Fukuoka City Government. She feels strongly about her responsibility to promote—enhance—the status of women in Japan, where the working woman is still the exception rather than the rule. "I have to stress that because in Japan a man's working hours are extremely long—twelve-hour days are the norm—in the past women have automatically assumed household responsibilities. It's only in recent years that they have been encouraged to stand on their own feet, to have a life of their own initiative. My work concentrates on bringing women together, to help them appreciate their own potential, particularly if they want to work for the first time after their children are grown. This differs from America where women 'reenter' the work force. In Japan, after being wives and mothers, many women are working for the first time, and it is very difficult and unnatural for them. It's only since the U.N. declared the Decade for Women in 1975 that the Japanese Central Government has encouraged municipalities to participate and establish women's departments."

Miyoko recognizes she is in a unique position as she explains, "I'm forty-five. I have never married, but the majority of my friends who are married would now very much like to have a job. The women's issues in Japan are complex. I wish I could take back from this country the freedom of choice that American women have."

Freedom of choice—it's taken for granted here, but in other countries it can be a much more complicated matter.

What explains the super-achievers? From their timetables on page 296, it's clear that willpower, self-discipline, and either a natural or developed organizational ability have to be part of the "secret." As each of the five women said in her own way but perhaps is summed up best by Violeta Dzhaparidze: "Learn to know yourself, your strengths and weaknesses. Lean on the first to overcome the second." ▽

coco chanel

(Continued from page 306)

women who wanted their husbands to buy them pearls so they'd look like Princess Diana discovered that opera length is cheaper than a six-row choker, and long pearls mixed with beads look just fine, and then with big pearl earrings you begin to look like Chanel, and isn't that pretty?

In New York, Alain Wertheimer hired Kitty D'Alessio as president of Chanel, Inc. Ms. D'Alessio had been in charge of Chanel advertising for almost twenty-five years. Together, they decided that Chanel needed "the best designer in the world," says Ms. D'Alessio: She went to Karl Lagerfeld, who agreed to do the Chanel couture, in 1983, and, in 1984, the ready-to-wear clothes. They also hired Frances Stein, a former fashion editor, to supervise the accessories, jewelry, and separates for the boutique.

Meanwhile, the fashion addicts and the pretty girls who had gotten wind of the Lagerfeld connection began shopping at Chanel. "What's it like?" their friends who had never been to the Rue Cambon asked. "Expensive."

Chanel is no longer a single star, but a constellation. Gilles Dufour, Lagerfeld's assistant for the last fifteen years, is the mainstay of the studio at the Rue Cambon. "I work on *exercices de style*," says Dufour, and part of the charm of each collection is the ninety-nine different ways of being Chanel that are presented. Avoiding both homage and parody is a tough line to walk, and Lagerfeld succeeds. Lagerfeld's passion for documentation has led him to fill three scrapbooks with pictures of Chanel's clothes. "What she did in the 'twenties was not like what she did in the 'thirties, and that was different from the 'fifties and 'sixties. Why should I therefore hold myself stiffly to one look? Respect is dreary, and she never showed it. When she used jersey, a fabric that had been for men's *underwear*, for evening dresses, that was more shocking than anything I could do today." His collections always refer to Chanel, sometimes obliquely, as when he showed evening dresses embroidered like her Coromandel screens, sometimes directly, as in the summer couture, this year, which contained a Watteau section based on the costume Chanel wore for Etienne de Beaumont's costume ball in 1935.

Yet he keeps Chanel in focus: "I had some trouble finding evening looks," he admits, "because Chanel did very few. There were black chiffon dresses in the 'twenties, and lace dresses in the 'thirties. . . ." One model, Inès de la Fressange, has become his Chanel focus. A tall, bright, well-born girl who used to model fairly casually, she recently signed an exclusive contract with Chanel. "After all," says Lagerfeld, "*I* don't wear these things, and since Chanel isn't my own personality, what I like is to concretize my thinking on an ideal personality, and that's Inès. More chic than Inès you can't be."

Chanel's apartment has been restored by Christian Galion. The three rooms are as Chanel left them the day she died, down to the crystal drop from the chandelier in the mouth of a brass toad, and the two pairs of glasses in the bureau recess. Chanel's living room is disturbingly cluttered and casual for a museum. There are carved and gilded wooden sheafs of wheat, a pair of Moors at the entrance, screens, and a great many animals—camels and deer and pigs. There is a large crystal ball, and another of yellowish plastic. The apartment is fixed in time, and the time appears to be 1962.

There are as many Coco Chanels as there are people in charge of interpreting Chanel. Madame Colette, who was a cutter for eleven years for Chanel, sums up Chanel in cutters' terms. "Her proportion was always the same, we always cut on the same pattern. The skirts had four panels, the back was straight, the blouses were attached to the skirts, the tweeds stitched to the linings, the linings matched the blouses, no shoulder pads, high armholes, chain inside the jacket instead of lead weights."

"She was a woman of facets," says Madame Gripoix, the jeweler. In her atelier, each Chanel baroque pearl is made by hand, an operation that takes several minutes over a hot flame. Each piece is laboriously put together by hand, the edges a little rough, the symmetry deliberately slightly off, the way Chanel preferred it.

"I always made a little platform on her shoes, so she wouldn't feel the cobblestones," says Raymond Massaro, who made shoes both for Chanel and for her collections. "She said, 'You need one pair of beige shoes with black tips, and one pair with gold tips, and with that you're set.' That destroyed the old concept that you needed blue shoes with a blue dress."

Eric Woloch makes Chanel jewelry, as his father did. "The only thing that works is to revive the old ways of making things," he says. Georges Desrues has been making the buttons for Chanel since 1930. "The first time I went to see her, I was told to listen and say nothing, so that's what I did. 'Finally!' she said, 'an intelligent boy.'" The couture buttons are made by hand, the ready-to-wear ones are molded.

The bags are made by M. Michelin, who reveals that the secret zippered pocket inside every closure flap of a Chanel bag is meant for love letters and broken brooches.

Dizzy with information, and still looking for Chanel, I went to her two biographers.

Edmonde Charles-Roux, wife of Gaston Defferre, the influential cabinet minister, is a stern and important woman. In her biography she revealed Chanel's peculiar behavior during the War. "I did my work as a historian, and earned a whole page of insults in the papers. Every woman who had ever bought a bag or a hat at Chanel considered herself a trustee of the Chanel myth, of the Chanel fairy tale." The thorny question of Chanel's behavior during the War remains. She closed her house, she went to Switzerland, she may have had a German lover—at any rate she had a German friend. One does not bring this question up again: ways of dressing and ways of being moral are not the same thing, oddly. Did you ever suppose they were?

Claude Delay is a Freudian analyst who lives among totems and green plants above the Seine. "She was an orphan, who had to dress herself so as to win back that man, her father, who left her. She never got over it. She spent her whole life trying to be so seductive that she'd never be left again. This girl without a father kept appropriating male ways of dressing.

"Boy Capel was illegitimate; the Duke of Westminster had lost his father early, and Dimitri had a tragic past. There's always the same lack, the same need in Chanel's lovers. She made her models in her own image, they all looked like each other. Her narcissism was her fashion, her body, her story. It wasn't us she was dressing, it was herself!"

Is it all over, or has it only just begun? A poll conducted in France last March revealed that 38 percent of French women would, if they won the lottery, buy a Chanel suit. Chanel can no longer be analyzed as a single woman, but as the best work of a group of professionals.

This fall, Chanel is launching a new perfume in America: Coco. Chanel herself had long talked about bringing out Coco, but never did. In New York, Alain Wertheimer, the grandson of her first partner, opens a bottle of Coco and takes a sniff. "This," he says, "is the baroque side of Chanel. The ingredients age like wine because, you see, there are no dead molecules in our raw materials: It's all living matter."

Like the House of Chanel. ▽

travel factors

(Continued from page 301)

founding chairman, U.S. Olympic Council on Sports Medicine, suggests doing gentle warm-ups and stretches to prepare your body for activity each morning, then doing more strenuous exercises in early evening to encourage physical fatigue later at night. "If you habitually exercise at a specific time of day, continuing that habit can be an important prod to your body to fall into a more appropriate sleep/wake schedule," he noted. Many experts also believe that being fit can lessen the severity of jet lag, since it gives a woman a greater built-in energy "store."

DIET

How does a diet change—a frequent side effect of travel—affect a woman's exercise performance? "If caloric intake remains approximately the same as at home, it won't affect performance at all," said Kenneth Cooper, M.D., founder of The Aerobics Center, Dallas, Texas. "The problem arises when, as is typical of travel, a woman takes in more calories than she burns up. Overeating not only causes eventual weight gain, it also has an immediate soporific effect, robbing a woman of energy and alertness—and sabotaging her desire to exercise."

CLIMATE

Outdoor exercise is, of course, affected by weather. To be taken into account:

Temperature The 55–60° F range seems to be ideal for strenuous exercise, noted E. C. Frederick, Ph.D., research director of the Nike Sport Research Laboratory. Above or below that, a good deal of body energy is "spent" on heating or cooling rather than moving—which is likely to reduce stamina, strength, speed. (Practical: learn centigrade equivalents.)

"Fool" the thermostat with clothing. "Dress so that you feel slightly chilled before you get moving. On a cool day, opt for several light layers, so that you can *(Continued on page 384)*

travel factors

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peel layers as your body temperature rises," advised Dr. Frederick. (The vagaries of heating and air-conditioning systems means it's best to dress "flexibly" in layers indoors as well.)

In hot weather, limit strenuous exercise to before 10:00 A.M. and after 4:00 P.M. If you've gone from a cold to a hot climate, slow your pace; even the fittest athletes need ten days to become fully acclimatized to the physical stress of heat.

In cold weather, beware of overdressing. Even at freezing temperatures, many athletes wear too much clothing and end up perspiring, which can lead to the collapse of the body's temperature-regulating systems. Always protect head and hands (most body heat is lost from extremities). Below 0° F, switch to indoor exercise.

Humidity High-humidity conditions reduce physical performance; when the temperature is also high, pushing your body too hard becomes dangerous. Even Olympic athletes are cautioned to cut short their usual workouts and slow their pace when it's 70° F or above with 70 percent humidity; above that, it's best to postpone exercising.

Fluid replacement is essential; 12–16 ounces of water before exercising, a water break each half hour. Stop at danger signs: excessive fatigue, lightheadedness, or muscle cramping.

Wind In windy climates, don't expect to be able to meet your usual exercise goals. In cold weather, wind can greatly intensify the chill. Wearing a rain suit of Gore-Tex or a similar lightweight, "breathable" fabric allows perspiration to evaporate but blocks cold and wind.

Air pollution is still a controversial subject among exercise experts. If you're not used to exercising outdoors in a city, choose *only* "off-peak" traffic hours as fitness time. The carbon monoxide in car exhaust can "crowd out" oxygen from red blood cells, lessening muscle fueling and endurance. Smog alerts should keep all exercisers off the road.

ALTITUDE

At five thousand feet or more above your usual surroundings, altitude, or "mountain," sickness can become a factor. Symptoms range from headache and fatigue to insomnia, dehydration, nausea, and loss of appetite. What seems to prevent altitude-induced discomfort: compensating properly for the change in environment and being in good physical condition. (*Note*: Anyone with a personal/family history of cardiovascular or respiratory illness should check with a doctor before heading to a mountain resort.)

● *Don't exercise immediately.* The decreased atmospheric pressure at higher elevations allows air to expand in body cavities, such as sinuses and the digestive tract (causing bloating and flatulence)—all of which can result in several hours of discomfort until air pressure inside the body equalizes. Keep activities moderate; a leisurely walk may even speed air-pressure adjustments.

● *To compensate for the increased strain on the cardiorespiratory system at high elevations, scale down exercise goals.* Cut down on the *duration* and *intensity* of your usual workout. A general rule: decrease each exercise session by 15 percent for every altitude increase of five thousand feet. If you feel your heart rapidly pounding or find breathing somewhat difficult, stop. Remember: you feel the effects of atmosphere changes indoors or out.

● *Be aware that, regardless of the air temperature, the risk of dehydration is magnified at high altitudes.* Always: increase fluid intake before *and* after a workout; be especially conscious of the dehydrating effects of drinking alcohol, and sugar- or caffeine-containing beverages.

SAFETY

Today, safety has a wider fitness meaning than merely preventing injury; when traveling, it also involves finding safe places to exercise.

● *If you're a jogger, phone ahead to ask the hotel concierge about nearby jogging routes.*

● *Try to exercise outdoors with a partner—and to limit outdoor exercise to daytime hours.*

● *If you're at all doubtful about outdoor safety, opt for indoor exercise alternatives.*

● *Always wear identification when exercising indoors or outdoors when traveling.* In an emergency, valuable time could be lost trying to ascertain identity, medical history. ▽

travel exercise

(Continued from page 301)

exercise—especially for travelers, who now find "portable" exercise essential. Marjorie Thompson of NYC's Videonastics makes videos; other trainers put together audio tapes. All you really need are three basics: a workout suit, exercise shoes, a recorder for music or workout tapes.

MAINTAINING MOTIVATION

The woman who's committed to exercise, and who is more advanced, is less likely to delete exercise from a busy schedule than is the woman who is just beginning. For the less motivated, "the key is to exercise in the morning," says Toni Beck. For others, just before dinner may work better. Those are the two best times. To stay motivated, says Isaacson, keep in mind exercise is partly psychological: condition yourself to think a workout will help you. If you say "I have to exercise," it just adds to your stress.

Planning is everything: travel schedules are especially hectic; and most women find it helpful to schedule exercise as they do other appointments. "If you miss one day of exercise, you *must* work out the next," says Beck, "or you'll start skipping regularly; then you're out of the habit. Once you stop, it's easier *not* to exercise."

HOW LONG CAN YOU GO WITHOUT EXERCISE?

Experts agree: about two weeks. After ten to fourteen days, fitness diminishes; you lose a lot of muscle resilience. However, when you travel, the goal *isn't* to put your body to the test, but to keep it at the *same* fitness level. "Don't set travel-exercise goals too high," says Isaacson. "Aim for maintenance, not for improvement, and know how to monitor your heart rate."

How much "fitness" you lose also depends on your condition, adds Thompson. If you're "tight," you may feel stiff and sore resuming exercise after not working out, but you won't lose very much muscle tone.

Should you exercise after getting off a plane? Yes, if the ride is short. If it's long, exercise can be taxing. Options: modified yoga, swimming, walking.

BACK AT HOME

Build back gradually. Don't jump into vigorous exercise to make up for lost time. Work out at about 70 percent of your routine—until you're back in shape. *If you're a runner/ jogger:* start by walking/jogging at a shorter distance, longer time. . . . *Aerobics:* Take an extra five minutes to warm up. Your body will respond better until you're back in pre-travel condition. ▽

sleeping well

(Continued from page 299)

your tension. He suggests learning to separate physical from mental tension: "Imagine a situation in which your body feels comfortable—such as floating in the ocean. Then detach that physical sensation from your thoughts. You can't stop anxieties; but you can keep your body from being caught up in them."

The old bromide of progressive muscle relaxation also works: clench your toes and release, tighten leg muscles and release. . . and so on until your whole body is relaxed. Gentle stretching exercises can also help. (Active exercises done during the day improve the night's sleep; close to bedtime, they're stimulating, not restful.)

For all of us, sleep becomes more fragile as we age. "Women tend to sleep slightly longer than men, but the two factors that seem to account for insomnia epidemiologically are: being female or being older, so that older women are at risk for insomnia," said Dr. Pollak. "I'm coming around to the idea that maybe we should be encouraging older people to take regular naps. It might be unrealistic to ask them to go through fifteen straight hours of wakefulness functioning at a high level."

Other influences that fray our sleep: any major change in life style, weight loss, heavy smoking, alcohol, caffeine, travel, diet pills, diuretics, too much of a nasal decongestant (such as Sudafed) that works by stimulating the sympathetic nervous system, even food. (About eating and sleep, recent animal studies suggest that meals high in protein promote alertness, those high in complex carbohydrates, sleepiness—which should put chicken or fish on your lunch menu, pasta on dinner's.) A heavy meal just before bedtime can discourage sleep. As for the right temperature, noise level, proper mattress—being comfortable is nice, but most people adjust.

And not every potential problem affects every sleeper. Take caffeine. According to Dr. Pollak, "Caffeine is a well-known stimulant drug, but some people are more sensitive to it than others. It's like an allergy: you wouldn't prescribe the avoidance of chocolate to everyone just because some people are sensitive to it."

Still can't sleep? Help is available through sleep clinics attached to major hospitals nationwide. For a list of sleep-disorder centers across the country, write: Association of Sleep Disorders Centers, P.O. Box 2604, Del Mar CA 92014 ▽

(Continued from page 299)

three "meals," but skip eating and you tend to grab what's first (often worst) at hand. View it as making an appointment with eating—and keep it.

—Portions in most restaurants are simply too large for women maintaining, let alone trying to lose, weight. Split orders with a friend, or order appetizers rather than main dishes.

—If you truly want to eat well at your desk, bring lunch. No preparation—a slice of whole-grain bread, a 3 oz. can of water-packed tuna, one or two cherry tomatoes, and a small cucumber.

—If you always hit a low in midafternoon, *plan* for a snack so you won't reach for a candy bar. Have apples and oranges in the office fridge; or berries, apricots, peaches for more sweetness.

From Marieta Fridjhon, M.A., clinical psychologist, and director of the Spa Caribe at Prospect Reef resort, Tortola:

—When trying to change your eating habits, beware of sabotage—a spouse who brings you a box of chocolates as a token of love, a friend who makes a special lunch "just for you." We need to disassociate eating from caring.

—Don't fall for fad diets or appetite suppressants. The wrong diet is one that suggests there is a beginning and end to dieting. Changing your eating patterns means making a change for good.

—Don't skip meals or fast. If the body doesn't get fed regularly, it will take whatever you give it and store it as fat to use slowly when needed.

—Don't attempt to lose weight or begin exercising unless you are truly ready for change, or you set yourself up for failure and loss of self-esteem.

—Don't make drastic changes. You won't stick.

—Analyze your present diet before you begin to make changes; see what is already good about it. Go over it with a professional.

—It's *much* easier to lose weight if you exercise.

—Don't attempt to lose weight or begin exercising without consulting a medical professional.

—Be aware of what you're eating. Don't eat while watching television, before rushing off to work or the opera. Don't eat while standing up and preparing food for others. You won't feel as if you've eaten because you haven't been conscious of the fact that you're feeding yourself.

—Indulge sometimes, but make it a ritual (e.g., "I always have ice cream at the U.S. Open"). Enjoy it without guilt; then put it behind you.

From The Greenhouse Spa, Arlington, TX:

—When preparing foods, cut them differently. At The Greenhouse, vegetables are julienned, foods prepared in an attractive manner.

—For more visual pleasure, vary the china.

—Drink six to eight glasses of water every day.

And from the Sonoma Mission Inn and Spa:

—You don't have to deprive yourself of your favorite foods just because they may be fattening. You can eat anything—in moderation.

—Remember variety. A broader variety of dishes will make your adjustment to a low-fat, lower-calorie way of eating enjoyable and exciting.

—Present foods with an artistic eye. Set the "stage" for a pleasurable experience involving *all* the senses. *Eating is more than taste.* ▽

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India	girl ☐	boy ☐	either ☐
Indonesia	girl ☐	boy ☐	either ☐
Kenya	girl ☐	boy ☐	either ☐
Mexico	girl ☐	boy ☐	either ☐
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Christian Children's Fund, Inc.

the art of mothering

(Continued from page 325)

New Museum after eight years as the curator for the Whitney Museum of American Art.

The late 'sixties and early 'seventies were difficult years in American art, and the artists Tucker showed—Al Held, Robert Morris, Lee Krasner, Bruce Nauman, Ree Morton, Betye Saar, Rafael Ferrer, Nancy Graves—frequently created electric storms in that supercharged atmosphere. When the Whitney no longer saw eye to eye with Tucker about the importance of showing work by living artists, she was axed.

But Tucker took disaster as opportunity, and rallied support for a new museum—The New Museum—that aimed to be egalitarian both in its structure and its relationship to artists.

Tucker, who was a member of the feminist group Redstockings in the early 1970s, remembers, "We were all struggling with the choice between work and family then, but at that time 'choice' always meant work. I was the last person in the world who ever wanted a child."

Her life took a turn when she met her husband, Dean McNeil, partner in the SoHo construction firm Blazing Hammers, Inc. "All my life, I never had enough—enough time, money, love, energy. When I met Dean, I felt that I had all those things to spare. To spare with some left over. That's when I decided I wanted a child."

She credits her husband with making her present life possible. "When Ruby was born, Dean arranged the business so he could stay home for a year. He doesn't think of himself as a martyr; he wanted to do it." In the first eight months of Ruby's life, Tucker, as though to convince herself she could work, took thirteen business trips. "Dean doesn't worry if the work is allocated fifty-fifty. He adores the baby and he's as good a 'mother' as I am. Female nature isn't female."

Tucker's pace now may have slowed, but only to a degree that makes an outsider wince. For the Earl Staley show, she worked closely with the Contemporary Arts Museum in Houston. She continues a brutal lecture schedule. She is organizing an exhibition, "Choices," of artists who have bent their lives to shape their art.

The baby, she feels, hasn't robbed her of anything. "Everybody tells you how much mess it is, but nobody tells you it's an *immense* amount of fun. It's recouping innocence; it's the most insane, profound love. My idea of a hot time now is to go for a walk with my kid."

Kay Larson *writes for "New York."*

baby fever: the legal angle

(Continued from page 327)

woman who gives birth to a child is presumed to be its legal mother, the legitimacy of children conceived *in vitro* with a donated egg seems to be a less urgent issue.) Ironically, the principles that protect AID and *in vitro* children make surrogate motherhood a much more difficult legal issue. If a surrogate wants to keep her child, her rights as its biological parent override a contract.

Once a child is delivered to its social parents, the surrogate mother has no obligation to support the child, and the child has no claim on her estate. Offspring conceived by AID have no right to support or to inherit from the donor-father in eleven states; nor can the father demand visitation rights. This is not necessarily the case in the other states, however, especially if the donor is someone well known to the mother. In New Jersey, a man who donated sperm to his virgin girl friend (she inseminated herself) sued successfully for visitation rights.

In most cases, sperm donors are completely anonymous. According to a 1979 survey published in *The New England Journal of Medicine*, only 30.4 percent of responding doctors kept permanent records on donors. Scanty documentation opens the way to unnerving possibilities of incest or genetic diseases, especially since 5.7 percent of the respondents had used the same donor to start fifteen or more pregnancies. Doctors have nipped budding relationships between half sisters and brothers; the survey's authors admitted that insemination by a relative could occur.

New birth technologies bring up another major issue: who will be allowed to become a parent. Today, that question begins with economics. Artificial insemination is within most women's reaches (*The New Our Bodies, Ourselves* includes directions for self-insemination with a turkey baster), but *in vitro* fertilization is expensive, and rarely covered by insurance. Hiring a surrogate mother costs as much as $25,000. Certainly no one in Congress is suggesting that Medicaid pay for these procedures.

Once a person has passed the financial barrier, she must satisfy the requirements of clinic doctors. (Discrimination laws apply to clinics that rely upon public support, but a private practitioner can set any guidelines.) "What happens is that doctors and infertility clinics informally screen people out," Nancy Rhoden said. "They may say, 'We have limited resources—we don't accept single women,' or, 'we don't accept women over forty.' And their justification is that since the woman can't get pregnant on her own, it's perfectly legitimate to think of the procedure as analogous to an adoption. For adoption, people get screened very stringently."

Laws against payments for adoption and baby selling also make surrogate parenting a touchy deal. Recognizing that this genie cannot be rebottled, several states have recently introduced surrogate bills. A proposed California law would prohibit a fertile woman who, for personal or career reasons, does not want to undergo a pregnancy from using a surrogate. Once embryo transfer becomes widely available, and one woman can gestate another's fertilized egg, a woman's right to "hire a womb" will probably be asserted in court.

An integral part of the struggle to generate children using nontraditional methods is the effort to get "good" babies—healthy and free of genetic defects. *In vitro* techniques will soon enable doctors to check out an embryo's genes by taking a tiny tissue sample. And it is possible, Lori B. Andrews, J.D., a research attorney at the American Bar Foundation and author of *New Conceptions: A Consumer's Guide to the Newest Infertility Treatments* (St. Martin's), said, that researchers "might be able to enhance genetic traits of the embryo in the Petri dish. I have tremendous conflicts about how the law should deal with the issue of choosing your child's genetic traits—it's planned parenthood run amok. One couple I interviewed for my book wanted a surrogate mother who was a cellist and wouldn't take anyone who played any other instruments."

A more immediate quality issue is the treatment of patients. *In vitro* fertilization still has a low success rate—about 30 percent at the best clinics. "An unscrupulous practitioner could have zero success over a decade, and every single patient could think she was in the unlucky 70 percent," Andrews remarked. She fears that as *in vitro* develops into an outpatient procedure—a step coming soon—there will be less institutional supervision to insure good care.

Sperm banks already operate with little regulation. "One California lawyer pointed out to me that if a deli wanted to open a sperm bank in its freezer next to the pastrami, there would be nothing to stop it," Andrews said. Most jurisdictions do not require genetic screening of prospective donors; in fact, most sperm banks rely solely on the donor for medical and family information. And the risks are real: AID babies have been born with genetic defects, and as many as ten types of venereal disease are communicable by artificial insemination.

Many surrogate contracts include health-habit clauses—against cigarette smoking, consuming alcohol, and taking nonprescription drugs. In a sense, the surrogate signs away her right to independent action—to toast a friend's promotion, or pop a cold tablet, say—to manufacture a better product. "The surrogate mother is agreeing in advance to have her rights restricted," Charles-Terry Goldstein, California lawyer who arranges surrogate births, said. "I don't think we have a constitutional issue here."

But we may. Restricting hired mothers paves the way toward circumscribing the rights of all pregnant women. Signs in bars warning them against alcohol are one early and annoying example of this trend. "We are becoming accustomed to the idea of blaming pregnant women," Nancy Rhoden said. "What are the limitations on a woman's being the perfect incubator? Can she continue her job as an anesthesiologist—where the gases might be hazardous to the fetus?" Obligating a woman to subordinate her needs to those of the infant she's gestating changes a nurturing relationship to an adversarial one: the fetus holds the mother hostage.

Courts have already forced women to undergo cesarean sections and blood transfusions for fetuses' sakes. (The decisions remain controversial.) Whether women will be compelled to endure riskier therapies like fetal surgery is an open question. A Texas lawyer and physician, Margery W. Shaw, has proposed that working with dangerous chemicals during pregnancy, improper nutrition, and overuse of alcohol be classified as "negligent fetal abuse." A fetal-abuse law, as noble as its purpose might seem, would collide head-on with the rights to privacy and personal integrity guaranteed by *Roe* v. *Wade*, the Supreme Court decision that legalized abortion of a nonviable fetus. Both feminists and civil libertarians worry that with all the attention being paid to fetuses, mothers are losing out. ▽

baby fever

(Continued from page 326)

damaged as a woman. When I got pregnant, it made me feel more whole, complete.''

It also made her fashionable. In many young urban professional circles, having babies is the trendy thing to do—and those who had children when it wasn't in vogue often view the current preoccupation with jaundiced eyes. ''When we had our daughter in the early 1970s, a great many people were very disdainful,'' recalls a thirty-nine-year-old man. ''Now it's a big achievement. My sister, who just had her first child at forty, tells me that having a baby is the most wonderful thing she's ever done. That would have been an indefensible position back then.''

For today's achievers, the perfect baby sometimes sounds like another acquisition in the conquest of the perfect life. ''The first thing you do is the rental, then the co-op, then the house in the country, and then you do the baby,'' observes one New York mother. ''The kid becomes one more status symbol, like a BMW. There's definitely a quality of narcissism about all this.''

Others take precisely the opposite view. ''If you don't have children, you avoid becoming an adult in a certain way,'' says Alexandra Hart, an artist now pregnant, at forty-four, with her first child.

Psychoanalyst Erik Erikson recognized such tensions in his description of the stages of the human life cycle. In young adulthood, according to Erikson, the foremost identity issues involve intimacy versus isolation—the ability to share with and care about someone else without fear of losing oneself in the process. But in maturity, or middle age, the primary issues are what he called generativity versus stagnation. He saw generativity as encompassing a concern with others that extends beyond the immediate family to future generations and to society as a whole; those who fail to establish a sense of generativity fall into a state of self-absorption. Many women preoccupied with having a child speak of the desire to give more of themselves to someone—and of a growing dismay at the overriding concern with self that is apparent in many of their peers.

Whatever their motives for deciding to have a child, more and more women may be thwarted in attaining that goal. ''There is almost an epidemic of fertility problems in this population of women,'' says Lois Blum, a mental-health counselor at the Johns Hopkins Medical Institutions in Baltimore, where her patients include those in the *in vitro* program. ''A lot of people thought, 'Oh, well, you can always have a baby later.' But these things aren't happening on schedule.''

Some women find the disappointment overwhelming. ''There's a big depression every month,'' says Virginia Zielinski, who is forty and trying to conceive. ''We map out the strategy, we do the whole number with the thermometer, my husband schedules his travel around the calendar, and every time it doesn't work I think, 'Oh, God, I'll never get pregnant.' ''

Margaret Healey, Ph.D., a New Jersey psychologist, sees ''an enormous amount of sadness and regret among women who find they can't get pregnant. Sometimes they're angry at their career decisions, and almost feel the need to negate the real accomplishments they've made. Because they've postponed getting pregnant over the years, because they've had abortions, they start to feel, 'If only I had done this at the *right* time, none of this would be happening.' ''

Cynthia Haggerty thought her agenda was proceeding as planned when she got pregnant a year ago. She had established a thriving career, had finally married at thirty-six, and at thirty-seven was ready to have a child. Instead she miscarried, and she has been unable to conceive again. ''I am just horrified,'' she says. ''It never occurred to me that I wouldn't get pregnant within two seconds of desiring to, or that I wouldn't go to term.'' She and her husband are now exploring the possibility of adoption, but—like countless couples before them—are discovering instead another source of frustration and distress: available infants are scarce, and many adoption agencies rate ''older'' couples as less desirable prospective parents.

Those seized by last-minute desperation often go to extraordinary lengths to conceive, a campaign that can be expensive and profoundly debilitating. Marion Jacobs, a photographer, was in her mid-forties before she decided she wanted a baby. ''Suddenly it seemed like last-chance corral,'' she says wryly.

> *A child is a status symbol, like a BMW*

She has spent the last few years crisscrossing the country in search of the latest medical miracles, spending thousands of dollars and much of her time and energy on the effort to get pregnant. At fifty, she has finally given up. ''Maybe I should have had children at a very young age and then got on with other things, but you're damned if you do and damned if you don't,'' she sighs. ''The women who had children early feel they've missed career opportunities, and those of us who had the careers feel we've missed the mothering opportunities.''

Before she gave up on having a child, Ms. Jacobs also found herself in the lonely position of trying to get pregnant without the full emotional support of her mate, who had had children by an earlier marriage. Her desire to have a baby nearly ended a twelve-year relationship.

Baby fever is even more anxiety-producing for women who have not yet found partners, and single men are feeling the pressure. ''I feel like a sperm bank,'' says one eligible literary agent. ''Women have a timetable, and there's such a sense of urgency. You go out for a month or so, and she's saying, 'I've got to make a decision.' I just flee. These women are not thinking about me as an individual; they're thinking about me as a vehicle for their calendar.''

That calendar can force premature decisions upon older couples. One woman had been told she could not conceive, and when she got pregnant, she and her boyfriend of several months knew it was probably her only chance to have a baby. Far sooner than they would otherwise have chosen to make a commitment, they got married. ''I was very angry about the fact that we were pregnant,'' says the man, a Chicago investment banker. ''What is an engagement but a trial period to work out issues such as marriage and children and religion? We're dealing with all that now, along with a new baby.''

Sometimes it is the man who longs for a child and the woman who resists. A thirty-seven-year-old actor, yearning to start a family, was thrilled when the woman he was living with got pregnant. She had an abortion, and he was so upset they broke up. ''I wanted a child so badly,'' he says. ''I couldn't forgive her.''

For homosexual men, baby fever is even more complicated. ''I would love to have a child,'' says Alan Ruggiero, a thirty-one-year-old fashion designer. ''I'm even talking about using a surrogate mother.''

Some men of flexible sexual preference reach the point where their desire to have a child is so overwhelming that they change their life styles. His flamboyantly androgynous image notwithstanding, Elton John astonished his fans last year when he got married, saying that he wanted to start a family. Associates report that he had become fascinated with friends' babies, and was eager to have one of his own. The reasons gay or bisexual men decide to make commitments to women are complicated, of course, and some admit privately that the fear of contracting AIDS is a powerful incentive, but many cite the need to have a child as deeply compelling.

Medical advances, social changes, and twice the childbearing potential of heterosexual couples have simplified matters for gay women.

When Gloria Cesar and Felicity Robinson decided to have a child, Ms. Robinson wanted to be the birth mother, but two years of artificial insemination failed to impregnate her. Finally Ms. Cesar was artificially inseminated instead, and they are now the proud mothers of an eleven-week-old son. ''It used to be that once you became a lesbian, having a child was not a possibility,'' observes Ms. Cesar, a lawyer in Philadelphia. ''Part of dealing with your lesbianism was giving up the idea of having children, unless you already had them. I remember sitting around talking about not being able to have kids once I stopped being with men, and I felt horrible about it. But it's finally become acceptable for single women to have children, and by extension, it's also more acceptable for women in lesbian relationships to have children.''

More and more women without committed partners are deciding they would rather have a baby alone than not at all. ''I'm about to tell the man I'm going out with that I'm going to get pregnant,'' says a San Francisco doctor involved with an automobile mechanic who has no interest in marrying her. ''I deferred pregnancy while I was in medical school and during my residency, but I'm ready to have a kid, and I think I'd kick myself fifteen years from now if I never had one. I think I'd be missing out on one of the great experiences of a lifetime. I have no idea whether this relationship will last or not, but I just don't have any other options right now. I may well end up being a single mother, but it's a chance I have to take. I'm almost thirty-seven. It's time to have a kid.'' She sighs. ''It's past time.'' ▽

Leslie Bennetts *is a reporter for ''The New York Times.''*

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fashion and illustration information

Page 24: Gloves at Bonwit Teller; Lou Lattimore, Dallas. **176:** Bracelets, Steven Rosen. Bloomingdale's, Cul-de-Sac; Glitz, Los Angeles. **207:** Earrings, Marla Buck. Sunglasses, L. A. Eyeworks. Bergdorf Goodman; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills. Gloves, Carlos Falchi. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Weinstein's, New Orleans; Neiman-Marcus, Chicago and Los Angeles. Echo Scarfs, Bergdorf Goodman. **226:** Sterling-silver teapot with spirit warmer, made in Copenhagen in 1897. Chinese Peking enamel teapot from the early nineteenth century. Wedgwood early nineteenth-century decorated basalt teapot. All at Vito Giallo Antiques, NYC. Chinese lacquer tea caddy, c. 1880. Royal Worcestor blue and white porcelain teapot. Both available at James II Galleries, NYC. **280:** Gloves at Macy's, Herald Square; Jere Scott at Stanley Korshak, Chicago. Bracelets at Bergdorf Goodman. **281:** Wool gabardine coat, $490; cashmere and lambswool sweater, $160; wool gabardine pants, $220. Turnout at Elizabeth Arden Salons; Janet Brown, Port Washington NY; Colitti, Millburn NJ; Marshall Field's; Ruffles, New Orleans LA; Karl Lagerfeld Boutique, Denver CO; I. Magnin; Karl Lagerfeld Boutique, Ontario, Canada. Sunglasses, see information page 351. Gloves, Portolano Products. Bag, Prada. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Umbrella, Sonia Rykiel. Shoes, Walter Steiger, Madison Avenue, NYC. **282:** Calvin Klein also at Montaldo's; Bullock's. Turtleneck and pants at ZCMI, Salt Lake City UT. Earrings, Alann Designs. Bag, Bottega Veneta, Madison Avenue, NYC. **283:** Karl Lagerfeld also at Frances Pepper, Jackson MS; Sandy Austin, Lafayette LA. Hat, Patricia Underwood. Bergdorf Goodman; Jere Scott at Stanley Korshak, Chicago. Earrings, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Tie and belt, Karl Lagerfeld. Gloves, Prada. Bag, Maud Frizon, NYC and Bal Harbour. Boots, see information page 363. **284:** Turnout also at Ruth Shaw, Baltimore. Earrings, Robert Lee Morris. Artwear, NYC. Boots, Michel Klein for Xavier Danaud. Xavier Danaud, Soho, NYC; Shoes Plus, White Plains NY and Paramus NJ. **285:** Turnout also at Dayton's. To order at Montaldo's; Liberty House of Hawaii. Earrings, Connie Bates for Fahrenheit. Carole Block, Brooklyn, NY; Jere Scott at Stanley Korshak, Chicago. Bracelet, Patrick Retif. Bloomingdale's. Bag, Roger Vivier Salon, NYC. Gloves, Bottega Veneta. Fogal Leg Fashions of Switzerland, NYC and Bal Harbour. Anne Klein Footwear. **286:** Bag, Fendi. Bergdorf Goodman. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. Panty stockings, Danskin. Boots, Azzedine Alaïa. **287:** Wool/polyester coat. Wool jersey skirt. Hat and belt, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Earrings Sept. at Isabel Canovas Boutique, NYC. Bracelet, Wendy Gell Jewelry. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. Stockings, Danskin. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. **288:** Turnout also at Garfinckel's; Lois Gean's, Magnolia AR; Barbara/Jean, Little Rock AR; Mary V's, Tyler TX. Bracelets, Wendy Gell Jewelry. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Loretta's, Plainview NY. Bag, Bottega Veneta, Madison Avenue NYC; Stamford CT; Beverly Hills. Boots, Maud Frizon, NYC and Bal Harbour. **289:** Turnout also at Emanuel Ungaro Boutique Palm Beach. Scarf around head, Calvin Klein Scarves. Jewelry, Emanuel Ungaro. Bag, Fendi. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Fogal Leg Fashions of Switzerland, NYC and Bal Harbour. Anne Klein Footwear. **290:** Viscose/wool/cotton jacket. Author Koby One-of-a-Kind necklace at Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Gloves, Carlos Falchi at The Remington, Houston. **291:** Wool/silk suit. Silk chiffon blouse fabric, Yves Gonnet. Earrings and necklace, Barry Kieselstein-Cord Salon at Bergdorf Goodman. Bracelet, Isabel Canovas. Sept. at Isabel Canovas Boutique, NYC. Gloves, Carlos Falchi at The Remington, Houston. **292:** Wool jersey top. Turnout also at Cyreld, Brookline MA; Earrings, Patrick Retif. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. Bag, Roger Vivier Salon, NYC. **293:** Wool sweater. Earrings, Martha Sturdy. Saks Fifth Avenue. **296:** *From left:* hair, Adal Berto for Coppola; makeup, Roberto for Make Up Studio; hair and makeup, James Theadford Weis. **297:** *Left:* hair and makeup by Ron Lewis for Le Salon, NYC. *Right:* hair and makeup by James Theadford Weis. **302:** Cashmere cardigan, $1130. Wool jacket, $730. Late September at Bergdorf Goodman. Accessories, Chanel. **303:** Suit also at Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY; Martha, Bal Harbour; Sara Fredericks, Fort Lauderdale FL; Chanel Boutique, Beverly Hills. Accessories, Chanel. **305:** Accessories, Chanel. Manicure, Sheril Bailey for Beauty Bookings. **307:** Suit and blouse also at Colitti, Millburn NJ; Garfinckel's; Jacobson's. Accessories; Chanel. Anne Klein Footwear. Panty stockings, Givenchy for Round-the-Clock. **308:** Accessories, Chanel. **309:** Accessories, Chanel. **314:** Manicure, Mariz Jereda for Ling at Donsuki, NYC. **315:** Shuttel space suite glove assembly from ILC Dover/Hamilton Standard Division of United Technologies. **317:** Manicure by Alice Manuel for Nails by Josephine. **320:** Rayon/acetate/velvet dress. Earrings, Kirks Folly. Bloomingdale's; Bullock's. **321:** Earrings, Leo Wills. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Jere Scott at Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Glitz, Los Angeles. Necklaces, Diva Fantasy Designs. Hirshleifer's, Forest Hills and Manhasset NY; Ultimo, Chicago. Manicure, Larisa of Gerard Bollei at The Galleria, NYC. **322:** Earrings, Kathryn Post. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; I. Magnin. Bag at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. **323:** Earrings, Jon Iversen. Bracelets, Isabel Canovas. Sept. at Isabel Canovas Boutique, NYC. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. Henri Bendel. **344:** Giorgio Armani; Couture, polyamide/polymetal skirt. $2050. November at Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC; I. Magnin, Dept. 267. Scarf, Bucol. Late August at Bergdorf Goodman. Bracelets, wrist to cuff: Michele Leight. Steven Rosen. Both at Henri Bendel. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. Panty stockings, Gamine. Macy's, Herald Square. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, Madison Avenue NYC. **345:** Muffler, men's accessories at Bergdorf Goodman. Necklace, Diva Fantasy Designs. Bracelet, Isabel Canovas. Boots, Azzedine Alaïa. **346:** Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co. leather skirt, $340. Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Earrings. Robert Lee Morris. Artwear, NYC. Belt, Barry Kieselstein-Cord Salon at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. Fogal Legwear of Switzerland. **347:** Pants, H. Kauffman Sons, NYC. Earrings, Connie Bates for Fahrenheit. Butch Blum, Seattle; Stella Volo, San Francisco. Cuff, Sept. at Isabel Canovas Boutique, NYC. Gloves, Portolano Products. Boots, Azzedine Alaia. **348–357:** Bedding from Kleinsleep. **349:** Robert Lee Morris also at Miriam Rubins, Beverly Hills; Rare Discovery, Honolulu HI. Black wool crepe jersey bodysuit, Donna Karan New York, $180. Late Sept. at Bloomingdale's; Added Touch, Pittsburgh PA; The Gazebo, Dallas. Hat, Jean-Paul Najar for Denise Sarrault. Gloves, Portolano Products. Bergdorf Goodman. **350:** Manicure, Elisabeth Drabinski. **351:** Unitard, see information page 356. Hat, Jean-Paul Najar for Denise Sarrault. Sunglasses, Sanford Hutton for Colors in Optics. Bonwit Teller; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Gloves, Cornelia James for Pleasant Pheasant. Classic Clothing, Washington DC; Simpsons, Canada. **353:** Stain Guard gloves by Aris. **354:** Green silk velvet turtleneck, about $278; matching shirt, about $338. Both by Ralph Lauren. Sept. at Saks Fifth Avenue. **355:** Olga's Christina also at Joske's, Dallas; Joslin's, Denver CO; (Sept. at) Goldwaters, Phoenix AZ. **356:** Nylon/cire unitard, Stevi Brooks. $38. Karabel Dancewear, Los Angeles. Hat, Jean-Paul Najar for Denise Sarrault. Earrings, Robert Lee Morris. Artwear, NYC. Watch at Fred Joaillier, NYC; Dallas; Houston; Beverly Hills. Bag, to order at Neiman-Marcus. **357:** Manicure, Elisabeth Drabinski. **358:** Gloves available Nov. Charles Jourdan Hosiery at Charles Jourdan, Trump Tower, NYC; Nan Duskin; Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Robinson's, California; I. Magnin. Shoes at Maud Frizon, NYC and Bal Harbour. **359:** Earrings, Krasne-Two Designs. **362:** Turtleneck and skirt, Azzedine Alaïa. For stores, see page 286. Wayfarer Sunglasses by Bausch & Lomb. Robinson's, California. Gloves, Portolano Products. Belt, see info. page 346. Dog leash, Hermès, NYC. Panty stockings, Leg Looks by Burlington. Shoes, Pancaldi. Bag (on table), La Bagagerie, NYC. **363:** Modacryl acrylic-/cotton coat; acetate satin vest. Pants, Giorgio Sant'Angelo. Gloves, see information page 349. Dog leash, Hermès, NYC. Boots, Walter Steiger, Madison Avenue, NYC. **364:** Cotton shirt, $180. Wool jersey pants, $180. Both late August at Linda Dresner, NYC and Troy MI; Suzy, Great Neck NY; Hutzlers, Baltimore, MD; Ultimo, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Dog leash, Hermès, NYC. Hanes Hosiery. Macy's; Marshall Field's. Shoes, Esprit de Corp. Bloomingdale's. **365:** Viscose/cotton coat. Bag, Andrea Carrano Accessories. Gloves, Carlos Falchi. Weinstein's, New Orleans; Nordstrom. Dog leash, Hermès NYC. Leg Looks by Burlington. Macy's. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman. **366:** Coat fabric at Alfred's Fabric Centers, Albany and Schenectady NY. Lining fabric available at G Street Fabrics, Rockville MD; F&S Fabrics, Los Angeles. Ralph Lauren wool/polyester/viscose sweater, $399; lambswool pants, $199. September at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 343. Earrings, Connie Bates for Fahrenheit. Hamrah's, Cresskill NJ; Blair Woolverton. Jacksonville FL. Ralph Lauren Scarfs. Gloves, Prada. Dog leash, Hermès, NYC. Shoes, Calvin Klein Collection. Lord & Taylor; Macy's, San Francisco. **367:** Coat fabric and lining available at stores on page 366. Calvin Klein top and pants. Shoes, Calvin Klein Classifications.

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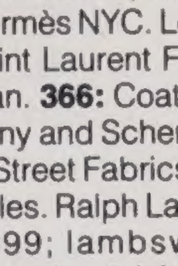
vogue patterns

Back views, yardages, details of pages 366-367

Alpaca coat, Vogue Pattern #1614, view D. Sizes 6-22. Size 10: 5 yards 54-56" fabric. $8.00; Canada, $9.70. Tiger coat, Vogue Pattern #9088, view B. Sizes 8-18. Size 10: 4⅛ yards of 56" fabric. $6.00; Canada, $7.30. Lining for both coats, size 10: 3½ yards of 43-44" fabric.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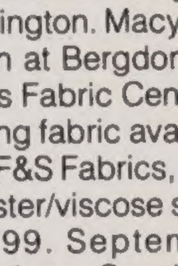
1614

Sewing tips: For both coats, buy a pattern a size larger than you normally take for added fullness. Eliminate collar and facing. Line coat to the edges for a smooth, clean look when reversing.

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